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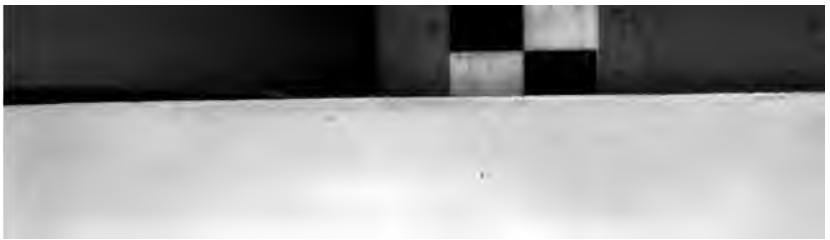

THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN

NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

CONTAINING

AN ESSAY ON PSALMODY;
THE PSALMS OF DAVID;
HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS;
DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN;
LYRIC POEMS;
RELIQUIÆ JUVENILES;
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TOWARD

THE IMPROVEMENT OF PSALMODY:

OR,

AN ENQUIRY

How the Psalms of David ought to be Translated into Christian Songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other Hymns according to the clearer Revelations of the Gospel, for the Use of the Christian Church.

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TO speak the glories of God in a religious song, or to breathe out the joys of our own spirits to God with the melody of our voice, is an exalted part of divine worship. But so many are the imperfections in the practice of this duty, that the greatest part of christians find but little edification or comfort in it. There are some churches that utterly disallow singing; and I am persuaded that the poor performance of it in the best societies, with the mistaken rules to which it is confined, is one great reason of their entire neglect; for we are left at a loss, say they, what is the matter and manner of this duty; and therefore they utterly refuse: Whereas if this glorious piece of worship were but seen in its original beauty, and one that believes not this ordinance, or is unlearned in this part of christianity should come into such an assembly, "He would be convinced of all, he would be judged of all, he would fall down on his face, and report that God was in the midst of it of a truth;" 1 *Cor.* xiv. 24, 25.

In order to trace out the matter or subject of religious singing, let us collect into one view the chief texts of the New Testament where this worship is mentioned, and afterwards see what arguments may be deduced from thence, to prove, that it is proper to use spiritual songs of human composure, as well as the psalms of David, or the words of other songs recorded in scripture.

The most considerable texts are these;

Matt. xxvi. 30. and *Mark* xiv. 26. relate, That our blessed Lord and his disciples sung an hymn. *Acts* xvi. 25. "Paul and Silas prayed and sung praises unto God." 1 *Cor.* xiv. 15. "I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." *Ver.* 26. "Every one of you hath a psalm." *Eph.* v. 19, 20. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spi-

ritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Col.* iii. 16, 17. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord: And whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. *James* v. 13. "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: Is any merry, let him sing psalms." *Rev.* v. 9. "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." *Rev.* xiv. 3. "And they sung as it were a new song before the throne." Rev. xv. 3. "And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, great and marvellous are thy works, &c." To all these I might add *Acts* iv. 24. &c. where it is supposed the disciples met together and sung; for they lift up their voice to God with one accord, and said, "Lord! thou art our God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is: Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the gentiles and the people of Israel, were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done, &c."

If we turn over the New Testament, and search all the songs that are there written, we shall find the matter or subject of them as various as the occasions upon which they were sung or spoken: Such are the song of the Virgin Mary; *Luke* i. 46, &c. The song of Zecharias; *ver.* 67. The song of the angels; *Luke* ii. 13. And of *Simeon, ver.* 29. Besides many others in the book of Revelation. The three chief words used to express the matter of singing, are ψαλμοι, υμνοι, και ωδαι: Psalms, hymns, and songs, as the three verbs from which these are derived are generally used to express the act of singing, ψαλλω, υμνεω, και αδω. Now if it were lawful after so many learned contentions about these words, I would give my sense of them thus:

1. I think no man hath better explained the original meaning of these words than Zanchy. A psalm, ψαλμος, is such a song as usually is sung with other instruments besides the tongue. Hymns, υμνοι, such as are made only to express the praises, and *set out the excellencies of God.* Songs, ωδαι, such as contain not *only praises, but exhortations, prophecies, thanksgivings*; and *these only sung* with the voice.

2. The scripture doth not always confine itself to the original meaning of all these words; for ψαλμος, a psalm, and the word ψαλλω, are used; 1 *Cor.* xiv. and in other places of the New Testament, where we can never suppose the primitive church in those days had instruments of music. And the word ωδη, a song, is used several times in the book of Revelation, where harps are joined with voices in the emblematical prophecy.

3. The sense therefore of these words in the New Testament seems to be thus distinguished.

A psalm is a general name for any thing that is sung in divine worship, whatsoever be the particular theme or matter; and the verb ψαλλω is designed to express the melody itself rather than to distinguish the matter of the song, or manner whereby the melody or music is performed; and therefore in *Eph.* v. 19. our translators have well rendered αδοντες και ψαλλοντες, "singing and making melody; and it should be thus rendered; *James* v. 13. "Is any merry, let him make melody." I confess in the New Testament the noun ψαλμος refers generally to the book of psalms, and without doubt there are many of the psalms of David and Asaph, and other songs among the books of the Old Testament which may be prudently chosen and sung by christians, and may be well accommodated to the lips and hearts of the church under the gospel. Yet this word is once used in another sense, as I shall show afterwards.

An hymn, whether implied in the verb υμνεω, or expressed in the noun υμνος, doth always retain its original signification, and intend a song whose matter or design is praise: Nor is there any thing in the nature or use of the word either in scripture or other authors, that determines it to signify an immediate inspiration, or human composure.

A song, 'Ωδη, denotes any theme or subject composed into a form fit for singing, and seems to intend somewhat suited to the gospel-state, rather than any Jewish psalms or songs in all the five verses in the New Testament where it is used.

Eph. v. 19. and *Col.* iii. 16. It is joined with the word *spiritual:* and that seems to be used by the apostle in all his epistles, as a very distinguishing word between the law and the gospel, the Jewish and the christian worship. The Jews had carnal ordinances, and carnal commandments, and their state and dispensation is often called flesh, but the church under the gospel is, "a spiritual house, blessed with spiritual blessings, endowed with spiritual gifts, to worship God in spirit and in truth, to offer spiritual sacrifices, and to sing spiritual songs.

Col. iii. 16. confirms this sense "for the word of Christ must dwell richly in us in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs." Now though the books of the Old Testament may in some sense be called "the word of Christ," because the same

Spirit which was afterwards given to Christ the Mediator did inspire them; yet this seems to have a peculiar reference to the doctrine and discoveries of Christ under the gospel, which might be composed into spiritual songs for the greater ease of memory in learning, teaching and admonishing one another.

Rev. v. 9. and xiv. 3. There is mention of a new song, and that is pure evangelical language, suited to the New Testament, the new covenant, the new and living way of access to God, and to the new commandment of him who sits upon the throne, "and behold, he makes all things new." The words of this song are, "Worthy is the Lamb, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, &c. and none could learn it but those who follow the Lamb, who were redeemed from among men, &c." And it must be noted here, that this book of the Revelation describes the worship of the gospel-church on earth, as is agreed by all interpreters, though it borrows some of its emblems from the things of heaven, and some from the Jewish state. I might here remark also, that when a new song is mentioned in the Old Testament, it refers to the times of the Messiah, and is prophetical of the kingdom of Christ, or at least it is a song indited upon a new occasion, public or personal, and the words of it are accommodated to some new tokens of divine mercy.

Rev. xv. 3. "They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb;" that is, a song for temporal and for spiritual deliverances; or, a song for all ancient or all later salvations of the church. As Moses was a redeemer from the house of bondage, and a teacher of divine worship with harps and ceremonies; so the Lamb is a Redeemer from Babylon and spiritual slavery, and he is the great Prophet to teach his church the spiritual worship of the gospel. The church now under the salvations and instructions of the Lamb, sings with the voice to the glory of the vengeance and the grace of God, as Israel under the conduct of Moses sung with harps; for we must observe, that these visions of the apostle John, often represent divine things in a gospel-church, in imitation of the ranks and orders of the Jewish camp and tribes, and by the rites and figures used in the time of Moses; and it would be as unreasonable to prove from this text, that we must sing the very words of the xvth of Exodus in a christian church, as to prove from this book of the Revelation that we must use harps and altars, censers, fire and incense. But it is plain that the xvth of Exodus cannot be here intended; because the words of the song are mentioned just after, namely, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou *King of saints.*" Yet after all, if it could be proved, that the *very song* which Moses sung is here designed, still it must be

confest that the song of the Lamb is also to be sung; and if the following words in this text are not to be esteemed the song of Moses, then neither are they to be esteemed the song of the Lamb; because there is not any express mention of the Lamb, or his death, or resurrection, or redemption: nor is there any other song in scripture that bears that title; and consequently it must signify a song composed to the praise of God for our deliverance by the Lamb, in imitation of the joy composed for deliverance by the hand of Moses: And thus at least we are to suit part of our psalmody to the gospel-state, as well as borrow part from the Old Testament, which is the chief point I designed to prove.

The next enquiry then proceeds thus: How must the psalms of David, and other songs borrowed from scripture, be translated in order to be sung in christian worship? Surely it will be granted, that to prepare them for psalmody under the gospel, requires another sort of management in the translation, than to prepare them merely for reading as the word of God in our language, and that upon these two accounts:

First, If it be the duty of the churches to sing psalms, they must necessarily be turned into such a sort of verse and metre as will best fit them for the whole church to join in the worship: Now this will be very different from a translation of the original language word for word; for the lines must be confined to a certain number of syllables, and the stanza or verse, to a certain number of lines, that so the tune being short the people may be acquainted with it, and be ready to sing without much difficulty; whereas if the words were merely translated out of the Hebrew as they are for reading, every psalm must be set through to music, and every syllable in it must have a particular musical note belonging to itself, as in anthems that are sung in cathedrals: But this would be so exceeding difficult to practise, that it would utterly exclude the greatest part of every congregation from a capacity of obeying God's command to sing. Now in reducing a hebrew or a greek song to a form tolerably fit to be sung by an English congregation, here and there a word of the original must be omitted, now and then a word or two superadded, and frequently a sentence or an expression a little altered and changed into another that is something a-kin to it: And yet greater alterations must the psalm suffer, if we will have any thing to do with rhyme; those that have laboured with utmost toil to keep very close to the hebrew, have found it impossible; and when they have attained it most, have made but very poor music for a christian church. For it will often happen, that one of the most affectionate, and most spiritual words in the prose, will not submit to its due place in the metre, or does not end with a proper sound, and then it must be secluded, and another

of less proper sense be put in the room of it: Hereby some of the chief beauties and excellencies of David's poetry will be omitted and lost, which if not revived again, or recompensed by some lively or pathetic expression in the English, will necessarily debase the divine song into dulness and contempt: And hereby also it becomes so far different from the inspired words in the original languages, that it is very hard for any man to say, that the version of Hopkins and Sternhold, the New-England or the Scotch psalms, are in a strict sense the word of God. Those persons therefore that will allow nothing to be sung but the words of inspiration or scripture ought to learn the Hebrew music, and sing in the Jewish language; or at least I can find no congregation with which they can heartily join according to their own principles, but the congregation of Choristers in cathedral churches, who are the only Levites "that sing praise unto the Lord with the words of David and Asaph the seer; 2 Chron. xxix. 30.

Secondly, Another reason why the psalms ought not to be translated for singing just in the same manner as they are for reading, is this, that the design of these two duties is very different: By reading we learn what God speaks to us in his word; but when we sing, especially unto God, our chief design is, or should be, to speak our own hearts and our words to God. By reading we are instructed what have been the dealings of God with men in all ages, and how their hearts have been exercised in their wanderings from God, and temptations, or in their returns and breathings towards God again; but songs are generally expressions of our own experiences, or of his glories; we acquaint him what sense we have of his greatness and goodness, and that chiefly in those instances which have some relation to us: We breathe out our souls toward him, and make our addresses of praise and acknowledgment to him. Though I will not assert it unlawful to sing to God the words of other men which we have no concern in, and which are very contrary to our circumstances and the frame of our spirits; yet it must be confest abundantly more proper, when we address God in a song, to use such words as we can for the most part assume as our own: I own that it is not always necessary our songs should be direct addresses to God; some of them may be mere meditations of the history of divine providences, or the experiences of former saints; but even then if those providences or experiences cannot be assumed by us as parallel to our own, nor spoken in our own names, yet still there ought to be some turns of expression that may make it look at least like our own present meditation, and that may represent it as a history which we ourselves are at that time recollecting. I know not one instance in scripture, of any later saint singing any part of a composure of former ages, that is not

proper for his own time, without some expressions that tend to accommodate or apply it. But there are a multitude of examples amongst all the scriptural songs, that introduce the affairs of preceding ages in the method I have described. Ps. xliv. 1, &c. When David is recounting the wonders of God in planting the children of Israel in the land of Canaan, he begins his song thus, "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what works thou didst in their days, in times of old, how thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantest them, how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out." Ps. lxxviii. 2, &c. "I will open my mouth in a parable, I will utter dark sayings of old which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us; we will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord." So he relates the converse and covenant of God with Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, as a narration of former providences and experiences; Ps. cv. 8, 9, 10, &c. So in the Virgin Mary's song, and the song of Zechariah. And I know not any thing can be objected here, but that a prophet perhaps in some instances may assume the words of Christ or the saints in following ages; but it should be observed that this is almost always in such respects wherein persons or circumstances present were typical of what is future, and so their cases become parallel.

By these considerations we are easily led into the true method of translating ancient songs into christian worship. Psalms that are purely doctrinal, or merely historical, are subjects for our meditation, and may be translated for our present use with no variation, if it were possible; and in general, all those songs of scripture which the saints of following ages may assume for their own: Such are the ist, the viiith, the xixth, and many others. Some psalms may be applied to our use by the alteration of a pronoun, putting *they* in the place of *we*, and changing some expressions which are not suited to our case into a narration or rehearsal of God's dealings with others: There are other divine songs which cannot properly be accommodated to our use, and much less be assumed as our own without very great alterations, namely, Such as are filled with some very particular troubles or enemies of a person, some places of journeying or residence, some uncommon circumstances of a society, to which there is scarce any thing parallel in our day or case: Such are many of the songs of David, whose persecutions and deliverances were very extraordinary: Again, such as express the worship paid unto God by carnal ordinances and utensils of the tabernacle and temple. Now if these be converted into christian songs in our nation, I think the names of Ammon and Moab may be as properly changed into the names of the chief enemies of the gospel

so far as may be without public offence: Judah and Israel may be called England and Scotland, and the land of Canaan may be translated into Great Britain: The cloudy and typical expressions of the legal dispensation should be turned into evangelical language, according to the explications of the New Testament: And when a christian psalmist, among the characters of a saint; Ps. xv. 5. meets with the man that "puts not out his money to usury, he ought to exchange him for one that is no oppressor or extortioner, since usury is not utterly forbidden to christians, as it was by the Jewish law; and wheresoever he finds the person or offices of our Lord Jesus Christ in prophecy, they ought rather to be translated in a way of history, and those evangelical truths should be stript of their veil of darkness, and drest in such expressions that Christ may appear in them to all that sing. When he comes to Ps. xl. 6. and reads these words, "Mine ears hast thou opened," he should learn from the apostle to say "A body hast thou prepared me;" Heb. x. 5. Instead of "binding the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar;" Ps. cxviii. 27. we should "offer up spiritual sacrifices, that is the prayer and praise of the heart and tongue, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ;" 1 Pet. ii. 5. Where there are any dark expressions, and difficult to be understood in the Hebrew songs, they should be left out in our psalmody, or at least made very plain by a paraphrase. Where there are sentences, or whole psalms, that can very difficultly be accommodated to our times, they may be utterly omitted. Such is Ps. cl. part of the xxxviii, xlv, xlviii, lx, lxviii, lxxxi, cviii. and some others, as well as a great part of the song of Solomon.

Perhaps it will be objected here, that the book of Psalms would hereby be rendered very imperfect, and some weak persons might imagine this attempt to fall under the censure of Rev. xxii. 18, 19. that is, "of taking away from, or adding to the words of the book of God." But it is not difficult to reply, that though the whole book of psalms was given to be read by us as God's word for our use and instruction, yet it will never follow from thence that the whole was written as a psalter for the christian church to use in singing. For if this were the design of it, then every psalm, and every line of it might be at one time or another proper to be sung by christians: But there are many hundred verses in that book which a christian cannot properly assume in singing, without a considerable alteration of the words, or at least without putting a very different meaning upon them, from what David had when he wrote them; and therefore there is no necessity of translating always entire Psalms, nor of preparing the whole book for English psalmody. I might here add also Dr. Patrick's apology in his century of Psalms first published, that he took but the same liberty which is allowed to

every parish-clerk, to choose what Psalm and what verses of it he would propose to the people to sing.

Give me leave here to mention several passa ges which were hardly made for christian lips to assume without some alteration: Ps. lxviii. 13, 14, 15, 16. "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold: When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon. The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan, &c. Why leap ye, ye hills, &c. verse 25. The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after, amongst them were the damsels playing with timbrels: Bless ye God in the congregation, even the Lord from the fountain of Israel: There is little Benjamin with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali. Because of thy temple at Jerusalem kings shall bring presents unto thee. Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of bulls, with the calves of the people, till every one submit himself with pieces of silver." Ps. lxxi. 2, 3, &c. "Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast-day, &c." Ps. lxxxiv. 3, 6. "The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, &c. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the valley of Bacha make it a well, the rain also filleth the pools." Ps. cviii. 2, 7, 8, 9. "Awake psaltery and harp, I myself will awake early. God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth; Gilead is mine, Manasseth is mine, Ephraim also is the strength of mine head, Judah is my lawgiver, Moab is my wash-pot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe, over Philistia will I triumph; who will bring me into the strong city, who will lead me into Edom." Ps. lxix. 8. and cix. are so full of cursings, that they hardly become the tongue of a follower of the blessed Jesus, who dying prayed for his own enemies; "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Ps. cxxxiv. is suited to the temple or tabernacle worship; the title is, A Song of Degrees, that is, as interpreters believe, to be sung as the kings of Israel went up by steps or degrees to the house of God: In the two first verses the king calls upon the Levites, "which by night stand in the house of the Lord, to lift up their hands in the sanctuary, and to bless the Lord;" the 3d verse is an antiphona or reply of the Levites to the king; "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion." It would be endless to give an account of all the paragraphs of ancient songs, which can scarce ever be accommodated to gospel worship.

The patrons of another opinion, will say we must sing the words of David, and apply them in our meditation to the things of the New Testament: But can we believe this to be the best method of worshipping God, to sing one thing and mean another? besides that, the very literal sense of many of these expressions is exceeding deep and difficult, and not one in twenty of a religious assembly can possibly understand them at this distance from the Jewish days; therefore to keep close to the language of David, we must break the commands of God by David, who requires that we "sing his praises with understanding;" Ps. xlvii. 7. And I am persuaded, that St. Paul, if he lived in our age and nation, would no more advise us to sing unintelligible sentences in London, than himself would sing in an unknown tongue at Corinth; 1 Cor. xiv. 15, 19. After all, if the literal sense were known, yet the application of many verses of David to our state and circumstances was never designed, and is utterly impossible; and even where it is possible, yet it is so exceeding difficult, that very few persons in an assembly are capable of it; and when they attempt it, if their thoughts should be enquired one by one, you would find very various, wretched, and contradictory meanings put upon the words of the Hebrew Psalmist, and all for want of an evangelical translation of him. It is very obvious and common to observe that persons of seriousness and judgment that consider what they sing, are often forced to break off in the midst, to omit whole lines and verses, even where the best of our present translations are used; and thus the tune, and the sense, and their devotion is interrupted at once, because they dare not sing without understanding, and almost against their consciences. Whereas the more unthinking multitude go on singing in chearful ignorance wheresoever the clerk guides them, across the river Jordan, through the land of Gebal, Ammon and Amalek; "He leads them into the strong city, he brings them into Edom; anon they follow him through the valley of Bacha, till they come up to Jerusalem; they wait upon him in the court of burnt-offerings, and "bind their sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar;" they enter so far into the temple, till they join their song in consort with the high-sounding cymbals, their thoughts are be-darkened with the smoke of incense, and covered with Jewish veils. Such expressions as these are the beauties and perfections of a Hebrew song, they paint every thing to the life: Such language was suited by infinite wisdom to raise the affections of the saints of that day: But I fear they do but sink our devotion, and hurt our worship.

I esteem the book of Psalms the most valuable part of the Old Testament upon many accounts: I advise the reading and meditation of it more frequently than any single book of scripture; and what I advise I practise. Nothing is more proper to furnish our souls with devout thoughts, and lead us into a world

of spiritual experiences: The expressions of it that are not Jewish or peculiar, give us constant assistance in prayer and in praise: But if we would prepare David's psalms to be sung by christian lips, we should observe these two plain rules.

First, They ought to be translated in such a manner as we have reason to believe David would have composed them if he had lived in our day: And therefore his poems are given as a pattern to be imitated in our composures, rather than as the precise and invariable matter of our psalmody. It is one of the excellencies of scripture-songs, that they are exactly suited to the very purpose and design for which they were written, and that both in the matter, and in the style, and in all their ornaments: This gives life and strength to the expression, it presents objects to the ears and to the eyes, and touches the heart in the most affecting manner. David's language is adapted to his own devotion, and to the worship of the Jewish church; he mentions the very places of his journeys, or retirements of his sorrows, or his successes; he names the nations that were enemies of the church, or that shall be its friends; and though for the most part he leaves the single persons of his time nameless in the body of his psalm, yet he describes them there with great particularity, and often names them in the title. This gives us abundant ground to infer, that should the sweet-singer of Israel return from the dead into our age, he would not sing the words of his own psalms without considerable alteration; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present circumstances of the church, and that in the language of the New Testament: He would see frequently occasion to insert the cross of Christ in his song, and often interline the confessions of his sins with the blood of the Lamb; often would he describe the glories and the triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing verse, even as St. Paul, when he mentions the name and honours of Christ, can hardly part his lips from them again: His expressions would run ever bright and clear; such as here and there we find in a single verse of his own composures, when he is transported beyond himself, and carried far away from Jewish shadows by the spirit of prophecy and the gospel. We have the more abundant reason to believe this, if we observe, that all along the sacred history as the revelations of God and his grace were made plainer, so the songs of the saints expressed that grace and those revelations according to the measure of their clearness and increase. Let us begin at the song of Moses, Ex. xv. and proceed to David and Solomon, to the song of the Virgin Mary, of Zecharias, Simeon, and the Angels, the Hosanna of the young children, the praises paid to God by the disciples in the Acts, the doxologies of Paul, and the songs of the christian church in the book of the Revelation: Every beam of new light that broke into the world gave occasion of fresh joy to the saints,

and they were taught to sing of salvation in all the degrees of its advancing glory.

Secondly, In the translation of Jewish songs for gospel-worship, if scripture affords us any example, we should be ready to follow it, and the management thereof should be a pattern for us. Now though the disciples and primitive christians had so many and so vast occasions for praise, yet I know but two pieces of songs they borrowed from the book of Psalms. One is mentioned in Luke xix. 38. where the disciples assume a part of a verse from the cxviiith psalm, but sing it with alterations and additions to the words of David.

The other is the beginning of the second Psalm, sung by Peter and John and their company; Acts iv. 23, 24, &c. You find there an addition of praise in the beginning, "Lord, thou art God which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is." Then there is a narration of what David spoke, "Who by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said, &c. Next follow the two first verses of that psalm, but not in the very words of the psalmist: Afterwards an explication of the heathen, and the people, namely, the Gentiles and Israel: The kings and the rulers, namely, Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the holy child Jesus, is God's anointed. Then there is an enlargement of the matter of fact, by a consideration of the hand of God in it, and the song concludes with the breathing of their desires towards God for mercies most precisely suited to their day and duty; and you find when they had sung, they went to prayer in the assembly, and then they preached the word of God by the Holy Ghost, and with amazing success. O may I live to see psalmody performed in these evangelic beauties of holiness! May these ears of mine be entertained with such devotion in public, such prayer, such praise? May these eyes behold such returning glory in the churches! Then my soul shall be all admiration, my tongue shall humbly attempt to mingle in the worship, and assist the harmony and the joy.

After we have found the true method of translating Jewish songs for the use of the christian church, let us enquire also how lawful and necessary it is to compose spiritual songs of a mere evangelic frame for the use of divine worship under the gospel.

The *first* argument I shall borrow from all the foregoing discourse concerning the translation of the Psalms of David: For by that time they are fitted for christian Psalmody, and have all the particularities of circumstance that related to David's person, and times altered and suited to our present case; and the language of Judaism is changed into the style of the gospel; the form and composure of the Psalm can hardly be called inspired or divine: only the materials or the sense contained therein may in a large sense be called the word of God, as it is borrowed from that word. Why then may it not be esteemed as lawful to take

ne divine sense and materials agreeable to the word of God, l suited to the present case and experience of christians, and apose them into a spiritual song? especially when we cannot l one ready penned in the bible, whose subject is near a-kin our present condition, or whose form is adapted to our present rpose.

The *second* argument shall be drawn from the several ends l designs of singing, which can never be sufficiently attained confining ourselves to David's psalms, or the words of any ngs in scripture. The first and chief intent of this part of rship, is to express unto God what sense and apprehensions we ve of his essential glories; and what notice we take of his rks of wisdom and power, vengeance and mercy; it is to vent e inward devotion of our spirits in words of melody, to speak r own experience of divine things, especially our religious joy; would be tiresome to recount the endless instances out of the ok of psalms and other divine songs, where this is made the ief business of them. In the texts of the New Testament ere singing is required, the same designs are proposed; when e Ephesians are filled with the Spirit, the enlightener and com-ter, they are charged to indulge those divine sensations, and let em break out into a spiritual song; Eph. v. 19. When any is erry or chearful, the apostle James bids him express it by sing-g. Giving thanks unto God, is the command of St. Paul to e saints while he enjoins psalmody on them; and speaking the nders of his power, justice and grace, is the practice of the urch constantly in the visions of St. John. To teach and ad-nish one another, is mentioned by St. Paul as another design singing; the improvement of our meditations, and the kindling vine affections within ourselves, is one of the purposes also of igious melody; if Eph. v. 19. be rightly translated. Now, w is it possible all these ends should be attained by a chris-n, if he confines his meditations, his joys, and his praises. the Hebrew book of Psalms? Have we nothing more of e nature of God revealed to us than David had? Is not e mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity brought out of dark-ss into open light? Where can you find a Psalm that speaks e miracles of wisdom and power as they are discovered in a cified Christ? And how do we rob God the Son of the glory his dying love, if we speak of it only in the gloomy language "smoke and sacrifices, bullocks and goats, and the fat of lambs?" not the ascent of Christ into heaven, and his triumph over incipalities and powers of darkness, a nobler entertainment for r tuneful meditations, than the removing of the ark up to the r of David, to the hill of God, which is high as the hill of shan? Is not our heart often warmed with holy delight in the itemplation of the Son of God our dear Redeemer, whose love

was stronger than death ? Are not our souls possessed with vaciety of divine affections, when we behold him who is our chi beloved hanging on the cursed tree, with the load of all our sin upon him, and giving up his soul to the sword of divine justic in the stead of rebels and enemies ? And must these affection be confined only to our own bosoms, or never break forth but i Jewish language, and words which were not made to express th devotion of the gospel ? The heaven and the hell that we ar acquainted with by the discovery of God our Saviour, give us more distinct knowledge of the future and eternal state, than a the former revelations of God to men : Life and immortality i brought to light by the gospel ; we are taught to look far into th invisible world, and take a prospect of the last awful scene o things : We see the graves opening, and the dead arising at th voice of the archangel, and the sounding of the trump of God We behold the Judge on his tribunal, and we hear the dreadfu and the delightful sentences of decision that shall pass on all th sons and daughters of Adam ; we are assured, that the saint shall " arise to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be fo ever with the Lord :" The apostle bids us, " Exhort or comfo one another with these words ;" 1 Thess. iv. 17, 18. Now whe the same apostle requires that " the word of Christ must dwe richly in us in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one anoth in psalms and spiritual songs ;" can we think he restrains u only to the Psalms of David, which speak very little of s these glories or terrors, and that in very obscure terms and dar hints of prophecy ? Or shall it be supposed, that we must ad monish one another of the old Jewish affairs and ceremonies i verse, and make melody with those weak and beggarly element and the yoke of bondage, and yet never dare to speak of th wonders of new discovery except in the plain and simple languag of prose ?

Perhaps it will be replied here, that there are some scriptu ral hymns in the book of Revelation that describe the affairs the New Testament, the death and kingdom of our Lord Jesu and these are lawful to be sung in a christian church ; I am gl that our friends of a different opinion will submit to sing any thi that belongs to the gospel ; I rejoice that the bible hath any su pieces of christian psalmody in it, lest every thing that is evang lical should be utterly excluded from this worship, by those wl will sing nothing but what is inspired ; but how seldom are the gospel-songs used among our churches ? How little respect paid to them in comparison of the Jewish psalms ? How litt mention would ever be made of them, if it were not to defer the patrons of Jewish psalmody from the gross absurdity of a entire return to judaism in this part of worship ? But give m leave also to add, that these christian hymns are but very sho

d very few; nor do they contain a hundredth part of those rious revelations that are made to us by Christ Jesus and his ostles; nor can we suppose God excludes all other parts of the spel from verse and singing.

Most express words of scripture furnish me with a third ar-ment; Eph. v. 19, 20. and Col. iii. 16, 17 which are the two ef commands of the New Testament for singing; both bid us make melody, and give thanks to God the Father, in the name our Lord Jesus Christ." This is one of the glories of gos-l-worship, that all must be offered to the Father in his name. very particular is our Lord Jesus in this command, that his t sermon to his disciples mentions it four times; John xiv. , 14. and xvi. 23, 24. Now why should we make conscience praying in the name of Christ always, and offer up our praises his name when we speak in prose? And yet when we give nks in verse, we almost bind ourselves to take no more notice the name of Christ than David or Moses did. Why should ery part of divine worship under the gospel be expressed in guage suited to that gospel, namely, praying, preaching, ptism and the Lord's supper; and yet when we perform that rt of worship which brings us nearest to the heavenly state, we ust run back again to the law to borrow materials for this ser-ce: And when we are employed in the work of angels, we lk the language of the infant-church, and speak in types and adows? while we bind ourselves to the words of David, when he inclines his ear to a parable, and opens his dark say-g upon the harp;" Psal. xlix. 4. We have given too great untenance to those who still continue the use of the harp while ey open the dark saying.

The fourth argument may be thus drawn up. There is most an infinite number of different occasions for praise and anksgivings, as well as for prayer, in the life of a christian; d there is not a set of Psalms already prepared that can an-rer all the varieties of the providence and the grace of God. ow if God will be praised for all his mercies, and singing be e method of praise, we have some reason to believe that God th not utterly confine us even to the forms of his own compos-g. This is thought a very sufficient reason to resist the impo-ion of any book of prayers; and I grant that no number of ayers of human composure can express every new difficulty future want of a christian; scarce can we suppose a divine lume should do it, except it be equal to many folios. How-rer I can see nothing in the inspired book of praises that should ersuade me that the Spirit of God designed it as an universal salm-book; nor that he intended these to include or provide r all the occasions of thanksgiving that ever should befall Jews Christians in a single or social capacity. We find in the history f scripture, that new favours received from God were con-

tinually the subject of new songs, and the very minute circumstances of the present providence are described in the verse. The destruction of Pharaoh in the Red-sea; the victory of Barak over Sisera; the various deliverances, escapes and successes of the son of Jesse are described in the songs of Moses, Deborah and David. The Jews in a land of captivity sat by the rivers of Babylon, and remembered Sion; they could find none of the ancient songs of Sion fit to express their present sorrow and devotion, though some of them are mournful enough; then was that admirable and artful ode written, the cxxxviith Psalm, which even in the judgment of the greatest human critics, is not inferior to the finest heathen poems. It is a more dull and obscure, and unaffecting method of worship to preach or pray, or praise always in generals: It doth not reach the heart, nor touch the passions; God did not think any of his own inspired hymns clear and full and special enough to express the praise that was his due for new blessings of grace and providence; and therefore he put a new song into the mouths of Mary, Zecharias and Simeon; and it is but according to his own requirement, that the British islands should make their present mercies under the gospel the subject of fresh praises; Is. xlii. 9, 10. "Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them; sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles and the inhabitants thereof." As for the new songs in the Revelation, the occasions of some of them are very particular, and relate to the fall of Anti-Christ; it can never be imagined that these are a complete collection of psalms to suit all the cases of a christian church; they are rather given to us as small originals, by imitation whereof the churches should be furnished with matter for psalmody, by those who are capable of composing spiritual songs according to the various or special occasion of saints or churches. Now shall we suppose the duty of singing to be so constantly provided for when there was any fresh occasion under the Old Testament, and just in the very beginning of the New, and yet that there is no manner of provision made ever since by ordinary or extraordinary gifts for the expression of our particular joys and thanksgivings? This would be to sink the gospel, which is a dispensation of the Spirit, of liberty, of joy, and of glory, beneath the level of Judaism when the saints were kept in hard bondage, and had not half so much occasion for praise.

The fifth argument may be borrowed from the extraordinary gift of the Spirit to compose or sing spiritual songs in the primitive church, expressed in 1 Cor. xiv. 15, 26. The several parts of divine worship, praying, preaching and singing, were performed by immediate inspirations of the holy Spirit in that day, for these two reasons. 1. That there might be a discovery of

divine power in them, and the seal of a miracle set to the several parts of christian worship, to convince the world, and to confirm the church. 2. Because there was not time to acquire a capacity of preaching, praying, and composing spiritual songs by diligence and study, together with the ordinary assistance of grace and blessing of providence, which would have taken up many years before the gospel could have been universally preached. But even in those times of inspiration, as Timothy himself "was not to neglect the gift that was in him, given by imposition of hands, so he was charged to give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, to meditate upon these things, to give himself wholly to them, that his profiting might appear unto all;" 1 Tim. iv. 14, 15. And it is granted by all, that the ministers of the gospel in our day are to acquire and improve the gifts of knowledge, prayer and preaching, by reading, meditation, and frequent exercise, together with earnest requests to God for the ordinary assistance of his Spirit, and a blessing on their studies. Why then should it be esteemed sinful, to acquire a capacity of composing a spiritual song? Or why is it unlawful to put this gift in exercise, for the use of singing in the christian church, since it is one of those three standing parts of worship which were at first practised and confirmed by inspiration and miracle?

Some may object here, that the words ψαλλω and ψαλμοις, which the apostle useth in this chapter, intend the psalms of David, and not any new song: But if we consult the whole frame and design of that chapter, it appears that their worship was all performed by extraordinary gifts: Now it was no very extraordinary thing to bring forth one of David's psalms; nor would it have been proper to have hindered the inspired worship with such an interposition of the ordinary service of an ancient Jewish song; it is very credible therefore that the word Psalm in this place signifies a new spiritual song, and it is so used frequently in the writings of the primitive fathers, as appears in the citations, page 289.

To close this rank of arguments, I might mention the divine delight that many pious souls have found in the use of spiritual songs, suited to their own circumstances, and to the revelations of the New Testament. If the spiritual joy and consolation that particular persons have tasted in the general duty of singing, be esteemed a tolerable argument to encourage the duty and confirm the institution, I am well assured that the argument would grow strong apace, and seal this ordinance beyond contradiction, if we would but stand fast in the liberty of the gospel, and not tie our consciences up to mere forms of the Old Testament. The faith, the hope, the love, and the heavenly pleasure that many christians have professed while they have been singing evangelical hymns, would probably be multiplied and diffused amongst the churches, if they would but

breathe out their devotion in the songs of the Lamb as well as in the song of Moses.

Thus far have we proceeded in a way of argument drawn from scripture and the reason of things. Many objections have been prevented, or sufficient hints given for the removal of them. Those that remain and seem to have any considerable strength, shall be proposed with an attempt to answer them; for I would not have christians venture upon the practice of any thing in divine worship without due knowledge and conviction.

Object. 1. The directions given for psalmody in some parts of the Old Testament, lead us to the use of those songs which are inspired; Deut. xxxi. 16, 19, &c. "And the Lord said unto Moses, write ye this song for you, and teach it the children of Israel, put it in their mouths, that this song may be a witness for me against the children of Israel; for when I shall have brought them into the land which I sware unto their fathers, which floweth with milk and honey, &c, then they will turn unto other gods." And in Ps. lxxxi. 1, 2, 3, 4. where we are required to worship God by singing, we are not commanded to make a new Psalm, but to take one that is already made, for the words run thus, "Sing aloud unto God our strength, make a joyful noise to the God of Jacob; take a Psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day, for this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob."

Ans. 1. I have cited these texts at large wherein the objection lies, that an answer might appear plain in the texts to every reader. How peculiarly do these commands refer to the Iraelites? The very words of the precept confine it to the Jews, to the men that dwelt in Canaan, to the worship that is paid with timbrels and trumpets, to the days of the new moon, and solemn Jewish festivals? and if we will insist upon these scriptures as precise rules of our present duty and worship, the men that use musical instruments in a christian church, will take the same liberty of returning to Jewish ordinances, and use the same text to defend them.

Ans. 2. But if we should grant ourselves under the gospel still obliged by these commands, yet they do not bind us up entirely to inspired forms of singing, since the same sort of expression is used concerning prayer; Hos. xiv. 2. "Take with you words, and say unto the Lord, take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, &c." Now who is there that esteems himself confined to use no other prayer but scriptural forms? In other places, where these duties are enjoined, we are bid to pray, or to praise, or to sing; and why should we not be as much at liberty to suit the words and the sense to our present cir-

cumstances in singing as well as praying, or in praising with verse as well as praising in prose?

Object. 2. The examples of scripture direct us to inspired matter for singing: Deut. xxxi. 21. "Moses wrote this song the same day, and taught it the children of Israel." 1 Chron. xvi. 7. "David delivered first this song, to thank the Lord, into the hand of Asaph and his brethren." Now in his dying words, the sweet Psalmist of Israel tells us; 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 2. "The spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue." And in the days of Hezekiah, which was some ages after David; 2 Chron. xxix. 27, 28, 29, 30. "Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt-offering upon the altar: and when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also, with the trumpets and with the instruments ordained by David king of Israel, &c. Moreover Hezekiah the king and the princes commanded the Levites to sing praise to the Lord, with the words of David and of Asaph the seer."

Answer. These are nothing but examples of Jewish, and very ceremonious worship: nor do they effectually prove, that the Jews themselves were forbid upon all occasions whatsoever to use more private composures in their synagogues, though in the temple it is probable that for the most part they sung inspired psalms. But it must be remembered, that these psalms are all suited to their dispensation, and yet without doubt they chose such out of them from time to time as best fitted their present case; and so will we christians take as many of the psalms of David and other scripture-songs, as are suited to our dispensation and our circumstances; but these will be but very few in comparison of what the ancient Levites might use, especially if we must sing the very words of David and Asaph the seer without omission or paraphrase.

Object. 3. We cannot pretend to make better spiritual songs than the Spirit of God himself has made, therefore if we should neglect these, and sing human composures, we should incur the censure of the prophet *Malachi*, chap. i. ver. 13, 14. "Ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick, thus ye brought an offering, saith the Lord, should I accept this of your hands?"

Answer 1. Can we pretend to make better prayers than the Spirit of God has made and scattered up and down through all the Old and New Testament? Can we suppose better sermons than Moses or Solomon? Better than our Saviour and his apostles preached, and the Spirit of God hath recorded? Why then should not we use scripture-forms of praying and preaching, as well as of singing? And though we may hope for the ordinary assistance of the Spirit in our prayers and sermons, yet how can we expect that these shall be as good as those which were composed by his extraordinary inspiration?

Answer 2. Divine wisdom accommodates its inspirations, its gifts, its revelations, and its writings, to the particular cases and seasons in which he finds a saint or a church. Now though we cannot pretend to make a better prayer than that of Ezra or Daniel, or our Lord, for the day and design for which they were prepared; yet a song, a sermon, or a prayer that expresses my wants, my duties or my mercies, though it be composed by a human gift, is much better for me than to tie myself to any inspired words in any part of worship which do not reach my case, and consequently can never be proper to assist the exercise of my graces or raise my devotion.

Answer 3. I believe that phrases and sentences used by inspired writers, are very proper to express our thoughts in prayer, preaching or praise; and God has frequently given witness in the hearts of christians how much he approves the language of scripture; but it is always with a proviso that those phrases be clear and expressive of our present sense, and proper to our present purpose: Yet we are not to dress up our prayers, sermons or songs, in the language of Judaism when we design to express the doctrines of the gospel: This would but darken divine counsel by words without knowledge; it would amuse and confound the more ignorant worshippers, it would disgust the more considerate, and give neither the one nor the other light or comfort: And I think it may be as proper in our churches to read a sermon of Moses or Isaiah, instead of preaching the gospel, as to sing a psalm of David, whose expressions chiefly refer to David the shepherd, the king, the fugitive, the captain, the musician and the Jew. In short the prayers, sermons and songs in scripture, are rather patterns by which we should frame our worship and adjust it to our present case, than forms of worship to which we should precisely and unchangeably confine ourselves.

And as sermons which are conformable to the holy scripture in a large sense may be called "the word of God and the word of Christ," and are usually and justly so called if they are agreeable to the scripture and drawn from thence; so hymns of human composure according to the spirit and doctrines of the gospel may be as well termed the word of Christ, which is the proper matter for christian psalmody. Col. iii. 16. Whereas in the strictest and most limited sense of the word nothing deserves that title but the *Hebrew* and *Greek* originals.

Object. 4. In the New Testament there are promises of divine assistance to ministers and private christians in preaching the gospel and in prayer; but we have no promise of the Spirit of God to help us to compose psalms or hymns for our private use or for the use of the churches; and how can we practise in the worship of God what we have no promise of the holy Spirit to encourage and assist us in?

Answer 1. There are many general promises of the presence of Christ with his ministers, and the supply of his Spirit in the discharge of all their duties for the edification of the church: now, there are several performances which are necessary for the church's edification, to which there is no peculiar promise made of the assistance of the Spirit in express words: such are, translating the bible into our mother-tongue, composing our sermons or at least the substance and scheme of them before preaching, writing pious and useful treatises upon divine subjects, and diligent reading and study of books so written; nor is there any more express encouragement to expect the presence of the Spirit in turning the psalms of David into rhyme and metre, than in composing new spiritual songs: and yet ministers that are fitted for such performances may pray and hope for divine assistance in them all, and trust in the general promises for help in particular services.

Answer 2. There is no need of these gifts of criticism or of poesy for all christians nor all ministers, though it seems necessary that some should be furnished with them. A few persons in an age or a nation may translate the scriptures into the national language, and may compose a sufficient number of hymns to answer the chief designs and wants of the church for that day for public worship. Where there happen occasions very particular, the ministers of the gospel are not or should not be so utterly destitute of common ingenuity, as to be unable to compose or at least to collect a few tolerable verses proper for such a season.

Object. 5. We find no instances in scripture of human composures sung by the people of God; and it is not good to practise such pieces of worship without a precedent.

Answer. Whensoever there was just occasion for an hymn according to some new and special providence, we almost every where find a new song recorded in scripture, and we call it inspired, nor do I know any just reason to suspect or doubt of the inspiration; but if there had been any one which was not the effect of an extraordinary gift, but only composed by a good man, we should be ready to take it for inspired because mentioned in scripture; as we do too many expressions of the saints in that divine history, and make every thing that a good man saith, heavenly and divine: however, if there can be no pretence made to such an example in scripture, yet so much reason, argument and encouragement as hath been already drawn from scripture sufficiently justifies this practice, since we perform many circumstantials of worship under the influence of a general command without express and special examples.

Object. 6. We ought to sing nothing to God but what is given us for this very end that it may be sung, lest we indulge *will-worship and the inventions* of men.

Ans. 1. To convert the verses of David into English lines, to confine them to an exact number of syllables, and to make melody in particular tunes, may as well be called the inventions of men and will-worship: But these inventions are absolutely necessary for the performance of divine commands, and for the assistance of a whole congregation to sing with any tolerable convenience, order, or decency, as the reverend Mr. Boyle has well proved.

Ans. 2. Those that refuse to sing forms of human composure, though the sense be never so divine, generally allow it lawful to take any parts of scripture and alter and transpose the words into a form fit for singing; but to take a mere parable or story out of the bible, and put some rhymes on to the end of every line of it, without giving it a new and pathetic turn, is but a dull way of making spiritual songs, and without a precedent too. David did not deal so with Genesis and Exodus, though he loved the words of the law as well as we pretend to value the words of the gospels and epistles. The most part of the New Testament as it stands in our bible was never given us for psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs; but for divine instruction and materials for this and other duties, that so we might borrow the doctrines and discoveries of the New Testament, and compose sermons and songs out of them: But if we take chapters and verses promiscuously out of the New Testament, and make them jingle and rhyme, and so sing them, we are guilty of singing what God never commanded to be sung, as much as if we composed spiritual songs by human art agreeable to the sense of scripture and the christian faith.

If the addition of human testimony concerning the practice of churches in former or later ages might have any influence to establish the consciences of those who are doubtful in this matter, I might acquaint them that the churches of Germany and the Eastland churches, use many divine hymns which are composed on several subjects of the christian religion, without any pretence to extraordinary gifts. The church of England approves this practice, as appears in those spiritual songs at the end of the old translation of the psalm-book, and some churches among the dissenters. "The christians of the first ages were wont to meet together on a day appointed before it was light, and to speak a song to Christ as to God:" Thus Pliny the Roman testifies in a letter to Trajan the emperor in the beginning of the second century. Tertullian, who flourished about the beginning of the third century, relating the manner of administration of the Lord's supper, asserts, "That after they had eat and drank what was sufficient for those that must worship God by night, &c. every one was urged to sing unto God publicly either out of the holy scriptures, or according to their own genius and ability;" Apol

C. 39. Origen, who flourished in the middle of the third century, speaks "of singing hymns of praise to the Father in or by Christ in good rhyme, tune, metre and harmony." *Origen de orat.* sect. 6. Eusebius, B. 7. C. 19. quotes Dionysius writing against Nepos, thus, "Although I heartily love Nepos for his faith, his study of knowledge and the holy scriptures, as well as for various psalms and hymns composed by him, which are used to this day by some brethren, yet, &c." In the acts of the council of Antioch mentioned by Eusebius, B. 7. C. 30. it was one of the accusations of Paulus Samosatenus, the heretic Bishop of Antioch, that "he abolished those psalms which were wont to be sung to the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ as novel and composed by modern authors, and that he appointed women on Easter-day in the middle of the church to sing psalms in his praise." And in the fragment of an anonymous author extant in Eusebius, we find the heresy of Artemon, who denied the divinity of Christ, confuted not only by the scriptures and the writings of the precedent fathers, but also by the psalms and hymns of the brethren which were formerly composed by them, wherein they sung praises to the word of God, declaring Christ to be God. Such a private composed hymn was that which Clemens Alexandrinus mentions as one commonly known among the christians in his days, beginning χαιρε φως, or, *hail light*. Spanheim in his sixth chapter of the fourth century of his Christian History, speaks thus, "Besides hymns and songs, and private psalms, of which there was a great number in their solemn assemblies, the psalm-book of David was brought into the western church in this age, in the time of Damasus and Ambrose; but in the eastern church the singing of David's psalter by antiphonas or responses was brought in by Flavius Antiochenus. The use of psalms composed by private persons seems not to be forbidden in the church till the council of Laodicea in the fourth century.

Conclusion.—Thus have I drawn together my thoughts upon this subject, at the request of several ministers and private christians who practise psalmody in this method themselves, and sing the songs of the Lamb as well as the psalms of David, in their public and private worship, and especially at the celebration of the Lord's-supper. I had designed and almost prepared a larger discourse, wherein the duty of singing and the manner of performance would have been considered. But this essay has already swelled beyond the bulk proposed: There are many that would rejoice to see evangelic songs more universally encouraged to the honour of their Lord Jesus, and to the joy and consolation of their fellow-saints. If the Spirit of God shall make any of these arguments I have used, successful to attain this glorious end, I shall take pleasure in the release of their souls from that

part of Judaism which they have so long indulged. I hope the difficulties that appeared frightful and discouraging will be lost and vanish by a diligent and fair perusal of what is written; yet those that pay a sacred reverence to the inspired writings, may still find it hard to yield to the conviction: Scruples and relics of an old opinion will perhaps hang about their consciences still: A fear and jealousy of admitting any forms of human composure in the worship of singing, will scarce permit their lips to practise that to which their understandings have given their assent. I would entreat such to give this discourse a thoughtful review; and though they may not judge every argument conclusive, nor every objection sufficiently removed, yet if there be but one unanswerable reason it ought to be attended to; and the whole put together may give such light and satisfaction as may encourage the practice of this duty. It is very easy to make cavils and replies to the strongest reasonings; but let us have a care lest we rob our souls and the churches of those divine comforts of evangelic psalmody, by a fondness of our old and pre-conceived opinions. "He that believeth, may eat all things," and should not be forbidden: He may partake of flesh and drink wine: He may taste of the various pleasures of the gospel, and sing the new song: Another who is weak eateth herbs, and satisfies himself with ancient melody. "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him which eateth not judge him which eateth, for God hath received him;" *Rom.* xiv. 2.

If the hymns and spiritual songs which are here presented to the world, are so unhappy as to discourage the design of this essay, I will censure and reprove them myself: If they are condemned as being unsuitable to the capacity or experience of plain christians, I will easily confess a variety of faults in them: It was hard to restrain my verse always within the bounds of my design; it was hard to sink every line to the level of a whole congregation, and yet to keep it above contempt. However among so great a number of songs I hope there will be some found that speak the very language, and desires, and sense of the meanest souls, and will be an assistance to their joy and worship. The blemishes of the rest may serve to awaken some more pious and judicious fancy to a more successful attempt; and whoever shall have the honour of such a performance, I promise myself a large share in the pleasure. But we must despair of hearing the new song of the Lamb in its perfection and glory, "till Babylon the great is fallen, and the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ, till the new heavens and the new earth appear, till all the former things are passed away, and all things are made new."

PREFACE

OR, AN ENQUIRY INTO THE RIGHT WAY OF FITTING THE BOOK OF PSALMS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

THOUGH the Psalms of David are a work of admirable and divine composure, though they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion; yet when the best of christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translations, that spirit of devotion vanishes and is lost, the psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarce any thing of the holy pleasure.

If I were to render the reasons of it, I would give this for one of the chief, namely, that the royal psalmist here expresses his own concerns, in words exactly suited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own personal character, and in the language of his own religion: This keeps all the springs of pious passion awake, when every line and syllable so nearly affects himself; this naturally raises, in a devout mind, a more lively and transporting worship. But when we who are christians sing the same lines, we express nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion of the Jewish king, while our own circumstances, and our own religion, which are so widely different from his, have little to do in the sacred song; and our affections want something of property or interest in the words, to awaken them at first, and to keep them lively.

If this attempt of mine, through the divine blessing, become so happy as to remove this great inconvenience, and to introduce warm devotion into this part of divine worship, I shall esteem it an honourable service done to the church of Christ.

It is necessary therefore that I should here inform my readers at large, what the title page expresses in a shorter way; and assure them, that they are not to expect in this book an exact translation of the Psalms of David: For if I had not conceived a different design from all that have gone before me in this work, I had never attempted a service so full of labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its pleasure too.

In order to give a plain account of my present undertaking, I shall first represent the methods that my predecessors have followed in their versions; in the next place, I hope to make it evident, that those methods can never attain the noblest and highest ends of christian psalmody; and then describe the course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief hints of the reasons that induced me to it.

First, I will represent the methods that my predecessors have followed. I have seen above twenty versions of the Psalter, by persons of richer and meaner talents; and how various soever their professions and their prefaces are, yet in the performance they all seem to aim at this one point, namely, to make the Hebrew psalmist only speak English, and keep all his own characters still. Wheresoever the psalm introduces him as a soldier or a prophet, as a shepherd or a great musician, as a king on the throne, or as the fugitive in the wilderness, the translators ever represent him in the same circumstances. Some of them lead an assembly of common Christians to worship God, as near as possible, in those very words; and they generally agree also to per-

form and repeat that worship in the ancient Jewish forms, wherever the psalmist uses them.

There are several psalms indeed, which have scarce any thing in them personal or peculiar to David, or the Jews; such as Psalm i. xix. xxv. xxxvii. lxvii. c. &c. and these, if translated into the plain national language, are very proper materials for psalmody in all times and places; but there are but a few of this kind, in comparison of the great number which have something of personal concerns, prophetical darknesses, hebraisms, or Jewish affairs mingled with them.

I confess, Mr. Milburn and Mr. Darby, though in very different verse, have now and then given an evangelic turn to the Hebrew sense; and Dr. Patrick hath gone much beyond them in this respect, that he hath made use of the present language of Christians in several psalms, and left out many of the judaisms. This is the thing that hath introduced him into the favour of so many religious assemblies; even those very persons that have an aversion to sing any thing in worship but David's psalms, have been led insensibly to fall in with Dr. Patrick's performance, by a relish of pious pleasure, never considering that his work is by no means a just translation, but a paraphrase; and there are scarce any that have departed farther from the inspired words of scripture than he hath often done, in order to suit his thoughts to the state and worship of Christianity. This I esteem his peculiar excellency in those psalms wherein he has practised it: This I have made my chief care and business in every psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But, after all, this good man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by custom, as to make all the other personal characters and circumstances of David appear strong and plain, except that of a Jew; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to any one that compares these following texts in Dr. Patrick with the bible, namely, Psalms iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: So that it is hard to find, even in his version, six or eight stanzas together in any psalm, that has personal or national affairs in it, so fit to be assumed by a vulgar Christian, or so proper to be sung by a whole congregation. This renders the due performance of psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the verses: But it is extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is, beyond all exception, the truest and the best method: For in this way of singing there can be no omission of a verse, though it be never so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the clerk puts them to silence. Or, to remedy this inconvenience, if a wise man leads the song, he dwells always upon four or five and twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow round still, for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstances.

I might here also remark, to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the celebration of the Lord's supper, where the people will sing nothing but out of David's psalm-book: How perpetually do they repeat some of the xxiiid or the cxviiith psalm? And confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of David; no not in those very places where the Jewish psalmist seems to mean the gospel; but as excellent a poet as he was, he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a Christian writer. Though, to speak my own sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness, to represent the blessings of this holy institution of Christ, even though it were explained by a copious com-

ratator; therefore it is my opinion, that other spiritual songs should sometimes be used to render Christian psalmody complete. But this is not my resent business, and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the second part of my preface, which is to shew, how inficient a strict translation of the psalms is to attain the designed end.

There are several songs of this royal author, that seem improper for any mon besides himself; so that I cannot believe that the whole book of alms, even in the original, was appointed by God for the ordinary and conant worship of the Jewish sanctuary or the synagogues, though several of em might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a Christian urch: Yet the way of a close translation of this whole book of Hebrew alms, for English and Christian psalmody, has generally obtained mong us.

Some pretend it is but a just respect for the holy scripture; for they have ibbed a fond opinion from their very childhood, that nothing is to be sung church but the inspired writings, how different soever the sense is from our esent state. But this opinion has been taken upon trust, by the most part f its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, custom, and the thority of others; which, if duly examined, will appear to have been nk upon too slight and feeble foundations; the weakness of it I shall ew more at large in another place: But it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those persons that scruple to address God in prose in any e-composed forms whatsoever; and they give this reason, because they nnot be fitted to all our present occasions; and yet in verse they confine eir addresses to such forms as were fitted chiefly for Jewish worshippers, nd for the special occasions of David the King.

Others maintain that a strict and scrupulous confinement to the sense of e original, is necessary to do justice to the royal author; but, in my judgment, the royal author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible; nd when his admirable composures are copied in such language, as gives ght and joy to the saints that live two thousand years after him: Whereas ch a mere translation of all his verse into English, to be sung in our worship, seems to darken our religion, by running back again to judaism, it ampe our delight, and almost forbids the Christian worshipper to pursue the ong. How can we assume to ourselves all his words in our personal or public addresses to God, when our condition of life, our time, place, and religion, re so vastly different from those of David?

I grant it is necessary and proper, that in translating every part of scripture for our reading or hearing, the sense of the original should be exactly nd faithfully represented; for there we learn what God says to us in his word. But in singing, for the most part, the case is altered: For as the greatest umber of the psalms are devotional, and there the psalmists express their own personal or national concerns; so we are taught, by their example, what is the chief design of psalmody, namely, that we should represent our own tense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God, expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers, as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern: Or at least our translators of the psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song, for our present and public use, they should be related, rather in an historical manner; and not retain the personal pronouns I and We, where the transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches, or nation.

Moses, Deborah, and the Princes of Israel; David Asaph, and Habakkuk, and all the saints under the Jewish state, sung their own joys and victories, their own hopes, and fears, and deliverances, as I hinted before; and why must we, under the gospel, sing nothing else but the joys, hopes,

and fears of Asaph and David? Why must Christians be forbid all othe melody, bnt what arises from the victories and deliverances of the Jews?— David would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the words o Moses, and sung nothing else, on all his rejoicing-days, but the drowning o Pharoah in the fifteenth of Exodus. He might have supposed it a little un reasonable, when he had peculiar occasions of mournful music, if he ha been forced to keep close to Moses's prayer in the ninetieth psalm, an always sung over the shortness of human life, especially if he were no permitted the liberty of a paraphrase: And yet the special concerns o David and Moses were much more a-kin to each other, than ours are t either of them? and they were both of the same religion, but ours is ver different.

It is true, that David has left us a richer variety of holy songs, than al that went before him: but, rich as it is, it is still far short of the gloriou things that we Christians have to sing before the Lord. We, and our churche have our own special affairs as well as they: Now if by a little turn of thei words, or by the change of a short sentence, we may express our own medi tations, joys, and desires in the verse of those ancient psalmists, why shoul we forbid this sweet privilege? Why should we under the Christian dispen sation be tied up to forms more then the Jews themselves were, and such a are much more improper for our age and state too: Let us remember, tha the very power of singing was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose that our own warmest affections of soul might break out into natural o divine melody, and that the tongue of the worshipper might express hi own heart.

I confess it is not unlawful, nor absurd for a person of knowledge an skill in divine things, to sing any part of the Jewish psalm book, and consi der it merely as the word of God; from which, by wise meditation, he ma draw some pious inferences for his own use: For instruction is allowed to b one end of psalmody. But where the words are obscure hebraisms, or wher the poet personates a Jew, a soldier, or a king, speaking to himself, or t God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy even t the most skilful Christian, and it is almost impracticable to the greatest par of mankind: And both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it doe by no means raise their own devotion so well, as if they were speaking i their own persons, and expressing their own sense: Besides that the weake Christian is ready to chime in with the words he sings, and use them as hi own, though they are never so foreign to his purpose.

Now though it cannot be, that a large book of lively devotions should b so framed, as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances o every worshipper; but, after the writer's utmost care, there will still b room for christian wisdom to exercise the thoughts aright in singing, whe the words seem improper to our particular case: Yet, as far as possible every difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such sentences should b no means be chosen, which can scarce be used, in their proper sense, by an that are present.

I could never persuade myself, that the best way to raise a devout fram in plain Christians, was to bring a king, or a captain, into their churche and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in th language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembl know how to use these words devoutly? namely, *When I receive the congre gation I will judge uprightly;* Ps. lxxv. 2. *A bow of steel is broken by min arms.—As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me*; Psal. xviii. 34, 44 Would I encourage a parish clerk to stand up in the midst of a countr church, and bid all the people join with his words, and say, *I will prai thee upon the psaltery;* or, *I will open my dark saying upon the harp:* Whe even our cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meane

churches can have no music but the voice, and others will have none besides? Why then must all who will sing a psalm at church, use such words, as if they were to play upon harp and psaltery, when thousands never saw such instrument, and know nothing of the art?

You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these expressions upon your lips, you mean only, that you will worship God according to his appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his day, according to God's appointment then. But why will you confine yourselves to speak one thing, and mean another? Why must we bound up to such words, as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? And since the heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shewn, that it interrupts the holy melody, and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman, when, in the midst of the song, some speeches of David have been almost imposed upon their tongues, where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances; where he speaks like a Jewish prince, a musician, or a prophet; or where the sense is so obscure, that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage address myself to the heart and conscience of many pious and observing Christians, and ask them, whether they have not found a most divine pleasure in singing, when the words of the psalm have happily expressed their frame of soul? Have you not felt a new joy spring within you, when you could speak your own desires and hopes, your own faith, love, and zeal in the language of the holy psalmist? Have not your spirits taken wing and mounted up near to God and glory, with the song of David on your tongue? But on a sudden the clerk has proposed the next line to your lips, with dark sayings and prophecies, with burnt-offerings or hyssop, with new-moons, and trumpets, and timbrels in it, with confession of sins which you never committed, with complaints and sorrow such as you never felt, cursing such enemies as you never had, giving thanks for such victories as you never obtained, or leading you to speak, in your own persons of things, places, and actions, that you never knew. And how have all your souls been discomposed at once, and the strings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the song with your hearts, and your lips have sunk their joy, and faultered in the tune; you have been balked and ashamed, and knew not whether it were better to be silent, or to follow on with the clerk and the multitude, and sing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkness too, without thought or meaning.

Let it be replied here, That to prevent this inconvenience, such psalms and sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the song, or may have a more useful turn given in the mind of those that sing. But I answer, Since such psalms and sentences are not to be sung, they may be as well omitted by the translator, or may have a more useful turn given in the verse than it is possible for all the singers to give on a sudden in their minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I come therefore to the third thing I proposed, and that is to explain my own design, which in short is this, namely, to accommodate the book of psalms to christian worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c. of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a christian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted some whole psalms, and large pieces of many others: and have chosen out of all of them, such parts only, as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to christian affairs: These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words, prepared for public worship, and for the lips of mul-

titudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, satan, and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian: Where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense: There is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ, or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy scripture. Where the psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it: Where he speaks of the pardon of sin, through the mercies of God, I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour: Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God: When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth; where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament: And I am fully satisfied, that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures.

All men will confess this is just and necessary in preaching and praying; and I cannot find a reason why we should not sing praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious dispensation. No man can be persuaded, that to read a sermon of the royal preacher out of the book of Ecclesiastes, or a prayer out of Ezra or Daniel, is so edifying to a christian church, though they were inspired, as a well composed prayer or sermon delivered in the usual language of the gospel of Christ. And why should the very words of the sweet-singer of Israel be esteemed so necessary to christian psalmody, and the Jewish style so much preferable to the evangelical, in our religious songs of praise?

Now since it appears so plain, that the Hebrew psalter is very improper to be the precise matter and style of our songs in a christian church; and since there is very good reason to believe that it is left us, not only as a most valuable part of the word of God, for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of spiritual songs and hymns under the gospel; I have chosen rather to imitate than to translate; and thus to compose a psalm-book for Christians after the manner of the Jewish psalter.

If I could be persuaded, that nothing ought to be sung in worship, but what was of immediate inspiration from God, surely I would recommend anthems only; namely, the psalms themselves, as we read them in the bible, set to music as they are sung by the choristers in our cathedral churches: for these are nearest to the words of inspiration, and we must depart far from those words, if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any sort. And upon the foot of this argument, even the Scotch version, which has been so much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful, as well as others.

But since I believe that any divine sentence, or christian verse, agreea-

le to scripture may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired; I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient sense and meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself, as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity. And by this means, perhaps, I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the Spirit of God in those verses, farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 Pet. i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets who foretold of the grace that should come to us, were in some measure ignorant of this great salvation; for though they testified of the sufferings of Christ and his glory, yet they were forced to search and enquire after the meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other places I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connections of thought discovered in the Jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is, to teach my author to speak like a Christian. For why should I now address God my Saviour in a song, with burnt-sacrifices of fatlings, and with the incense of rams? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? Why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high-sounding cymbals, when the gospel has shewn me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? Why must I join with David in his legal or prophetic language, to curse my enemies, when my Saviour, in his sermons, has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a Christian omit all those passages of the Jewish psalmist, that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments, none of which are well suited to the spirit of Christianity, which is a dispensation of hope, and joy, and love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion that is now for ever abolished; especially when Christians are so vehemently warned, in the epistles of St. Paul, against a judaizing spirit, in their worship as well as doctrine? And what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful subjects in the style of the gospel, where the psalm gives any occasion, since the whole religion of the Jews is censured often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the Christian life, by the different metres, paraphrases, and divisions of the psalms, of which I shall speak particularly; yet, after all, there are a great many circumstances that attend common Christians, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase on the words of David; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my book of hymns, that Christians might have something to sing in divine worship, answerable to most or all their occasions. In the preface to that book I have shewn the insufficiency of the common versions of the psalms, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

I am not so vain as to expect, that the few short hints I have mentioned in that preface, or in this, should be sufficient to justify my performances in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different sentiments. All the favour therefore that I desire of my readers, is this, that they would not censure this work till they have read my discourse of psalmody, which I hope will shortly be published; but let them read it with serious attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive truth wheresoever it can be found. In that treatise I have given a large and particular account how the psalms of Jewish composure ought to be translated for Christian worship, and justified the rules I lay down by such reasons, as seem to carry in them most plentiful evidence, and a fair conviction.

If I might presume so much, I would intreat them also to forget their younger prejudices for a season, so far as to make a few experiments of these songs; and try whether they are not suited, through divine grace, to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing soul to an evangelic temper of joy and praise. And if they shall find, by sweet experience, any devout affections raised, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by these attempts of Christian psalmistry; I persuade myself, that I shall receive their thanks, and be assisted by their prayers towards the recovery of my health, and my public labours in the church of Christ. Whatsoever sentiments they had formerly entertained, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail against their own inward sensations of piety and religious joy.

Before I conclude, I must add a few things concerning my division of the Psalms, and my manner of versifying.

Of the Division of the Psalms.

In many of these sacred songs it is evident, that the psalmist had several distinct cases in view at the same time: As Psalm lxv. the first four or five verses describe the temple worship of prayer and praise; the following verses represent the providence of God in the seasons of the year. So in Psalm lxviii. the first six verses declare the majesty and mercy of God, and from the seventh verse to the sixteenth, Israel is brought from Egypt, to fix divine worship at Jerusalem. The seventeenth and eighteenth are a prophecy of the ascension of Christ. Verse 24, &c. describes a religious procession, &c. The like may be observed in many other psalms, especially such as represent some complicated sorrows, or joys of the psalmist. Now it is not to be supposed that Christians should have all the same distinct occasions of meditation, complaint or praise, much less all at the same time to be mentioned before God; therefore I have divided many psalms into several parts, and disposed them into distinct hymns on those various subjects that may be proper matter for christian psalmody.

Besides, that excessive long tone of voice, that stretches out every syllable in our public singing, allows us neither time nor spirits to sing above six or eight stanzas at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four: Therefore I have reduced almost all the work into hymns of such a length, as may suit the usual custom of the churches; that they may not sing broken fragments of sense, as is too often done, and spoil the beauty of this worship; but may finish a whole song and subject at once.

For this end I have been forced to transpose, or omit, some of the verses; and, by this means, some will object, that I have left out some useful and significant lines, Perhaps so: But if I had not, the clerk would have left them out, to save the time for other parts of worship; and I desire but the same liberty which he has to choose which verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful psalm, or verse, whose sense is not abundantly repeated in other parts of the book; and what I have left out in one metre I have often inserted in another.

When the occasion or subject are much the same throughout a long psalm, I have either abridged the verses, or divided the psalm by pauses, after the French manner, where the sense would admit an interruption, that the worship may not be tiresome.

Of the Verse.

I resign to Sir John Denham the honour of the best poet, if he had given his genius but a just liberty; yet his work will ever shine brightest among those that have confined themselves to a mere translation. But that close confinement has often forbid the freedom and glory of verse, and by cramping his sense, has rendered it sometimes too obscure for a plain reader and the public worship, even though we lived in the days of David and Judaism. These inconveniences he himself suspects, and fears in the preface.

I am content to yield to Mr. Milbourne the preference of his poesy in several parts of his psalms, and to Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady in some of theirs; but in those very places their turns of thought and language are too much raised above a vulgar audience, and fit only for persons of an higher education.

I have not refused, in some few psalms, to borrow a single line or two from those three authors; yet I have taken the most freedom of that sort with Dr. Patrick, for his style best agrees with my design, though his verse be generally of a lower strain.

In some of the more elevated psalms I have given a little indulgence to my genius; and if it should appear that I have aimed at the sublime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned reader. I never thought the art of sublime writing consisted in flying out of sight; nor am I of the mind of the Italian, who said, Obscurity begets greatness. I have always avoided the language of the poets where it did not suit the language of the gospel.

In many of these composures I have just permitted my verse to rise above a flat and indolent style; yet I hope it is every where supported above the just contempt of the critics: Though I am sensible that I have often subdued it below their esteem; because I would neither indulge any bold metaphors, nor admit of hard words, nor tempt an ignorant worshipper to sing without his understanding.

Though I have attempted to imitate the sacred beauties of my author, in some of the sprightly psalms, such as Psal. xlv. xlvi. xlix. lxv. lxxii. xc. xci. civ. cxiv. cxv. cxxxix. &c. yet if my youthful readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful descriptions with which the sacred original abounds, let them consider that some of those pieces of descriptive poesy are the flowery elegancies peculiar to eastern nations and antique ages, and are much too large also to be brought into such short Christian sonnets as are used in our present worship; almost all those psalms I have contracted and fitted to more spiritual devotion, as Psal. xviii. lxviii. lxxiii. lxxviii. cv. cvi. cix, &c.

Of the Metre and Rhyme.

I have formed my verse in the three most usual metres to which our psalm tunes are fitted, namely, the common metre, the metre of the old twenty-fifth psalm, which I call short metre, and that of the old hundredth psalm, which I call long metre. Besides these, I have done some few psalms in stanzas of six, eight, or twelve lines, to the best of the old tunes. Many of them I have also cast into two or three metres, not by leaving out or adding two syllables in a line, whereby others have cramped or stretched their verse to the destruction of all poesy; but I have made an entire new song, and oftentimes, in the different metres, I have indulged those different senses, in which commentators have explained the inspired author: And if in one metre I have given the loose to a paraphrase, I have confined myself to my text in the other.

If I am charged by the critics for repeating the same rhymes too often, let them consider that the words which continually recur in divine poesy, admit exceeding few rhymes to them fit for sacred use; these are God, world, flesh, soul, life, death, faith, hope, heaven, earth, &c. which I think will make sufficient apology; especially since I have coupled all my lines by rhymes, much more than either Mr. Tate or Dr. Patrick have done, which is certainly most musical and agreeable to the ear, where rhyme is used at all.

I must confess I have never yet seen any version, or paraphrase of the psalms in their own Jewish sense, so perfect as to discourage all further attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble work, let him bring with him a soul devoted to piety, an exalted genius, and withal a studious application. For David's harp abhors a profane finger, and disdains to answer to an unskilful or a careless touch. A meaner pen may imitate at a distance, but a complete translation, or a just paraphrase, demands a rich treasury of diction, and exalted fancy, a quick taste of devout passion, together with judgment strict and severe to retrench every luxuriant line, and to maintain a religious sovereignty over the whole work. Thus the psalmist of Israel might arise in Great Britain in all his Hebrew glory, and entertain the more knowing and polite Christians of our age. But still I am bold to

maintain the great principle on which my present work is founded; and th that if the brightest genius on earth, or an angel from heaven, should tra David, and keep close to the sense and style of the inspired author, we should obtain thereby a bright or heavenly copy of the devotions of the Jewish but it could never make the fittest psalm book for a Christian people.

It was not my design to exalt myself to the rank and glory of poets; I was ambitious to be a servant to the churches and a helper to the joy o meanest Christian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taugh Hebrew psalmist to speak English, yet I think I may assume this pleasu being the first who hath brought down the royal author into the common affai the Christian life, and led the psalmist of Israel into the church of Christ, wi any thing of a Jew about him. And whensoever there shall appear any parap of the book of psalms, that retains more of the savour of David's piety, diso more of the style and spirit of the gospel, with a superior dignity of verse, m the lines as easy and flowing and the sense and language as level to the l capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and consent to say, Let this attem mine be buried in silence.

'Till such a work arise, I must attend these evangelic songs, which have the labour of so many years, with a devout wish.

May that God who has favoured me with life and capacity to finish this wo the service of his churches, after so many years of tiresome sickness and co ment, accept this humble offering from a thankful heart. May the Lord, dwelt of old amidst the praises of Israel, encourage and bless this essay, to Christians in the work of praise! And may his churches exalt him here on in the language of his gospel and his grace, till they shall be called up to he and the noble society above! There David and Asaph have changed their a style, and the song of Moses and of the Lamb are one: There the Jews join the nations to exalt their God and Redeemer in the language of angels, and i strains of complete glory. *Amen.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READERS.

THE chief design of this work was to improve psalmody, or religious singing, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in public assemblies and private families with more honour and delight; yet the author hopes the reading of it may also entertain the parlour and the closet with devout pleasure and holy meditations. Therefore he would request his readers, at proper seasons, to peruse it through, and among three hundred and forty sacred hymns they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age, and by treasuring them in their memory, they may be furnished for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

Of choosing or finding the Psalm.

The perusal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the author's method, and by consulting the index, or table of contents, he may find hymns very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship, though no copy of David's psalter can provide for all.

Or if he remember the first line of any psalm, the table of the first lines will direct where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the psalms in order in churches or families, it may be done with profit; provided those psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the number of the psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it; As for instance: Let us sing the thirty-third psalm, second part, common metre; or, let us sing the ninety-first psalm, first part, beginning at the pause, or ending at the pause; or, let us sing the eighty-fourth psalm as the hundred and forty-eighth psalm, &c. And then read over the first stanza before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with or without reading line by line.

Of dividing the Psalm.

If the psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses in many of them at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those verses which are included in crotchets [ ] without disturbing the sense: Or in some places you may begin to sing at a pause.

Do not always confine yourselves to six stanzas, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the sense and abuse the psalm in solemn worship.

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign protestant countries, without reading line by line. Though the author has done what he could to make the sense complete in every line or two, yet many inconveniences will always attend this unhappy manner of singing; but where it cannot be altered, these two things may give some relief.

First, Let as many as can do it bring psalm-books with them, and look on the words while they sing, so far as to make the sense complete.

Secondly, Let the clerk read the whole psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the lines, that the people may have some notion of what they sing; and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious syllables without any meaning, till the next line come to give the sense of them.

It were to be wished also, that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent with a constant uniformity of time, which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas; Whereas if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed in pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm with less expence of time and breath; and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.

DECEMBER 1, 1718.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the New Testament and applied to the Christian State and Worship.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in—the* Psalms *concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, *and the Prophets,* ver. 40.—*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

PSALM I. [C. M.]

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine:
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the judge at his right-hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. [S. M.]

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right-hand
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. [L. M.]

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet,
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t'employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost,
As chaff before the tempest flies;
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful judge with stern command
Divides him to a diff'rent place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod
"I blest the path, and drew it plain;
"But you would choose the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endless pain.

PSALM II. [S. M.]

Translated according to the divine pattern, Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ *dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.*

1 [MAKER and sovereign Lord,
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentile rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he received from God.

9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM II. [C. M.]

1 WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead:
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy,
"The utmost heathen lands;
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"The rebel that withstands.

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the king of heav'nly birth
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. [L. M.]

Christ's *death, resurrection, and ascension.*

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
Tell me, O man, why their swords engage?
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage
His dear anointed to destroy?

2 "Come, let us break his bands, they say;
"This man shall never give us laws:
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the king I made
"On Zion's everlasting hill,
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still.

5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right-hand,
"There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
"To thee the northern isles shall bow.]

7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall before his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell,
He is a God, and ye but dust;
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM III. [C. M.]

Doubts and fears suppress; or, God our defence from sin and Satan.

1 MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. [L. M.]

A morning psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. [L. M.]

Hearing of prayer; or, *God our portion, and Christ our hope.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lye,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall my chearful pow'rs rejoice,
At grace and favour so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. [C. M.]

An evening psalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies,
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM VI. [C. M.]

Complaint in sickness; or diseases healed.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath:
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI. [L. M.]

Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears:
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and chear my heart.

PSALM VII.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins;
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. [S. M.]

God's sovereignty and goodness; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

PSALM VIII. [C. M.]

Christ's *condescension and glorification*; or, *God made man.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wond'rous great,
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His godhead and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the sun
Shone thro' the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. verse 1, 2. Paraphrased.

PART I. [L. M.]

The Hosanna *of the children*; or, *infants praising God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise [made
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young Hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

PSALM VIII. verse 3, &c. Paraphrased.

PART II. [L. M.]

Adam *and* Christ, *lords of the old and the new creation.*

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below?
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state?
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born?

4 See him below his angels made;
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. PART I.

Wrath & mercy from the judgment-seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou sov'reign judge of right & wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor opprest;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. verse 12. PART II.

The wisdom and equity of providence.

1 WHEN the great judge, supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Sion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made,
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more,

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make 'em confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X.

Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, *pride, atheism and oppression punished.*

For a humiliation-day.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pri
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from the sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry,
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er eng
"To fight on Zion's side?

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pra
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppre
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM XI.

God loves the righteous, and hates wicked.

1 MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly like a timorous trembling do
"To distant woods or mountains fly

2 If government be all destroyed,
(That firm foundation of our peace
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redre

3 The Lord in heav'n has fixt his thro
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are know
His eye-lids search our spirits thro'

4 If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their gra
What may the bold transgressors fe
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and dea
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteo
souls,
Whose thoughts and actions a
sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. [L. M.]

The saints safety and hope in evil times; or, sins of the tongue complained of, namely, blasphemy, falsehood, &c.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man, amongst us here,
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips, that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free, they cry,
"Our tongues shall be control'd by none:
"Where is the Lord will ask us why?
"Or say, our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall, in the darkest hour,
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. [C. M.]

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promise and sign of Christ's coming to judgment.

1 HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lye,
How is their fury stirr'd!
"Are not our lips our own, they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold.

6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver, sev'n times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM XIII. [L. M.]

Pleading with God under desertion; or, hope in darkness.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My chearful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM XIII. [C. M.]

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays,
That chase my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around his eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in saf'ty keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung:
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. PART I.

By nature all men are sinners.

1 FOOLS in their heart believe and say,
"That all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's [hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. PART I.

The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just,
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. [C. M.]

Characters of a saint; or, *a citizen of Zion;* or, *the qualifications of a christian.*

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM XV. [L. M.]

Religion and justice, goodness and truth; or, *duties to God and man;* or, *the qualifications of a christian.*

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they [mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold,
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. PART I. [L. M.]

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, *good works profit men, not God.*

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap,
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. PART II. [L. M.]

Christ's *all-sufficiency.*

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon:
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right-hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. PART III. [L. M.]

Courage in death, and hope of resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust and rise on high
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. PART I. [C. M.]

Support and counsel from God, *without merit.*

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe;
In thee my trust I place;
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. PART II. [C. M.]

The death and resurrection of Christ.

1 "I SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up:
"My heart and tongue their joy express,
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where souls departed are;
"Nor quit my body to the grave,
"To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne;
"Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
"Thy presence joys unknown."

4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung:
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise, and stand
On heav'n's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right-hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. ver. 15, &c. [S. M.]

Portion of saints and sinners: or, *hope and despair in death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee:
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain:
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM XVII. [L. M.]

The sinner's portion and saint's hope: or, *the heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine: But thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek: They take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour, O blest abode!
I shall be near! and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1---6, 15---18.

PART I. [L. M.]

Deliverance from despair: or, *temptations overcome.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence,
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliv'rer God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage:
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy, and his pow'r.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 20---26.

PART II. [L. M.]

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and struggles in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they:
And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

PART III. [L. M.]

Rejoicing in God: or, *salvation and triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield:
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my salvation lives:
The dark designs of hell are broke:
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend:
Thy love to saints in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. PART I. [C. M.]

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm reveal'd:
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark, and our shield.

2 We fly to our Eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God our leader shines in arms
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
(Tho' there his name's forgot;)
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,
For his own church's sake:
The pow'rs that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. PART II. [C. M.]

The conqueror's song.

1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day:
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God!

5 The Rock of Isr'el ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM XIX. PART I. [S. M.]

The book of nature and scripture.

For a Lord's-day morning.

1 BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land,
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands rejoice;
He here reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes:
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM XIX. PART II. [S. M.]

God's *word most excellent*: or, *sincerity and watchfulness.*

For a Lord's-day morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure, thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;

Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

PSALM XIX. [L. M.]

The book of nature and of scripture compared: or, the glory and success of the gospel.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX.

To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The book of nature and scripture.

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame,
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonders shine,
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 *Yet their divine instructions run*
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to shew thy praise.
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines;
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste;
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts to praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Isr'el's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight.]

shall fall and die with shame,
the field with shameful flight.]

us, Lord, from slavish fear;
our hopes be firm and strong,
lvation shall appear,
and triumph raise thy song.

LM XXI. [C. M.]

g is the care of heaven.

, O Lord, with songs of praise,
thy strength rejoice:
t with thy salvation, raise
'n his cheerful voice.

defence, thro' nations round
ead his glorious name;
uccessful actions crown'd
ajesty and fame.

the king on God alone,
ely aid rely;
y shall support the throne,
our wants supply.

teous Lord, his stubborn foes
el thy dreadful hand;
eful arm shall find out those
te his mild command.

ou against them dost engage,
st but dreadful doom
a fiery oven's rage,
opes and them consume.

rd, thy wond'rous pow'r de-
;
us exalt thy fame;
e glad songs of praise prepare
ne almighty name.

M XXI. 1—9. [L. M.]

exalted to the kingdom.

rejoic'd in God his strength,
to the throne by special grace;
st the Son appears at length,
the triumph and the praise.

at is the Messiah's joy,
salvation of thy hand!
u hast rais'd his kingdom high,
v'n the world to his command.

dness grants whate'er he will;
th the least request withhold;
s of love prevent him still,
rowns of glory, not of gold.

and majesty divine
d his sacred temples shine;
th the favour of thy face,
ngth of everlasting days.

and shall find out all his foes:
as a fiery oven glows
ging heat and living coals,
ll thy wrath devour their souls.

LM XXII. ver. 1—16.

PART I. [C. M.]

ferings and death of Christ.

has my God my soul forsook,
will a smile afford?"

(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou can'st hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found?
But, I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God, (they cry)
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he, who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31.

PART II. [C. M.]

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd, in his eyes,
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations, yet unborn, profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. [L. M.]

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave:
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend;
"God was his Father, and his friend:
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM XXIII. [L. M.]

God our Shepherd.

1 MY shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and chearful wine:

7 [How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.]

PSALM XXIII. [C. M.]

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. [S. M.]

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIV. [C. M.]

Dwelling with God.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The king of glory's near.

5 The king of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. [L. M.]

Saints dwell in heaven; or, Christ's ascension.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds;
He rais'd the buildings on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the king of glory nigh;
Who can this king of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 1—11. PART I.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark ev'ning rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness-sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. PART II.

Divine instruction.

1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. PART III.

Distress of soul; or, backsliding and desertion.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning-light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate?
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lyes;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well-wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence,

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. Part I.

The church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of Love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavillion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. Part II.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children seek my grace,
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face.

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near & dear
Leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forests bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the desarts quake.

5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. PART I.

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed,

1 I will extol thee, Lord on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is:
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM XXX. verse 6. PART II.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountains stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud, to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of Grace (I said)
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 5, 13, 19, 22, 23.
PART I.

Deliverance from death.

1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thy hand (I cry'd)
"Tho' I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodness how divinely free;
How wond'rous is thy grace!
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7, 13, 18, 21.

PART II.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief, (I cry'd)
"My years consum'd in groans;
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones.

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side,
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavillion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. [S. M.]

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt
I felt the festering wound;
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. [C. M.]

Free pardon and sincere obedience: or, confession and forgiveness.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd,
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere,
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confest my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. Part I. [L. M.]

Repentance and free pardon: or, justification and sanctification.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. Part II. [L. M.]

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. Part I. [C. M.]

Works of creation and providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Part II. [C. M.]

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient

1 BLEST is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne:
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls the tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave:
Nor speed, nor courage of an horse
Can the bold rider save:

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence:
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

PART I.

Works of creation and providence.

1 YE holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heav'nly arches spread:
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
(Those wat'ry treasures know their place)
In the vast storehouse of the deep;
He spake and gave all nature birth,
And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

PART II.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 O happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely:
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. PART I. [L. M.]

God's care of the saints: or, deliverance by prayer.

1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me:
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions pinch'd with pain
And hunger roar thro' all the wood:
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 11—22.

PART II. [L. M.]

Religious education: or, instructions of piety.

1 CHILDREN in years, and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death!
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 1—10.

PART I. [C. M.]

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing, to the honour of his name
How a poor suff'rer cry'd;

Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silene'd all my fears;

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell:
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just:
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. verse 11—22.

PART II. [C. M.]

Exhortation to peace and holiness.

1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace,
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
But God secures his own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM XXXV. ver. 1—9. PART I.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints: or, imprecations mixed with charity.

1 NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour-God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. PART II.

Love to enemies; or, The love of Christ *to sinners typified in* David.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
That holy David shows;
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curst him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. [L. M.]

The perfection and providence of God; or, general providence and special grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro'ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.
[C. M.]

Practical atheism exposed; or, The being and attributes of God asserted.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hastening hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end,

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Tho' all-created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. [S. M.]

The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or, practical atheism exposed.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil:
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. PART I.

The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief; or, The rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, The world's hatred and the saint's patience.

1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,

Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26--31.
PART II.

Charity to the poor; or, Religion in words and deeds.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learnt of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23--37. PART III.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways.
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of conscience, and relief; or, repentance and prayer for pardon & health.

1 AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear:
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride.
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. PART I.

Watchfulness over the tongue: or, *Prudence and zeal.*

1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd:
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. 9---13. PART III.

Sick-bed devotion; or, *Pleading without repining.*

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear!

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2. 3, 5, 17.
PART I. [C. M.]

A song of deliverance from great distress.

1 I waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry:
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. 6---9.
PART II. [C. M.]

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-off'rings o'er,
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM XL. 5---10. [L. M.]

Christ our sacrifice.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our [thought,
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy design he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do:
"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do!
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. 1---5. PART I.

Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

1 WITH earnest longings of mankind,
My God, to thee I look.
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face,
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast:
The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. 6---11. PART II.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, Hope in afflictions.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread:
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,

Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock!
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The church's complaint in persecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day;
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n.

6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhor'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God:
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. [S. M.]

The glory of Christ; *the success of the gospel and the gentile church.*

1 MY Saviour and my king,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquest of thy word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t'obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' annoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right-hand
The gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love:
Forget thy Father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. [C. M.]

The personal glories and government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King:
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince!
Ride with majestic sway:
Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. PART I. [L. M.]

The glory of Christ *and power of his gospel.*

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord, how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart:
Or words of mercy kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. PART II. [L. M.]

Christ, *and his church; or, the mystical marriage.*

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right-hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He form'd her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forgot
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy maker, and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all his sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM XLVI. PART I.

The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubl'd ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And gives new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. PART II.

God *fights for his church.*

1 LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob sought:
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought!
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
He makes the noise of battles cease:
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear:
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep silence all the earth and hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God;
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Sion stands."

6 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVII.

Christ *ascending and reigning.*

1 O for a shout of sacred joy
To God the Sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing,

2 Jesus our God ascends on high!
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

5 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

6 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lend the song;
Not mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

7 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
His law's that chosen rest:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

8 The British islands are the Lord's;
There Abraham's God is known;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 1—8. Part I.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

1 [GREAT in the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Thro' all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 10—14. Part II.

The beauty of the church; or, gospel worship and order.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And consider of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14.

Part II. [C. M.]

Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons as vain
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.

10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep,
In terror and despair.

PSALM XLIX. ver. 14, 15.

PART II. [C. M.]

Death and the resurrection.

1 YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive
When separate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. [L. M.]

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find the oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. PART I. [C. M.]

The last judgment, or, The saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints (he cries)
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And sealed it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

PART II. [C. M.]

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine,
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 I ask no sheep nor sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 Call upon me when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to me.

4 The man that offers humble praise,
He glorifies me best;
And those that tread my holy ways
Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. verses 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

PART III. [C. M.]

The judgment of hypocrites.

1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
Will I the world reprove;
Altars and rites, and forms are vain
Without the fire of love.

3 And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice?
They call my statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lyes.

4 Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
And sin without control?
But I shall bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. PART III. [L. M.]

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord the judge his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear, [forms,
Who place their hopes in rites and
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
By night they practise ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM L. To a new tune.

The last judgment.

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead;
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: Behold the day.

2 Behold the judge descends: His guards are nigh, [sky;
Tempest and fire attend him down the
Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near; let all things come [doom:
To hear his justice and the sinner's
But gather first my saints (the judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew, [new.
That paid the ancient worship or the
There's no distinction here: Come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their judge: Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain, [store
Without the flames of love: In vain the
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before; [breed,
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask the food?
When I did thirst, or drink the bullock's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
Invain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous wou'd indulge thy sin? [roll,
Behold my terrors now; my thunders
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise; [rise;
Awake before this dreadful morning
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend;
Lest like a lion his vast vengeance tear
Your trembling souls and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nation, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay:
His vengeance sleeps no more; Behold the day;
Behold the judge descends; his guards are nigh; [sky.
Tempest and fire attend him down the
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come [doom;
"To hear my justice and the sinner's
"But gather first my saints, (the judge commands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
When Christ returns, wake every chearful passion,
And shout ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good, [blood,
"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in
"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew;
"That pay'd the ancient worship or the new;"
There's no distinction here. Join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
"And near me seat my fav'rites, and my sons,
"Come, my redeem'd possess the joys prepar'd [reward."
"Ere time began; 'tis your divine
When Christ returns, wake every chearful passion;
And shout ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE the First.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
"I am the judge: Ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
"My just eternal sentence, and declare
"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain,
"Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
Judgment proceeds, hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flames of love: In vain the store [before:
"Of brutal off'rings that were mine
Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him.
While sinners tremble; saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask the food?
"When did I thirst? or drink the bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests, where they feed,"
All is the Lord's: He rules the wide creation;
Give sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold, [gold?"
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven
God is the judge of hearts: No fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE the Second.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please [these?
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as
"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong,"
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends: [waits,
"While the false flatt'rer at my altar
"His harden'd soul divine instructions hates."
God is the judge of hearts: No fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;
"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That all the holy would indulge the sin?"
See, God appears; all nature joins t' adore him:
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now: My thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
"Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend:
Then join the saints: Wake every chearful passion,
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. PART I. [L. M.]

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHEW pity Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath:
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. PART II. [L. M.]

Original and actual sin confess'd.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice,

PSALM LI. PART III. [L. M.]

The backslider restor'd; or, Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise the pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LI. 2—13. PART I. [C. M.]

Original and actual sin confess'd and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;

Against thy laws against thy grace
How high my crimes arise!

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my soul to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the flock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.*

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death,

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and chear my soul
With thy forgiving love?
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

*Or it may be read, My nature prone to sin.

PSALM LI. 14---17. PART II. [C. M.]

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul opprest with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4---6.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 ARE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints.

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Sion's king
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LIV. 1--8, 16, 17, 18, 22. [C.M.]

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O! were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. [S. M.]

Dangerous prosperity; or, Daily devotions encouraged.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood: or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

1 O Thou, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies,
Join to devour me, Lord:
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their councils fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

1 MY God in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is over-blown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd: my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remain,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God;
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.

9 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. ver. 1—5, 10—12.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terrors of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
O heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wav'ring land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield.
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. ver. 1—6.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the pow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. ver. 5—12.

No trust in the creatures: or, *faith in divine grace and power.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4.

PART I. [C. M.]

The morning of a Lord's-day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy pow'r,
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine!

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10.

PART II. [C. M.]

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope, I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;

But thy right-hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My fear rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The temper shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. [L. M.]

Longing after God: or, The love of God better than life.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest,

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my chearful passions so.

6 My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. [S. M.]

Seeking God.

1 MY God permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickning grace.

4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My chearful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. ver. 1—5. Part I.

Public prayer and praise.

1 THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel prepare for long distress
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. PART II. [L. M.]

Divine providence in air, earth and sea; or, *The God of nature and grace.*

1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs.
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease;
He calms the raging croud to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shak'n by the storm'
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundation stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
Now comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning-ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his watry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desart grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array:
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine:
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine,
Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. PART I. [C. M.]

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine.
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust,

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord'
When signs in heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. PART II. [C. M.]

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, *the blessing of rain.*

1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand
God of eternal pow'r;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning-light and ev'ning-shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drank their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. PART III. [C. M.]

The blessings of the spring; or, *God gives rain.*

A psalm for the husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visists the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watry blessings from the sky,
To chear the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills, on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with show'rs,

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways?
The bleating flocks spread o'ver the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. PART I.

Governing power and goodness; or, Our grace tried by afflictions.

1 SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come see the wonders of our God!
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God, and never cease,
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20. PART II.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and chearful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid,
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever bless'd)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face,

2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice:
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He the great Lord, the sov'reign judge
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the world he made
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase?
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. 1—6, 32—3. PART I.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames:
Justice and vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;

In him the poor and hopeless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5 He breaks the captives' heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms,
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM LXVIII. Part II.

Verses 17, 18.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky,
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there?
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Where all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. Part III.

Verse 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, Common and special mercies.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who yours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To chear the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread:
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right-hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX, 1—14. Part I. [C. M.]

The sufferings of Christ, for our salvation.

1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul:
I sink; and sorrows o'er my head,
Like mighty waters roll.

2 I cry till all my voice be gone,
In tears I waste the day:
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.

3 They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.

4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
That men could never pay,
And gave those honours to thy law
Which sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice and find
Salvation in my name;
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procur'd for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.

8 Amongst my brethren and the Jews
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

9 I came, in sinful mortals' stead,
To do my Father's will:
Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 My fasting and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song:
But God, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.

11 He sav'd me from the dreadful deep'
Nor let my soul be drown'd;
He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
On well-establish'd ground.

12 'Twas in a most accepted hour
My pray'r arose on high,
And for his sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

PART II. [C. M.]

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our lips with holy fear,
And mournful pleasure sing
The suff'rings of our great High-priest,
The sorrows of our king.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise;
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy fav'rite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

4 With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound;
While, for a sacrifice, I pour
My life upon the ground.

5 They tread my honour to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defil'd my name.

7 I look'd for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief;
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8 With vinegar they mock my thirst,
They give me gall for food;
And sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9 Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassions save;
And tho' my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

10 I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown,
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. PART III. [C. M.]

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living sons
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Israel waits.

PSALM LXIX. PART I. [L. M.]

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove:
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c.

PART II. [L. M.]

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

1 'TWAS for thy sake, Eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face,

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin:
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 ["My Father's house, said he, was made
"A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;

They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches with hearts as hard as stones
Insult his piety and groans:
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM LXXI, 5---9. PART I.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

PART II.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my king!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM LXXI. 17---21. PART III.

The aged christian's prayer and song; or, Old age, death and resurrection.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love?

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatnings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. PART I.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. PART II.

Christ's *kingdom among the Gentiles.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 [Behold! the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 [Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their Father lost.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. PART I. [C. M.]

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death?

3 "With well-fed flesh, and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep,
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chastened all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'Till at thy feet he fell!
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet was I kept from full despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28.

PART II. [C. M.]

God *our portion here and hereafter.*

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me:
And whilst this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint!

5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22,3,6,17—20. [L. M.]

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There let them stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. [S. M.]

The mystery of providence unfolded.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair:
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name.
And spreads their lives abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise:
"Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?"

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend,
I view'd the sinner's life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV.

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood!
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"Come let us burn at once (they cry)
The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul among us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame!

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day;
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust,
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name!

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove,

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest:
Plead thine own case, Almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William, or the happy Accession of King George to the throne.

1 TO thee, most holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.

3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride;
Nor lift so high their scornful head
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow:
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of veng'ance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed: or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Isr'el great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat,

2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear:
The bows, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Zion's king that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell!
Who knows the terrors of thy rod!
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring:
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God had not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM LXXVII. PART I.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief:
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbad my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er,

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind;
His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought:
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could help no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known,
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. PART II.

Comfort derived from ancient providence: or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod!"
(May thine own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old!
The king that reigns above!
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Isr'el, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bids them venture thro' the deep,
And makes the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come:
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea:
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Thro' clouds and darkness broke,
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd:
How glorious is the Lord;
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe by Moses' hand,
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. PART I.

Providence of God recorded: or, Pious education and instruction of children.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old:
Which in our youngers years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
Thro' ev'ry rising race,

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs:
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands:
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. PART II.

Israel's rebellion and punishment: or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race:
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his law despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From his avenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er that stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave his mighty sea,
And march in safety thro',
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
"Can he with bread our host supply
"Amidst this desert land?

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Part III.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance: or, *chastisement and salvation.*

1 WHEN Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread,
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand.
And made his treasures known:
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provisions down.

3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language said
"Manna is all our feast;
"We loathe this light, this airy bread;
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire:
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. 32, &c. Part IV.

Backsliding and forgiveness: or, *sin punished and saints saved.*

1 GREAT God, how oft did Isr'el prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flames it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The church's prayer under affliction; or, *the vineyard of God wasted.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see,
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till their fair Branch of Promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root:
Himself a noble vine and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength at thy right-hand,
Thy first-born Son adorn'd and blest
With grace and pow'r above the rest.

12 O! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

The warnings of God to his people: or, spiritual blessings and punishments.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a cheerful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God,
Let Isr'el hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

3 Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Isr'el will rebel;

4 I'll leave them (saith the Lord)
To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dang'rous road,
'Tis their own chosen way.

5 Yet O! that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice?
Soon I would ease their sore complaints
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 While I destroy'd their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock,
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their Eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

God the supreme governor: or, magistrates warned.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat:
The God of heav'n as judge surveys
Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne;
And rule the nations with his rod:
He is our Judge and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A complaint against persecutors.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep;
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares,
The men of mischief spread:
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ;
And malice with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 "Come, let us join (they cry)
To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor mem'ry shall be found."

6 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forest to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them fear thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. Part I. [L. M.]

The pleasure of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest,
And will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of Majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. PART II. [L. M.]

God and his church; or, grace and glory.

1 GREAT God attend when Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 4—9, 3, 10.
Paraphrased. [C. M.]

Delight in ordinances of worship; or, God present in his churches.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which the Lord resorts?
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts,

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the Heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode:
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God;

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the sparrows blest,
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right-hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148 Psalm.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are.
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks her nest:
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our king
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirits trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 1—8. PART I.

Waiting for an answer to prayer: or, *deliverance begun and completed.*

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Isr'el sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. PART II.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stay no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8—13.

A general song of praise to God.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine:
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord!
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne:
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heav'nly ways:
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy; and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The church the birth place of the saints: or, *Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born, or nourish'd there!

PSALM LXXXIX. PART I. [L. M.]

The covenant made with Christ: or, *the True* David.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n established by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first is made;
In thee shall dying sinners live,
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
Thy children shall be ever blest:
Thou art my chosen king; thy throne
Shall stand eternal like my own,

4 There's none of all my sons above
So much my image or my love;
Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son.

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her saviour and her king;
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. Part I. [C. M.]

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall shew
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies:
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. PART II.

The power and majesty of God; or, re verential worship.

1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd to thine?

3 The nothern pole, and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds controul;
And rule the boist'rous deep
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. PART III.

A blessed gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Is'el, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. PART IV.

Christ's *mediatorial kingdom:* or, *his divine and human nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners behold your help is laid
On my Almighty Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side;
While in my name thro' earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high abode:
And I'll support my Son.

6 "My first-born Son array'd in grace
At my right-hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7 "My cov'nant stands for ever fast;
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
His seed endures as long."

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. PART V.

The covenant of grace unchangeable: or, *afflictions without rejection.*

1 "YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down.

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their follies smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 "Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. PART VI. [L. M.]

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign;
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 Where is thy promise to the just;
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honours of the word:
Awake our souls and bless the Lord,

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. PART VII.

As the 113th Psalm.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said
"The race of man was ever made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud—Amen.

PSALM XC. [L. M.]

Man mortal and God eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord was just;
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But, oh, how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. PART I. [C. M.]

Man frail and God eternal.

1 OUR God, our help, in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mow'rs hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help, in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12.

PART II. [C. M.]

Infirmities and mortality the effects of sin: or, life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement flies;
A fable, or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T'improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. PART III. [C. M.]

Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years;
Let sin and sorrow cease:
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. [S. M.]

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
No will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1—7. PART I.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
I that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers; so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread,
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isr'el is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure if Isr'el's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right-hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angels down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord to thee.

PSALM XCI. ver. 9—16. PART II.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell:
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them (saith the Lord)
I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

7 My grace shall answer when they call,
In trouble I'll be nigh:
My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

8 Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honour them in heav'n:
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

PSALM XCII. PART I.

A psalm for the Lord's-day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so hig
Like brutes they live, like brutes th
die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy brea
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my hear
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. ver. 12, &c. PART II.

The church is the garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and lov
Blest with thine influence from abov
Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live:
(Nature decays, but grace must thriv
Time that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fai

4 Laden with fruits of age they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre.

As the 100th Psalm.

The eternal and sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was mad
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so hig
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre.

As the old 50th Psalm.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns, he reig
on high:
His robes of state are strength and m
jesty;
This wide creation rose at his com
mand,
Built by his word and 'stablish'd by h
hand:

Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is the eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'ns high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests rage no more, ye floods be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre:

As the old 122d Psalm.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd:
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
The word securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar:
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage:
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

[*Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.*]

PSALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7—14.

Part I.

Saints chastised and sinners destroyed: or, instructive afflictions.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees, nor hears,"
When will the fools be wise!
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind who made their eyes.

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break:
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16—23. Part II.

God *our support and comfort: or, deliverance from temptation and persecution.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cry'd;
"Thy promise was my prop:
Thy grace stood constant by my side:
Thy spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll:
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off."

PSALM XCV. [C. M.]

A psalm before prayer.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king!

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their nature's scene;

Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time; he heads his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM XCV. [S. M.]

A psalm before sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own
And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne;
Come bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. [L. M.]

Canaan lost thro' unbelief; or, a warning to delaying sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sov'reign King, rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd, we the sheep;
His mercy chose, his pastures keep,

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day;
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Isr'el knew.

4 Isr'el, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
Forget my pow'r; abuse my love:
Since they despise my rest, I swear,
Their feet shall never enter there.

6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view these ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates,
Believe and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 1—10, &c. [C. M.]

Christ's *first and second coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking word sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne:

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green:

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God:
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their judge appear.]

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord:
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,

And barb'rous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 1—5. Part I.

Christ *reigning in heaven and coming to judgment.*

1 HE reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire,

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6—9. Part II.

Christ's *incarnation.*

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. Part III.

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal lights, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11, [C. M.]

Christ's *incarnation, and the last judgment.*

1 YE islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise:
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth.
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVIII. Part I.

Praise for the gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker God,
New honours be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
His truth fulfils the grace;
The gentiles make his name their trust
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Part II.

The Messiah's *coming and kingdom.*

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness;
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. Part I.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. Part II.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. First Metre, a plain Translation.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice:
Before the Lord your Sov'reign King;
Serve him with chearful heart and voice
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A Paraphrase.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker to thy name?

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise

6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM C. [L. M.]

The magistrates' psalm.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife;
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust:
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be suppress'd.

PSALM CI. [C. M.]

A psalm for a master of a family.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my test, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy:
These are the friends that I shall trust
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night!
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. PART I.

A prayer of the afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air:
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high;
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. ver. 13—21. PART II.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "That praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. PART III.

Man's mortality, and Christ's *eternity: or, saints die, but* Christ *and the church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows should assuage
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;

This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. PART I. [L. M.]

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of Grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the suff'rers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. ver. 8—18. PART II. [L. M.]

God's *gentile chastisement: or, his tender mercy to his people.*

1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hope we raise.

Not half so high hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines:
His strokes are lighter than our sins:
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So father's their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon,

9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. PART I. [S. M.]

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. PART II. [S. M.]

Abounding compassion of God; or, mercy in the midst of judgment.

1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate,

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt,

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. ver. 19—22. Part III.
[S. M.]

God's *universal dominion*; or, *angels praise the* Lord.

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom shew,
Their Maker's glory; thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God *in creation and providence.*

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears,

Note, *This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, namely,*

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires:
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round,
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink:
Their songs the light and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man of various pow'r
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountains' foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;

But when the morning beams arise
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play:
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight,
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expires in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's conduct of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind,
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abr'm and his seed,
And made the blessings sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 [How large the grant, how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
Shall soon revenge the wrong;
The man that does my prophets harm,
Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

2 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness, darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread;
And frogs in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew;

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt dy'd:
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;

Gave them a leading cloud by day,
And fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took
Ran all the desart thro'.

11 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our Rock, maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage;
The church renounce their fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care,

PSALM CVI. ver. 1—5. PART I.

Praise to God: or, *communion with saints.*

1 TO God the Great, the Ever Blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest;
His mercy firm for ever stands
Give him the thanks his love demands,

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice?
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. PART II.

Israel punished and pardoned: or, God's *unchangeable love.*

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways?
And yet how oft did Isr'el prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lust provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans;
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Isr'el bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. PART I.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God: he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

3 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Isr'el the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desart wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desart world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. PART II.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry souls with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found:
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners thro';
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the hab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. PART III.

Intemperance punished and pardoned: or, a psalm for the glutton and the drunkard.

1 VAIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment:
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste;
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress,
Would yield to death to be release'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God, for help, with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. PART IV. [L. M.]

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck: or, the seaman's song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind:
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel.

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. PART IV. [C. M.]

The mariner's psalm.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record!

PSALM CVII. PART V.

Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.

A psalm for New England.

1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green
Send show'ry blessings from the skies
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppress and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence:
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few, with pious care, record
Those wondrous dealings of the Lord?
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM CIX. verse 1—5, 31.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.

6 Thy Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. PART I. [L. M.]

Christ *exalted, and multitudes converted; or, The success of the gospel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
At my right-hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed,
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. PART II. [L. M.]

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die,
But everlasting life is thine,
To save for ever those that fly
For refuge from the wrath divine."

3 By me Melchisedek was made
On earth a king and priest at once:
And thou my heav'nly priest shalt plead,
And thou my king shalt rule my sons.

4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. [C. M.]

Christ's *kingdom and priesthood.*

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the Father sit:
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning-dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchisedek that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man whom Abraham blest
Was but a type of thee.

5 "Jesus our priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus our king for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

5 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI. PART I.

The wisdom of God in his works.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

6 To fear thy pow'r to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. PART II.

The perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord, his works of might,
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night:
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations crost:
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM CXII. [L. M.]

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word:
Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,
To chear his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. [C. M.]

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;

l shall answer his request
ı blessings on his seed.

l tidings shall surprise
rell-establish'd mind;
ıl to God his refuge flies,
leaves his fears behind.

ıs of general distress,
ı beams of light shall shine,
ı the world his righteousness,
give him peace divine.

rhs of piety and love
ain before the Lord;
r on earth, and joys above,
l be his sure reward.

LM CXIII. Proper Tune.

ısty and condescension of God.

ıt delight to serve the Lord,
nours of his name record,
ıacred name for ever blest:
'er the circling sun displays
ing beams or setting rays,
ınds and seas his pow'r confess.

ne, nor nature's narrow rounds,
re his vast dominion bounds;
heav'ns are far below his height;
greated greatness dare
er eternal God compare,
d with his uncreated might,

ıs his glorious head, to view
he bright hosts of angels do,
bends his care to mortal things;
'reign hand exalts the poor,
es the needy from the door,
makes them company for kings.

childless families despair,
ds the blessing of an heir,
ncue their expiring name:
ther with a thankful voice,
ıme his praises and her joys;
v'ry age advance his fame.

ALM CXIII. [L. M.]

sovereign and gracious.

vants of th' Almighty King,
y age his praises sing;
'er the sun shall rise or set,
tions shall his praise repeat,

the earth, beyond the sky,
his high throne of majesty:
ıe nor place his pow'r restrain,
und his universal reign.

of the sons of Adam dare,
ols, with their God compare?
ries how divinely bright,
wells in uncreated light.

his love, he stoops to view
aints above and angels do;
ıdescends yet more to know
ıs affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons:
And fits them for their heav'nly thropes.

6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's *journey.*

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
Their tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march and fled,
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountain shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels!

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Isr'el: see him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God *our refuge: or, idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans and hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood.
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint or golden god.

5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head; [blind,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Isr'el, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. 8d Metre.

As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

1 NOT to our names, thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim [name:
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne, [done,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears; [hears:
The molten image neither sees nor
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold; [mould;
The poor content with gods of coarser
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock, [rock:
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a
People and priest drive on the solemn trade, [mers made.
And trust the gods that saws and ham-

5 Be heav'n and earth unbias'd! 'Tis hard to say [or they.
Which is more stupid, or their gods,
O Isr'el, trust the Lord! He hears and sees, [thy peace:
He knows thy sorrows and restores
His worship does a thousand comforts yield, [shield.
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly

6 O Britain, trust the Lord; Thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days, [praise;
And death and silence had forbid his
But we are sav'd and live: Let songs arise, [the skies.
And Britons bless the God that built

PSALM CXVI. Part I.

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God (I cry'd) thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God has sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. Part II.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church; or, public thanks for private deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shewn?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear the now,
If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. [C. M.]

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O ALL ye nations praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. [L. M.]

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. [S. M.]

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade,
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. PART I. ver. 6—15.

Deliverance from a tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm!
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice?

5 Like angry bees they girt me round,
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Isr'el tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. PART II. ver. 17—21.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save).

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare

4 Among the assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
Therewe have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. PART III. ver. 22, 23.

Christ *the foundation of his church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. PART IV. ver. 24—26.

Hosanna; the Lord's-day, or, Christ's resurrection, and our salvation.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep thy law in sight,
Thro' all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
How sweet thy comforts be!
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. Part VII.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go:

4 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Part VIII.

The word of God is the saints' portion; or, *The excellency and variety of scripture.*

Ver. 111. Paraphrased.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM CXIX. Part IX.

Desire of knowledge: or, *The teachings of the Spirit with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learnt my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. Part X.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.
3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver, 49, 74.
4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. PART XI.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.
1 O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.
2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.
3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 132.
4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.
5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.
6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. PART XII.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.
1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.
2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.
3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.
4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And make my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.
5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. PART XIII.

Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.
1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way!

Ver. 11.
2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 93, 158.
3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 162.
4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe:
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.
5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.
6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. PART XIV.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.
1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send:
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.
2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.
3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy words been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress with sorrow's weight
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. PART XV.

Holy resolution.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. PART XVI.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 35, 37.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. PART XVII.

Courage and perseverance under persecution; or, Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening grace!

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM CXIX. PART XVIII.

Sanctify'd affliction: or Delight in the Word of God.

Ver. 67. 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, a devout wish of peace.

1 THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state:
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro'
Strict justice would approve:
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. [L. M.]

Divine protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
Th' heav'ns with all their hosts he made
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the ev'ning veil and keeps
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.

4 Isr'el a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
The holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. [C. M.]

Preservation by day and night.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide or fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Isr'el rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 146th Psalm.

God *our preserver.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death:
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. [C. M.]

Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say
"In Zion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints!
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindr'd dwell
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to church.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to day!"
Yes, with a chearful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

[*Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune*]

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU whose grace and justice reign,
Enthron'd above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke!
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remov'st thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies:
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

A song for the Fifth of November.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Isr'el say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallowed deep in death:
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke:
So flies the bird with chearful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's curs'd snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword
And made our lives and souls his care!

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. [C. M.]

The saints' trial and safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell,
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM CXXV. [S. M.]

The saints' trial and safety: or, moderated afflictions.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.

3 What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage,
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Isr'el will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. [L. M.]

Surprising deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name:
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. [C. M.]

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, melancholy removed.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains;
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work" (my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine)
"Great is the work, (my heart reply'd)
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. [L. M.]

The blessings of God on the business and comforts of life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread:

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sov'reign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

PSALM CXXVII. [C. M.]

God all in all.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare!
In vain till God has bless'd;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal, and rev'rend awe,
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand,
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Persecutors punished.

1 UP from my youth, may Isr'el say.
Have I been nurs'd in tears:
My griefs were constant as the day
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath:
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And be despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn that on the house-top stands
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as it goes.]

PSALM CXXX. [C. M.]

Pardoning grace.

1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. [L. M.]

Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;

If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search gracious God and see:
Or do they act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. [L. M.]

At the settlement of a church; or, *The ordination of a minister.*

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind.
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her king.

7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. [C. M.]

A church established.

1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there,
To Zion the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest:
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine:
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. [C. M.]

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. [S. M.]

Communion of saints; or, Love and worship in a family.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints' are blest above,
Where joy like dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1 YE that obey the immortal king,
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace:
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14. 19—21.

PART I. [L. M.]

The church is God's house and care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord: the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressors rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known the Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXV. verse 5—12.

PART II. [L. M.]

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land:
When all thy first-born beasts and men
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave?

5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell!
And heav'n he gives us to possess
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. [C. M.]

Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your king,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand:
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;

But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain?
In vain they worship gilt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave!
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. [C. M.]

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

1 GIVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord,
His mercies still endure!
And be the King of kings ador'd;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth and sea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night,
His works are all divine.

4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a passage thro':
His pow'r and grace unite.

6 But Pharoah's army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his ways! [ground:
And brought his saints thro' desert
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword:
While Israel took the promis'd land;
And faithful is his word.

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails:
From death, and hell and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God the heav'nly king,
His mercies still endure:
Let the whole earth his praises sing:
His truth it ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 149th Psalm.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sov'reign King of kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two:
And for his people made
A wondrous passage thro'.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharoah there
With all his host he drown'd
And brought his Israel safe
Thro' a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin.
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly king:
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure;
Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. [L. M.]

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 [WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.]

2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. PART I. [L. M.]

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knews the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light; [reigns,
Or dive to hell, there vengeance
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning-ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Part II. [L. M.]

The wonderful formation of man.

1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame?
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd;
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

There the young seeds of thoughts began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still imprest,
With these I give my eyes to rest,
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Part III. [L. M.]

Sincerity professed, and grace tried: or, the heart-searching God.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will,
I mourn to hear their lips profame,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought:
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

3 Doth secret mischief lurk within;
Do I indulge some unknown sin;
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. Part I. [C. M.]

God *is every where.*

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within:
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west;
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night;
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. PART II.

The goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies:
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. PART III. 14, 17. &c.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God *hearing prayer.*

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strengthning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest;
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. [L. M.]

Praise to God *for his goodness and truth*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints; he knows them well
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God *for his goodness and truth.*

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with their all train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints; he knows them well
But turns the wicked down to hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry age
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. PART I.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name :
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;
He views his children with delight :
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. PART II.

Summer and winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

1 O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad ;
He bid the ocean round thee flow ;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and blest ;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest :
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains :
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground :
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound :
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold.

5 He bids the southern breezes blow :
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

6 To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known ;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land : Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18. [C. M.]

The seasons of the year.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high :
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below :
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meats
He hears the ravens cry ;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall finds his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. [P. M.]

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise :
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In different ways
His works proclaim,
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay:
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word:
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings, and judges fear
The Lord, the sov'reign king;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins and youth engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Ther feebler voices join;
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphrased. [L.M.]

Universal praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, *This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old* 112*th* or 127*th psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza*, namely,

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the [L. M.]

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare,
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumbfish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout the praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. [S. M.]

Universal praise.

1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God:
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built these worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand and move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest,
But saints that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal king;
Judges adore that sov'reign hand
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest:
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise God, all his saints: or, The saints judging the world.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with chearful voice
His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
Ev'n on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A song of praise.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals:
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest:
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

[L. M.]

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

[C. M.]

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints that love the Lord.

[C. M.]

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The one in three, and three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

[S. M.]

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

PREFACE

TO THE "HYMNS."

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest a-kin to heaven; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men: And in these last days of the gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent, and the thoughtless air that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches, still want some degree of reformation; nor are the methods of prayer so perfect, as to stand in need of no correction or improvement: but of all our religious solemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed: That every action, which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flat our devotion, but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel; many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven, by some expressions that are most suited to the days of carnal ordinances, and fit only to be sung in the worldly sanctuary. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figures of Judaism, yet the very next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy, that darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus, by keeping too close to David in the house of God, the veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the loving kindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips; that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living, Psal. lxix. 26, 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the psalmist, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph, that breaks off our song in the midst; our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto God: Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and, perhaps, in some instances, that Salvo is hardly sufficient neither: Besides, it almost always

spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it: For while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the pursuit of the song, and then he harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted a reformation: At their importunate and repeated requests I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: It is the most artful, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book: never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly reverenced and admired: but it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own: There are also many deficiences of light and glory, which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed these spiritual songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorous or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, "The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets." Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or of public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even to the Lamb that was slain and now lives, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy scripture instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of christian psalmody described in the Revelation. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and "sing his praises with understanding," Psal. xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are excluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for, blessed be God, we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the

ne plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to in-
r the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost
e labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and
me wilfully defaced; I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous,
d have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or
nguage should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But
ence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after
ey were finished, and utterly excluded them from this volume, because of
e bolder figures of speech that crouded themselves into the verse, and a
ore unconfined variety of number, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral composures, are now printed
a second edition of the poems, intitled, Horæ Lyricæ; for as in that book I
ave endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without
fending the plainer sort of christians, so in this it has been my labour to pro-
ote the pious entertainments of souls truly serious, even of the meanest ca-
acity, and at the same time, if possible, not to give disgust to persons of
icher sense, and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume this end
vill appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first im-
ression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to
omplain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the first, I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the
ong from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most
f the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them pecu-
arly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a
eference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured
r a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is
eakened and debased, according to the judgment of the critics: but as my
hole design was to aid the devotion of christians, so more especially in this
art: And I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, namely, assist the
orship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever
ear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think
othing must be sung unto God but the translations of his own word. Yet
ou will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the
evitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship
f the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what
ould not bear such an alteration, is omitted and laid aside. After this man-
er should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of Psalms fitted for the use
f our churches, and David converted into a christian: but because I cannot
ersuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be
ersuaded to begin it, and have, through divine goodness, already proceeded
alf way through.

The second part consists of hymns, whose form is of mere human com-
osure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I
ight have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every
erse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any
oems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more
efined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part;
ut except they lay aside the humour of criticism and enter into a devout
rame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have
een too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by
ome gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images
too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded
the heat: yet, I hope, in many of them the reader will find, that devotion
dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and
secretaries to the heart: nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures
comparable to that divine licence which is sound in the eighteenth and sixty-

eight psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of scripture, and some other compositions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last: but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours: my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him, with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons: and upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS;

Book I.—*Collected from the Holy Scriptures.*

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent (id est, *Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plinius in Epist.*

HYMN I. [C. M.]

A new song to the Lamb that was slain,

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys,
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II. [L. M.]

The deity and humanity of Christ, John i. 1. 3, 14, *and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word,
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here; and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Emanuel.

HYMN III. [S. M.]

The nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 [The Lord the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 With looks and hearts serene
Go visit Christ your King:"
And straight a flaming troop was seen:
The shepherds heard them sing.

7 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs,

9 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

HYMN IV. Referred to the iid Psalm.

HYMN V. [C. M.]

Submission to afflictive providences, Job. i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. [C. M.]

Triumph over death, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh:

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN VII. [C. M.]

The invitation of the gospel; or, *spiritual food and cloathing,* Is. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

4 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. [C. M.]

The safety and protection of the church; Is. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our king.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour;

The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

HYMN IX. [C. M.]

The promises of the covenant of grace.
Isa. lv. 1, 2, Zech. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Tho' black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise:
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. [S. M.]

The blessedness of gospel-times: or, *the revelation of Christ to* Jews *and* Gentiles.
Isa. lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN XI. [L. M.]

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled: or, *the sovereignty of grace*, Luke x, 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.

2 I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 But all this glory lies conceal'd
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 There's none can know the Father right,
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
But where the Father makes him known.

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he pleases;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

HYMN XII. [C. M.]

Free grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

1 JESUS the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son,
To men unlearned, and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 The myst'ries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reas'nings join
To swell and blind their eyes."

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

HYMN XIII. [L. M.]

The Son of God incarnate: or the titles and the kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear:
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
The eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus the holy child shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown,

HYMN XIV. [L. M.]

The triumph of faith: or, Christ's *unchangeable love,* Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

HYMN XV. [L. M.]

Our own weakness, and Christ *our strength,* 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to the day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pain,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Samson when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

HYMN XVI. [C. M.]

Hosanna *to* Christ,
Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emanuel's name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. [C. M.]

Victory over death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN XVIII. [C. M.]

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd:
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. [C. M.]

The song of Simeon: or, *Death made desirable*, Luke i. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child;

3 "Now I can leave this world, he cry'd,
Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then will ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal palaness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN XX. [C. M.]

Spiritual apparel, namely, *The robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation*, Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred three?
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXI, [C. M.]

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men, Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King,

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMNS XXII. *and* XXIII, *referred to* Psalm cxxv.

HYMN XXIV. [L. M.]

The rich sinner dying, Psal. xlix. 6, 9, Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewel,
To the pale lumps of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddl'd to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones,
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

The rest referred to Psalm xlix.

HYMN XXV. [L. M.]

A vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears:
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone, they cry,
To read the book, to loose the seals."]

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our teacher and our king!

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines:

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

HYMN XXVI. [C. M.]

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ, 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. [C. M.]

Assurance of heaven; or, *a saint prepared to die;* 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone:
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

HYMN XXVIII. [C. M.]

The triumph of Christ *over the enemies of his church,* Is. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious King:
"'Tis I, the just, th' almighty One,
"That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 "I by myself have trod the press,
And crush'd my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamp'd them down.

5 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains;
The triumph that my raiment wears
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
That dare insult my saints;
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints."

HYMN XXIX. [C. M.]

The second part: or, *the ruin of Antichrist,* ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 "I LIFT my banner, saith the Lord,
Where Antichrist has stood;
The city of my gospel-foes
Shall be a field of blood,

2 My heart has study'd just revenge,
And now the day appears,
The day of my redeem'd is come,
To wipe away their tears.

3 Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go:

Swift as the lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.

4 I call for helpers, but in vain:
Then has my gospel none?
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.

5 Slaughter and my devouring sword
Shall walk the streets around,
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
And stagger to the ground."

6 Thy honours, O victorious king!
Thine own right-hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliv'rer praise.

HYMN XXX. [L. M.]

Prayer for deliverance answered, Is. xxvi. 8—20.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching Lord, for thee, [night;
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My swords shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI, *Referred to the first Psalm.*

HYMN XXXII. (C. M.)

Strength from heaven, Is. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMNS XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII, *referred to* Psalm cxxxi, cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xc. and lxxxiv.

HYMN XXXIX. (C. M.)

God's tender care of his church, Is. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints;
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

5 "Yet saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

HYMN XL. [L. M.]

The business and blessedness of glorified saints. Rev. viii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1 "WHAT happy men, or angels these
That all their robes are spotless white;
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came,
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

5 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen 'em from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN XLI. [C. M.]

The same; or, the martyrs glorified.
Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine?
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirsts shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. [C. M.]

Divine wrath and mercy; from Nahum i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance high'r.

2 Almighty vengeance how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.

3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

6 Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN XLIII. *referred to the* cth Psalm.

HYMN XLIV. *referred to the* cxxxiiid Psalm.

HYMN XLV. [C. M.]

The last judgment, Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

2 ["I am the first, and I the last,
Thro' endless years the same;
I AM is my memorial still,
And my eternal name.

3 "Such favours as a God can give,
My royal grace bestows;
Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
Where life and pleasure flows.]

4 ["The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
I'll own him for a son;
The whole creation shall reward
The conquests he has won.

5 "But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
And all the lying race,
The faithless and the scoffing crew,
That spurn at offer'd grace;

6 "They shall be taken from my sight,
Bound fast in iron chains,
And headlong plung'd into the lake
Where fire and darkness reigns."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head?

8 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell,
Nor more offend my sight.

HYMNS XLVI, and XLVII, *referred to* Psalm cxlviiith, and iiid.

HYMN XLVIII. [L. M.]

The christian race, Is. lx. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. [C. M.]

The works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are?
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our prophet and our king?
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
The Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his followers home
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN L. [C. M.]

The song of Zecharias, *and the message of* John the Baptist: or, *light and salvation by* Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he swore.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
That takes our guilt away:
I saw the spirit o'er his head
In his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
Sink ev'ry mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the morning-star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. [S. M.]

Persevering grace, Jude xxiv. 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love
His counsel and his care
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. [L. M.]

Baptism, Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of the Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

3 Repent, and be baptiz'd, he saith,
For the remission of your sins:
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

HYMN LIII. [L. M.]

The holy scriptures, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Ps. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

4 Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land.) Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. [L. M.]

Electing grace, or, *Saints beloved in Christ*, Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2 Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN LV. [C. M.]

Hezekiah's *song*: or, *Sickness and recovery*, Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song:
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again:

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years."

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands:
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. [C. M.]

The song of Moses *and the Lamb*: or, Babylon *falling*, Rev. xv. 3. and xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The christian church unites the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs:
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. [L.M.]

Original sin: or, *The first and second* Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original:
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
That new creates our dust!

HYMN LVIII. [L. M.]

The devil vanquished: or, Michael's *war with the dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal king,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice ye heav'ns; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky:
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. [L. M.]

Babylon *fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints.

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all,

HYMN LX. [L. M.]

The virgin Mary's *song*; or, *The promised* Messiah *born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame:
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abram and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the Desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN LXI. [L. M.]

Christ *our High-Priest and King, and* Christ *coming to judgment*, Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once;
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN LXII. [C. M.]

Christ Jesus *the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation*, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise:

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LXIII. [L. M.]

Christ's *humiliation and exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say *Amen*.

HYMN LXIV. [C. M.]

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My Faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. [L. M]

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord: or, *The day of judgment*. Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. [L. M.]

Christ the King at his table, Sol. Song i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love:
The voice that tells me, Thou art mine,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee, th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thy arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the king.

4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the king,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN LXVII. [L. M.]

Seeking the pastures of Christ *the shepherd*, Sol. Song i. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;

A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. [L. M.]

The banquet of love, Sol. Song ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

1 BEHOLD the rose of Sharon here,
The lily which the valleys bear:
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves:

2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed mine eyes, and please my taste.

4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN LXIX. [C. M.]

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company, Sol. Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks to me:
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
"Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 "The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
"The sacred turtle-dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
"Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
"Rise up my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN LXX. [L. M.]

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation, Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
My graces in thy count'nance meet;
Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am my love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white
Washed in his blood) is his delight.

7 'Till the day-break, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN LXXI. [L. M.]

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church, Sol. Song iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight,
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise, and search the street,
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smarts;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;

Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. [L. M.]

The coronations of Christ, *and espousals of the church,* Sol. Song iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. [L. M.]

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ, Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
"Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

2 Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys:
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]

3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 "My sister and my spouse, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
"In strong delight and pleasing chains."

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To Zion where his glories are:
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN LXXIV. [L. M.]

The church is the garden of Christ, Sol. Song iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

5 [Let my beloved come and taste,
His pleasant fruits at his own feast.
"I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,"
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
"The blessings that my Father sends
"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

HYMN LXXV. [L. M.]

The description of Christ *the beloved,* Sol. Song. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are his charms, say they, above
"The objects of a mortal love?"

2 Yes, my beloved, to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free:
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars:

4 [His head the finest gold excels:
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 (His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.)

8 (His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove:
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.)

9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN LXXVI. [L. M.]

Christ *dwells in heaven, but visits on earth*, Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 (In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.)

5 (He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.)

HYMN LXXVII. [L.M.]

The love of Christ *to the church in his language to her, and provisions for her*, Sol. Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the king, and thus he says:
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love how pleasant for delight?"

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip,
Of saints that were almost asleep
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise within the gates
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN LXXXVIII. [L. M.]

The strength of Christ's *love, and the soul's jealousy of her own*, Sol. Song viii. 6, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 (This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood,
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.)

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than death thy love is known;
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd,
As a fair signet on my breast.

6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my beloved haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN LXXIX. [L. M.]

A morning hymn, Psalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 (But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, shall disappear,

And leave me in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXX. [L. M.]

An evening hymn, Psal. iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 (Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.)

HYMN LXXXI. [L. M.]

A song for morning or evening, Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXII. [L. M.]

God *far above creatures*: or, *Man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. [C. M.]

Afflictions and death under providence, Job v. 6, 7, 8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne:
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN LXXXIV. [L. M.]

Salvation, righteousness and strength in Christ, Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his names.

2 "I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just;
There's none beside pretends to shew
Such justice and salvation too.

3 [" Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life and heav'n are in my hands.

4 " I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]

5 " In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness:
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe 'em with eternal shame.

6 " In me the Lord shall all the seed
Of Isr'el from their sins be freed,
And by their shining graces prove
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love.

HYMN LXXXV. [S. M.]

The same.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 "Ye dying souls, that sit,
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is (found
In thee, the Lord alone."

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. [C. M.]

God holy, just and sovereign, Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from South to (North,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th obedient sun forbears; (skies,
His hand with sackcloth spreads the
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind (way,
There's none can trace his wond'rous
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVI [L. M.]

God *dwells with the humble and penitent,* Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below,
On earth have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 ("When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.)

HYMN LXXXVIII. [L. M.]

Life the day of grace and hope, Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 (Life is the hour that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.)

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and the sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 (Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.)

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. (L. M.)

Youth and judgment, Eccles. xi. 9.

1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design, (wine
And cheer your hearts with songs and
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror thro':
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace

5 Almighty God turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN XC. (C. M.)

The same.

1 LO the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,

Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

HYMN XCI. [L. M.]

Advice to youth; or, old age and death in an unconverted state, Eccles. xii. 1, 7. Is. lxv. 20.

1 Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

3 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN XCII. [S. M.]

Christ *the wisdom of* God, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works
Creation was begun.

3 ("Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the flood,
I dwelt at his right-hand.

4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal ev'ry star.

5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.

6 "Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways,
The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN XCIII. [L. M.]

Christ, *or wisdom obeyed or resisted,* Prov. viii. 34—36.

1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools that against my grace rebel
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN XCIV. [C. M.]

Justification by faith, not by works: or, the law condemns, grace justifies, Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN XCV. [C. M.]

Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN XCVI. [C. M.]

Election excludes boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN XCVII. [L. M.]

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks:
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVIII. [S. M.]

The same.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise?

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n,
But in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. [C. M.]

Stones made children of Abraham: or, Grace not conveyed by religious parents, Mat. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)

2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well
With new-created sons.

3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN C. [L. M.]

Believe and be saved, John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN CI. [L. M.]

Joys in heaven for a repenting sinner, Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

HYMN CII. [L. M.]

The beatitudes, Mat. v. 2—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 (Bless'd are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.)

4 (Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.)

5 (Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love:
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.)

6 (Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.)

7 (Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.)

8 (Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.)

HYMN CIII. [C. M.]

Not ashamed of the gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CIV. [C. M.]

A state of nature and grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slaund'rers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands:
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN CV. [C. M.]

Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason know,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found:
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVI. [S. M.]

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. [L. M.]

The fall and recovery of man; or Christ *and Satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: Death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 (He spake and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

HYMN CVIII. [S. M.]

Christ *unseen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes,
Hove we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN CIX. [L. M.]

The value of Christ, *and his righteousness*, Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but lost for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN CX. [C. M.]

Death and immediate glory, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands
Eternal, and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands
'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXI. [C. M.]

Salvation by grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

[1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been?
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

(3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.)

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

4 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;'
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN CXII. [C. M.]

The brazen serpent: or, looking to Jesus, John iii. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high:
The wounded felt immediate ease
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns:
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CXIII. [C. M.]

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God? how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same:
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN CXIV. [C.M.]

The same, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace bestows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God!
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. [C. M.]

Conviction of sin by the law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 (My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CXVI. [L. M.]

Love to God and our neighbour, Mat. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affection and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove,
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But O! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXVII. [C. M.]

Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such we are,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use.

3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 What, if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure.

5 What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust

7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN CXVIII. [S. M.]

Moses *and* Christ: or, *sins against the law and the gospel*, John i. 17. Heb iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a noble name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,

Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CXIX. [C. M.]

The different success of the gospel.

1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme:
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. [C. M.]

Faith of things unseen, Heb. xi. 1,3,8,10.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light,

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abram, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. [C. M.]

Children devoted to God,

Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise infant-baptism)

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word:
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient truth embrace!:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN CXXII. [L. M.]

Believers buried with Christ *in Baptism*, Rom. vi. 3, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN CXXIII. [C. M.]

The repenting prodigal, Luke. xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 "I die with hunger here, (he cries,)
I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong;
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean
With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
"Let mirth and joy abound:
My son was dead and lives again;
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN CXXIV. [L. M.)

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

2 Adam, the sinner: At his fall,
Death, like a conq'ror seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,

We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son.
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 (By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN CXXV. [C. M.]

Christ's *compassion to the weak and tempted,* Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fi'ry darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 (He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks;
Nor scorns the meanest name.)

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. [C. M.]

Charity and uncharitableness.

Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress
Compose the kingdoms of our Lord,
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble and the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN CXXVII. [L. M.]

Christ's *invitation to sinners:* or, *humanity and pride,* Matt. xi. 28—30.

1 "COME hither all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burthen light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us to thy will.

HYMN CXXVIII. [L. M.]

The Apostles' *commission:* or, *the gospel attested by miracles.*

Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO preach my gospel (saith the Lord)
Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word!
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "(I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blasphème:)

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN CXXIX. [L. M.]

Submission and deliverance: or, Abraham *offering his son,* Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 "Abra'm forbear, (the angel cry'd);
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."

4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN CXXX. [L. M.]

Love and hatred.

Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW by the bowels of my God!
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN CXXXI. [L. M]

The pharisee and publican.

Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee,
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN CXXXII. [L. M.]

Holiness and grace, Titus ii. 10—13.

1 SO let our lips and lives express;
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. [C. M.]

Love and charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste:
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endure the wrong.]

4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN CXXXIV. [L. M.]

Religion vain without love, 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell:
Or could my faith the world remove:
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. [L. M.]

The love of Christ *shed abroad in the heart,* Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do,
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI. [L. M.]

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, *formality in worship*, John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies.
Their bending knees the ground:
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere:
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. [L. M.]

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known:
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN CXXXVIII. [C. M.]

Saints in the hands of Christ, John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'r be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep:
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN CXXXIX. [L. M.]

Hope in the covenant; or, God's *promise and truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17—19.

1 HOW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee my God?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CXL. [C. M.]

A living and a dead faith. Collected from several scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 (Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.)

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our nature clean:
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

HYMN CXLI. [S. M.]

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ, Isaiah liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure, (saith the God of grace)
Shall prosper in his hand.

6 (His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his kdowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.)

7 (Ten thousand captive slaves,
Releas'd from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his pow'r divine.)

8 (Heaven shall advance my Son
To joys that earth deny'd;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins, and dy'd.")

HYMN CXLII. [S. M.]

The same, Isaiah liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head,
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him, (saith the Lord)
A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long."

HYMN CXLIII. [C. M.]

Characters of the children of God. *From several scriptures.*

1 SO new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

2 With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.

3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.]

4 [Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.

9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong:
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. [C. M.]

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. [C. M.]

Christ *and* Aaron, *taken from* Heb. vii. *and* ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Then the rich gems and polish'd gold
The Son of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin;

Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 (Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.)

4 (Their priesthood ran thro' several hands
For mortal was their race;
Thy never changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days,)

5 (Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ by his own pow'rful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the king of glory reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN CXLVI. [L. M.]

Characters of Christ, *borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.*

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 (The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.)

3 (Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.)

4 (Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.)

5 (Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume,)

6 (Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!)

7 (Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.)

8 (Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.)

9 (Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.)

10 (Is he the rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.

11 Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.)

12 (Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there)

13 (Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.)

14 (Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.)

15 (Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.)

16 (Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.)

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God)

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. [L. M.]

The names and titles of Christ *from several scriptures.*

1 ('TIS from the treasures of his Word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shine with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.)

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes?
Light of the World, and Life of Men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

1 (WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word;
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.)

3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of Lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garments and his thigh.
His name is call'd
"The Word of God;"
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar,
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What title he assumes!
"Light of the world,
And Life of men;"
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain:

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX.

The offices of Christ, from several scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

3 (The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great Salvation known.)

4 (Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 (My bright Example, and my Guide,)
I would be walking near thy side:
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep:
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.)

7 (My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.)

8 (Jesus my great High-Priest has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.)

9 (My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.)

10 (My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.)

11 (Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.)

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

HYMN CL.

The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 (Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.)

4 (Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvhtion came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.)

5 (Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

6 (I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears.
The tender limbs.)

7 (To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set;
My surety paid
The dreadful debt.)

8 (Jesus my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks,
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.)

9 (My advocate appears,
For my defence on high:
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.)

10 (My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r:
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.)

11 (Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.)

12 Should all the host, of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe:
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

BOOK II.

Composed on Divine Subjects.

HYMN I. [L. M.]

A song in praise to God *from* Great-Britain.

1 NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

3 [All mortal things of meaner frame.
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.]

4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own:
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7 Raise monumental praises high,
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name:
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs:
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

10 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name:
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

HYMN II. [C. M.]

The death of a sinner.

1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay:
Till like a flood with rapid force
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fi'ry coast,
Amongst abominable fiends;
Herself a frighted ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

HYMN III. [C. M.]

The death and burial of a saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

NYMN IV. [L. M.]

Salvation in the cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, [lie;
Moveless and firm this heart should
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade!
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God:
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN V. [L. M.]

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by the cross;

2 When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

3 My passions rise and soar above, [love;
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay; and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN VI. [C. M.]

A morning song.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies,

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. (C. M.)

An evening song.

1 [DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN VIII. [C. M.]

An hymn for a morning and evening.

1 HOSANNA with a chearful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings:
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN IX. [C. M.]

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious suff'rer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN X. [C. M.]

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joys and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 (Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own all sufficience there,
To make our bliss complete.)

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN XI. [L. M.]

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN XII. [C.M.]

Christ *is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.*

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father (he cries) forgive their sins,
For I myself have dy'd;"
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN XIII. [L. M.]

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let half the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again.

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN XIV. [S. M.]

The Lord's-day: or, *delight in ordinances.*

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XV. [L. M.]

The enjoyment of Christ: or, *delight in worship.*

1 FAR from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 (The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,
And in sweet murmurs by thy side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread a table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.)

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XVI. [L. M.]

PART II.

7 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

8 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

9 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

11 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12 Send comforts down from thy right-hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN XVII. [C. M.]

God's *eternity.*

1 RISE, rise, my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fi'ry doom.

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. [L. M.]

The ministry of angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come:
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN XIX. [C. M.]

Our frail bodies, and God *our preserver.*

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose,
"Let blood, said he, flow round the veins."
And round the veins its flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN XX. [L. M.]

Backslidings and returns: or, The inconstancy of our love.

1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 (Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?)

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere some fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 (Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.)

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 (Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief;

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.)

9 (Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.)

10 (Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.)

HYMN XXI. [L. M.]

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell:
How the black gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. [L. M.]

With God is terrible majesty.

1 TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?"

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne.
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN XXIII. [L. M.]

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n, immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above.
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN XXIV. [L. M.]

The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng
Satan, a tall arch-angel, sat,
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
"Son of the morning, from the skies!"

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd six days' labour of a God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief:
Oh! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN XXV. [C. M.]

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upwards our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. (L. M.)

God invisible.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature-mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and chear us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN XXVII. (L. M.)

Praise ye him all his angels, Ps. cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place,
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.

4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array:
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak, (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right-hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!]

8 [Shout to your King, you heav'nly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXVIII. [C. M.]

Death and eternity.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse a while with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the word adieu.

3 But, oh, the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there:
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN XXIX. [C. M.]

Redemption by price and power.

1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN XXX. [S. M.]

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. [L. M.]

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillars are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. [C. M.]

Frailty and folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,

And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of veng'ance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. [C. M.]

The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee my soul, fly up, and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 (Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things
Shall tempt our meanest love.)

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

7 (But, O what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile.)

8 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there.

HYMN XXXIV. [C. M.]

Breathing after the holy Spirit: or, fervency of devotion desired.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXV. [C. M.]

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' United Three,
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word:
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord.

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

HYMN XXXVI. [S. M.]

Christ's *intercession.*

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fi'ry veng'ance now,
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinner's blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves!
The Father lays his thunder by
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 (We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of grace
That lays his thunder by.)

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above:"
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!

7 (How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.)

HYMN XXXVII. [C. M.]

The same.

1 LIFT up your eyes to heav'nly seats
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring,
The Priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.

4 (Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.)

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord! persumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
"Hosanna in the High'st!"
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

HYMN XXXVIII. [C. M.]

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. [C. M.]

The shortness and misery of life.

1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few*," the patriarch says;
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

HYMN XL. [C. M.]

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 Our God! how firm his promise stands!
E'en when he hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd.
And part of heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN XLI. [L. M.]

A sight of God *mortifies us to the world.*

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes?

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive their noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All! Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. [C. M.]

Delight in God.

1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right-hand?
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand.

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy skies,
And tunes his warbling throat.

3 And we when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Betmoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts from thing to [thing
In restless circles rove,
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.

HYMN XLIII. [L. M.]

Christ's *sufferings and glory.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high:
He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt!
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

7 Among a thousand harps and songs
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains!

HYMN XLIV. [C. M.]

Hell: or the vengeance of a God.

1 WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore:
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terror of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fi'ry coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.]

4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise, [hands.
Crush'd with the weight of both thy

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN XLV. [L. M.]

God's *condescension to our worship.*

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls!
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs:
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN XLVI. [L. M.]

God's *condescension to human affairs.*

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 [He that can shake the world he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]

3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform:
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. [L. M.]

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul; awake my tongue:
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

HYMN XLVIII. [C. M.]

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too;
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food:
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XLIX. [C. M.]

Moses *dying in the embraces of God.*

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' her darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN L. [L. M.]

Comforts under sorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But O! it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. [L. M.]

God *the Son equal with the Father.*

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet:

2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious deity;
But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LII. [C. M.]

Death dreadful, or delightful.

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear; [dwell
You must be driv'n from earth, and
A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face; [too
And thou, my soul, look downwards
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right-hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band.
To bear my soul away.

HYMN LIII. [L. M.]

The pilgrimage of the saints; or, earth and heaven.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply, [trees,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome
Nor streams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns thro'all the ground
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land: [road,
Lord, we would keep the heav'nly
And run at thy command.

4 (Our souls shall tread the desart thro'
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.)

5 (A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.)

6 (Long nights and darkness dwell below.
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.)

7 (By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road, [snares,
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous
We make our way to God.)

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 (See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'llers home!)

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 (No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear; [
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.)

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through?
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN LIV. [C. M.]

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
And he my rising-sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN LV. [C. M.]

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 (Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.)

4 Dangers stand thick thro'all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endles woe
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. [C. M.]

The misery of being without God in this world: or, vain prosperity.

1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod! (thro',
Well, they may search the creature
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own?
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine:
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. (L. M.)

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, (within.
Their minds have heav'n and peace

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 (Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.)

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovl'ing in the dust below;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. (C. M.)

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis;
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 (The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste, (here,"
That we can never say, "They're
But only say, "They're past.")

3 (Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.)

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the
That leads our souls above. (road,

6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
'Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. [C. M.]

Paradise on earth

1 Glory to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings thro';
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.

2 (Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desart springs,
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.

6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.)

7 But, ah, how soon my joys decay,
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch th' heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. [L. M.]

The truth of God the promiser: or, The promises are our security.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

HYMN LXI. [C. M.]

A thought of death and glory.

1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls shall love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning, to undress,
That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN LXII. [C. M.]

God the thunderer: or, The last judgment, and hell.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of light'ning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do;
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN LXIII. [C. M.]

A funeral thought.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must be as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quickning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXIV. [L. M.]

God the glory and the defence of Sion.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode;
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 The foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August the 20th, 1697.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN LXV. [C. M.]

The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI. [C. M.]

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMM LXVII. [C. M.]

God's *eternal dominion.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning-day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. [C. M.]

The humble worship of heaven.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall:
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the Eternal All.

6 There I would vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss;
While less than nothing I could boast,
* And vanity confess.

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN LXIX. [C. M.]

The faithfulness of God, in the promises.

1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speaksome boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mighter name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,

* Isa. xl. 17.

Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.)

5 (He that can dash whole worlds to death
And make them when he please;
He speaks and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad:
"Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abraham's God.

8 O, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine;
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more:)

HYMN LXX. [L. M.]

God's *dominion over the sea.*

Psalm cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies thro'.

3 The scaly-flocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 (The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way,

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.)

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

7 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 (Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.)

9 O, for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

From the lxth *to the* cviiith *Hymn I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third line of the stanza.*

HYMN LXXI. [C. M.]

Praise to God from all creatures.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame:
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN LXXII. [C. M.]

The Lord's-day: *or, the resurrection of* Christ.

1 BLESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought,
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 (Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

HYMN LXXIII. (C. M.)

Doubts scatter'd: or, spiritual joy restored.

1 HENCE from my soul sad thoughts
And leave me to my joys; [begone,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. (S. M.)

Repentance from a sense of divine goodness: or, a complaint of ingratitude.

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe;
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN LXXV. (C. M.)

Spiritual and eternal joy: or, the beatific sight of Christ.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where, my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode:
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN LXXVI. (C. M.)

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 HOSSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest
Your sweetest voices raise; [strings,
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN LXXVII. (L. M.)

The Christian warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake of thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fi'ry deeps, and endless night.

4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;

There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN LXXVIII. (C. M.)

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign:
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thy honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN LXXIX. (C. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.]

6 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN LXXX. [S. M.]

God's *awful power and goodness.*

1 OH! the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r;
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals unsufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN LXXXI. (C. M.)

Our sin the cause of Christ's *death.*

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN LXXXII. (C. M.)

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent the sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud Hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. (C. M.)

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
"Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake my wrath, and smite the man,
My fellow, saith the Lord."

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies, to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. (S. M.)

The same.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters split.

3 [Alas, the cruel spear
Went deep into his side;
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne!
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN LXXXV. (C. M.)

Sufficiency of pardon.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
These mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise:

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell.

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. (C. M.)

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be?
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,

'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be,
The close of ev'ry song.

HYMN LXXXVII. [C. M.]

The divine glories above our reason.

1 HOW wond'rous great, how glorious bright,
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light,
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three
And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!

4 [Lord here we bend our humble souls,
And awefully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXXIX. [C. M.]

Christ's *victory over* Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conq'ring King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN XC. [C. M.]

Faith in Christ *for pardon and sanctification.*

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN XCI. (C. M.)

The glory of Christ in heaven.

1 O! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the man, th' exalted man,
Whom we, unseen, adore:
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode:
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN XCII. (C. M.)

The Church saved, and her enemies disappointed. Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise the eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice:
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN XCIII. (S. M.)

God all, and in all. Psal. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

6 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire:
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

HYMN XCIV. (L. M.)

God my only happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own:
Without thy graces, and thy self,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN XCV. (C. M.)

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain I do accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head: (eyes,
Break, break my heart, oh burst mine
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. (C. M.)

Distinguishing love; or, Angels punished, and man saved.

1 DOWN headlong from the native skies
The rebel-angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN XCVII. (L. M.)

The same.

1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. (L. M.)

Hardness of heart complained of.

1 MY heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne
And ev'ry grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

HYMN XCIX. (C. M.)

The book of God's decrees.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages e'er the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The foll'wers of the Lamb!

HYMN C. (L. M.)

The presence of Christ is the life of the soul.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge
Should frown and bid my soul depart.

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?

For I have sought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'nwithout thypresence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares ingross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ mylove.]

9 [My God and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

HYMN CI. (C. M.)

The world's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls:
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. (L. M.)

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful grasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord and (stay!
come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. (C. M.)

Christ's *Commission.* John iii. ver. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls approach your (God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your (wounds,
Andwipe yoursorrowsdry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN CIV. (S. M.)

The same.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;

No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. (C. M.)

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive;
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear;"
And strait the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin:
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. (C. M.)

Repentance at the cross.

1 OH, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 O, how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God;
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart hath so decreed:
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

HYMN CVII. (C. M.)

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart?"

3 [The thunder of that dismal word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

4 [What! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly!]

5 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

8 [Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN CVIII. (C. M.)

Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame:
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet
And venture near the Lord;
No fi'ry cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. (L. M.)

The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns without a smile:
We thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

HYMN CX. (S. M.)

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirits comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. (C. M.)

Thanksgiving for victory: or, God's *dominion, and our deliverance.*

1 ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Long may the King, our sov'reign, live
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN CXII. (L. M.)

Angels ministering to Christ and his saints.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height,
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.

3 His orders run through all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guard our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN CXIII. (C. M.)

The same.

1 THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold, a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now to the hands of Christ, our King,
Are all the legions giv'n:
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their hosts,
To see a sinner turn;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends.

Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. (C. M.)

Christ's *death, victory and dominion.*

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
"'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finish'd," our Emanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. (C. M.)

God *the avenger of his saints;* or, *His kingdom supreme.*

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God,
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you Gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN CXVI. (C. M.)

Mercies and thanks.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

3 All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN CXVII. (L. M.)

Living and dying with God *present.*

1 I CANNOT bear this absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN CXVIII. (L. M.)

The priesthood of Christ.

1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge the blood of Abel cries:
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

HYMN CXIX. (C. M.)

The holy scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
When wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 O! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right-hand.

HYMN CXX. (S. M.)

The law and gospel join'd in scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands:
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine, [page,
Where wrath and lightning guards the
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN CXXI. (L. M.)

The law and gospel distinguished.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know,
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN CXXII. (L. M.)

Retirement and meditation.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

HYMN CXXIII. (L. M.)

The benefit of public ordinances.

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore:
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN CXXIV. (C. M.)

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Isr'el rejoice, now * Joshua leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The Ruler and the Priest.

* Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

HYMN CXXV. (L. M.)

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies!
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. (C. M.)

God *glorified in the gospel.*

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near; [love,
While pow'r and truth, and boundless
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs, [rays,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. (L. M.)

Circumcision and baptism.

(Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.)

1 THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint with chearful voice
In this large covenant rejoice:
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. (C. M.)

Corrupt nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat the unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd:
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh inslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with an heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. (L. M.)

We walk by faith, not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Chearful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. (C. M.)

The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew:
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies:
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise.

3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within:

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN CXXXI. (L. M.)

The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. (C. M.)

The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High-Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways:
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. (L. M.)

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy chearing words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. [C. M.]

Circumcision abolished.

1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
And of his num'rous race."

2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 'Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praise,
His promises endure;
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Make the salvation sure.

HYMN CXXXV. [L. M.]

Types and prophecies of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abrah'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN CXXXVI. [L. M.]

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

1 THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold, the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The Infant-Saviour to proclaim:
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN CXXXVII. (L. M.)

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies: the heav'ns in mourning [stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. (L. M.)

The power of the gospel.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wondrous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb
While th' wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. [L. M.]

The example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. (C. M.)

The examples of Christ *and the saints.*

2 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. (C. M.)

Faith assisted by sense: or, *Preaching, Baptism, and the Lord's supper.*

1 MY Saviour God, my sov'reign prince,
Reigns far above the skies!
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word:
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord that stoops so low,
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN CXLII. (S. M.)

Faith in Christ *our sacrifice.*

1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his beeding love.

HYMN CXLIII. (C. M.)

Flesh and spirit.

1 WHAT diff'rent power's of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace:
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN CXLIV. (L. M.)

The effusion of the spirit: or, The success of the gospel.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd he sent th' champions forth,
From East to West, from South to North;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN CXLV. (C. M.)

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace
Thro' which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.

2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

HYMN CXLVI. (L. M.)

The vanity of creatures: or, no rest on earth.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torments still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CXLVII. (C. M.)

The creation of the world, Gen. i.

1 "NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float in softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe be crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.)

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth.
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
The sov'reign of the rest;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN CXLVIII. [C. M.]

God *reconciled in* Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN CXLIX. [C. M.]

Honour to magistrates: or, Government from God.

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 [The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN CL. [C. M.]

The deceitfulness of sin.

1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence:
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CLI. [L. M.]

Prophecy and inspiration.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure,

HYMN CLII. [L. M.]

Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. ver. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of Angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN CLIII. (C. M.)

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

1 SIN, like a venomou; disease,
Insects our vital blood;
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage,
'Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heav'n prevents the fall.]

6 The man possess'd, amongst the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries:
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN CLIV. (L. M.)

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 * "WHERE are the mourners (saith the Lord)
That wait and tremble at my word?
That walk in darkness all the day!
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 [No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
† The robes that nature may provide,
Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose:
Look to my righteousness and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 Ye sons of pride that kindle coals
With your own hands to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 This is your portion at my hands,
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair."

* Isa. 1. 10, 11. † Isa. xxviii. 20.

HYMN CLV. (C. M.)

Christ our passover.

1 LO, the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN CLVI. (C. M.)

Presumption and despair: or, Satan's various temptations.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 [He bids young sinners, "yet forbear
To think of God, or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "they must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day."]

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. (C. M.)

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;

Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam fly:
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN CLVIII. (L. M.)

Few saved: or, The almost christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count here gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CLIX. (C. M.)

An unconverted state: or, converting grace.

1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.]

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste he run the dang'rous road,
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such natures made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN CLX. (L. M.

Custom in sin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wick'd turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Was out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. (C. M.)

Christian virtues: or, The difficulty of conversion.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crouds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbl'd, pride abas'd;
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense
In sweet subjection lie.]

5 The tongue, that must unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint,

6 Lord! Can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXII. (C. M.)

Meditation of heaven: or, The joy of faith.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face,

HYMN CLXIII. (C. M.)

Complaints of desertion and temptations.

1 DEAR Lord! behold our sore distress!
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword,
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN CLXIV. (C. M.)

The end of the world.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

HYMN CLXV. (C. M.)

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sover'ign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. (C. M.)

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That Infinite unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 [The Great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains.
To guard his promises.]

6 [Sinners before his presence die:
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN CLXVII. (L. M.)

The same.

1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 [Earth and th' stars, and worlds unknown
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

3 [His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows!
If he command, who dares oppose!
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the councils of his will?

His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

8 [His mercy like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 O, tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN CLXVIII. (L. M.)

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will the glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX.

The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high:
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'r of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My father and my friend?"
I love his name,
I love his word:
Join all my pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. (L. M.)

God *incomprehensible and sovereign.*

1 *[CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born, like a wild young colt he flies
Thro all the follies of his mind,
And swells and snuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a king of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 † He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
‡ The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xi. 7, &c.
† Job xxv. 5. ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

HYMN I. (L. M.)

The Lord's *supper instituted,* 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin,
"Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was split,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 "Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN II. (S. M.)

Communion with Christ, *and with saints.* 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our Living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one:
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread:
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN III. (C. M.)

The New Testament in the blood of Christ; or, *The new covenant sealed.*

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good:"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name:
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. (C. M.)

Christ's *dying love:* or, *our pardon bought at a dear price.*

1 HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword;
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN V. (C. M.)

Christ *the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls has fed:
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above, [rise,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But those provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh.
Lest we should faint again,

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath
Whilst Jesus finds supplies:
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN VI. (L. M.)

The memorial of our absent Lord.

John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not:
And carnal objects court our eyes.
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face:
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN VII. (L. M.)

Crucifixion to the world, by the cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN VIII. (C. M.)

The tree of life.

1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The Tree of Life, that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

4 [Hov'ring amongst the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And chears the drooping mind?
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN IX. (S. M.)

The spirit, the water, and the blood.
1 John, 5—6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood:
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN X. (L. M.)

Christ *crucified: The wisdom and power of God.*

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd, and dy'd!
Her noblest life my Spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. (C. M.)

Pardon brought to our senses.

1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, "That I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine,"

3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I dy'd!"

4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
"All this, says he, I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN XII. (L. M.)

The Gospel-Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God!

6 It cost him death, to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

HYMN XIII. (C. M.)

Divine Love making a feast, and calling in the guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choichest of her stores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race,
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN XIV. (L. M.)

The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28. Or, *A sight of Christ makes death easy.*

1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as Simeon would
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful so
Were but our hearts prepar'd like I
"Our souls still willing to be gon
And, at thy word, depart in peace

3 "Here we have seen thy face, O L
And view'd salvation with our eye
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the sl

4 "Thou hast prepar'd this dying La
Hast set his blood before our face
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And shew the wonders of thy grac

5 "He is our light, our morning sta
Shall shine on nations yet unknow
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near the throne

HYMN XV. (C. M.)

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

1 [THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spreads his royal bo
And bless'd the food and sung

2 Happy the men that eat this brea
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving he
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith, the same delights we ta
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast
And take the heav'nly bread.]

4 Down from the palace of the skie
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, eat (he cri
And drink salvation, friends.

5 ["My flesh is food and physic t
A balm for all your pains:
And the red streams of pardon flo
From these my pierced veins."

6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints abov
With nobler blessings too.

7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these typ
more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feas

HYMN XVI. (C. M.)

The agonies of Christ.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a tho
When, Lord, compar'd with t

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me
And then our griefs remove.

3 [Our humble faith here takes her
While sitting round his board
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and
The wonders of that day: (wrought
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those
Could we our voices raise; (above,
Yet Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

HYMN XVII. (S. M.)

Incomparable food: or, *the flesh and blood of* Christ.

1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
Th'eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat,
Is made of heav'nly things!
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King:
This wine will drown your sad com-
And tune your voice to sing. (plaints

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN XVIII. (L. M.)

The same.

1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet:
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread, we thank thee Lord.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food:
In vain we search the globe around,
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head:
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

HYMN XIX. (L. M.)

Glory in the cross: or, *not ashamed of* Christ *crucified.*

1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause:
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN XX. (C. M.)

The provision for the table of our Lord: or, *the tree of life, and river of love.*

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For ev'ry willing guest.

2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasures well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine:
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joys as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

PREFACE

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are entrusted with you before-hand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion, ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30. And we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to "teach, and admonish one another by hymns and songs," Ephes. v. 19. And there are those four advantages in it.

1. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

2. What is learnt in verse, is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

3. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

4. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that savours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England, or dissenters, baptized in infancy, or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end some attempts of Sonnets on moral Subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he suceeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pettern to the christian world and a blessing to the earth.

DIVINE SONGS,

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE, FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL COMPOSURES.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise; Mat. xxi. 16.

SONG I.

A general song of praise to God.

1 HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

Praise for creation and providence.

1 Sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

7 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

Praise to God *for our redemption.*

1 BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

2 Our father eat forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell,
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

5 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine.

Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan, and of sin.

7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

SONG IV.

Praise for Mercies, Spiritual and Temporal.

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see?
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head:
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lye, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong,
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe,
That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Then East or Western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns?
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

1 LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have giv'n,
Could they have heard these glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n!

3 How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worship idols, wood, and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus, and his gospel known!

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles, and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

1 GREAT God, with wonder, and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life, and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for learning to read.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature, and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well:
And whither shall a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell?

4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin;
And make me holy too.

5 Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

The All-Seeing God.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains,
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG X.

Solemn thoughts of God and Death.

1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comfortsdraw;
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to bear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north, or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and Hell.

1 THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to heav'n ascend?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

The Advantages of early Religion.

1 HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinners path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

The Danger of Delay.

1 WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n, or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth, & swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace:
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God;
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon, and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

Examples of Early Piety.

1 WHAT bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

4 Children a sweet Hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name:
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

1 O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lye, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

2 But lyars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lyes to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong:
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lye upon his tongue?

4 So did his wife Saphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold,
As to confirm that wicked lye,
That just before her husband told.

5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry lyar
Must have his portion in the lake,
That burns with brimstone, and with fire.

6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lye that children tell.

SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

1 LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3 Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

4 His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

1 WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.

5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least, before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

1 OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men,
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

2 Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go."

God quickly stopt their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners, ne'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.

1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear
And curse their fellows and blasphème!

3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God, whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly Father, whom I love.

6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

1 HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flower!

2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

Against Evil Company.

1 WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight,
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names, and fight?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away, from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

5 My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG XXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.

1 WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

2 When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone:
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

3 How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich & new!
When the poor sheep & silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth & grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

6 No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have not you heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

1 WHY should I love my sport so well?
So constant at my play? [hell?
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and
And then forget to pray?

2 What do I read my bible for,
But Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

SONG XXV.

A Morning Song.

1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

An Evening Song.

1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head:
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'rs of death and hell:
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with chearful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

SONG XXVIII.

For the Lord's-Day Evening.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heav'n below;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments, out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for Children.—Ex. xx.

1 THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2 Before no idol bow thy knee.
3 Take not the name of God in vain.
4 Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.
5 Give both thy parents honour due.
6 Take heed that thou no murder do.
7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8 Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10 What is thy neighbour's dare not covet

The Sum of the Commandments out of the New Testament.—Mat. xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule—Mat vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour as yourself:
Be faithful, just, and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Besure you never do.

The Hosanna: or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

(L. M.)

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

(C. M.)

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

(S. M.)

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Glory to the Father.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

(C. M.)

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd. [illegible]
Where there are works to [illegible]
Or saints to love the [illegible]

(S. M.)

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT

SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS:

Such as I wish some happy and condescending Genius would undertake for the Use of Children; and perform much better.

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in the civil life, both in city and country: (which would also afford matter for other divine songs) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit togther.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

I. *The Sluggard.*

1 'TIS the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

2 "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntring, or trifling he stands.

3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs.

4 I made him a visit, still hoping to find,
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his bible, and never loves thinking.

5 Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me;"
That man's but a picture of what I might be,
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

II. *Innocent Play.*

1 ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love without anger or rage;
How much we may learn from the sight.

2 If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures.
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

3 Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."

III. *The Rose.*

1 HOW fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May:
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

2 Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field :
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

3 So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the Rose :
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty :
This will scent like a Rose when I'm dead.

IV. *The Thief.*

1 WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain ;
All that's ever got by Thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit ?

4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner ;
Then the gallows ends his days.

5 Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy :
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

6 Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine :
Lest I steal what is not given :
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

V. *The Ant or Emmet.*

1 THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern :
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2 They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One wou'd think they foresaw all the frost and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping Ant,
If I take no due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death, or old age, shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

4 Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom.
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven ;
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

1 THO' I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befal me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age shall call me,

2 Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness ;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.

3 Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them,

4 If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing.
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing ;

5 When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise.
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

6 What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean ;
And submit when they reprove me.

7 If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

8 I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

9 May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Tho' it should be all the fashion.

10 Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying,
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. *A Summer Evening.*

1 HOW fine has the day been! How bright was the Sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain:
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest;
And foretels a bright rising again.

2 Just such is the Christian: His course he begins,
Like the Sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: Then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heav'nly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting Sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

Some copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of these Songs for children.

A Cradle Hymn.

1 HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee.

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay,

5 Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

6 Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7 Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard:
'Tis thy { * mother / nurse that } sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

8 Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky:
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin Mother by.

10 See the lovely Babe a dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

11 Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen feed;
Peace, my Darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

13 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days!
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joys aspire.

* Here you may use the words, brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.

LYRIC POEMS.

PREFACE

TO THE "LYRIC POEMS."

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; than an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrileges and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right-hand became glorious in power; when thy right-hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red-sea: Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters," Ex. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the muses were devoted to the same service; The language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

> Μουσαι Πιεριηθεν αοιδησι κλειουσαι,
> Δευτε, Δι εννεπετε σφετερον πατερ' υμνειουσαι.

> "Pierian muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
> "Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise."

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty, aud defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities

of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this, that poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Rev. Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my lord Roscommon, on psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them.

"Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
"Peoples the dark retreats of death,
"Change your dire hissings into heav'nly songs,
"And praise your Maker with your forked tongues."

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally a-kin; or, at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of unclean and abominable. It is strange, that persons that have the bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their bible, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are hebrew verse? And the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "Earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Judges, v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: "Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? &c." Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he hides him "from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace," Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! It is a region to which I must shortly go, "and whence I shall not return: it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit." Job x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth;" Job xiii. 25. &c.

"Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance." Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: For want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the clifts of the vallies, in caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools; yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word, &c." How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: Nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible so be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible. When his holiness is mentioned, The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire. If we speak of strength, Behold, he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble; He makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof. And after all, These are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand? His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, Be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he "sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing: Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning." This God, before whom "the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious Orator, the sacred Describer of the godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the Gen-

if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror? The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine brighter in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan of history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: But modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience, the sweet refiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindled within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the psalms of David, and the holy transports interposed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics; I persuade myself, that the christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our old psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I intreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the first book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the

metaphors are too bold to please the weaker christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the songs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his song, and his father David, in Ps. xlv. if David was the author: And I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: It was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The Poems sacred to virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: The image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose soul is a-kin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish for oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptive of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frighted from sin and ruin by terror, threatening and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: Others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give

* Solomon's song was much more in use amongst preachers and writers of divinity, when these poems were written than it is now. 1736.

a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured so recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. This blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski of Poland would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, hat I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language.—There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: The riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends, are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or, which is all one, his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the poems of heroic measure, I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: The reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the Essays without rhyme, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and sereneness of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his Paradise Lost, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parenthesis, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem: Nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank-verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans, and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures.

"Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai."

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures, charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these

the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: Though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up almost half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again.* So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David in christian language, which I have now promised the world.†

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace.

" ——— Cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna sonaturum."

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: A complete poet or a prophet is such a one,

" ———Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum."

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in consort with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, " Salvation, honour and glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

* " Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret." Hor. Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

† In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

May 14, 1709.

ON READING

DR. WATTS's POEMS

SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

" REGARD the man, who, in seraphic lays, [praise:
And flowing numbers, sing his Maker's
He need invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heav'nly song comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man? whose soul, and guiltless breast, [guest!
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty
'Tis he that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing, [to sing:
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st
He to thy soul lets in celestial day,
Ev'nwhilst imprison'd in this mortalclay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd, [arm'd;
He, for thy sake, has death itself dis-
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boast;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

TO DR. WATTS,

On his Poems Sacred to Devotion.

1 " TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore.

2 No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breast alarms;
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

3 No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

4 Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
Surpris'd I listen still.

5 The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

6 With such a graceful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song;

7 Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wing;

8 Unto the new-found realms, which se
The latter sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies."

July, 1706.

PHILOMELA.

TO DR. WATTS,

On reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

" HAIL, heav'n-born muse! that wit
celestial flame,
And high seraphic numbers, durstattemp
To gain thy native skies. No commo
theme [so
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of
Superior, though on earth detain'dawhil
Let some propitious angel, that's de
sign'd
A resident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wand'ring souls to heavenl
bliss,
Thou seem'st; while thou their eve
lasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down t
earth
Transferr'd the work of heaven: wi
thought sublime, [sing'
And high sonorous words, thou sweetl
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we vie
The tow'ring height stupendous, whil
thou soar'st [though
Above the reach of vulgar eyes o
Hymning th' eternal Father; as of old
When first the Almighty from the dar
abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shiningworlds withone creatingwor
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenl
hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golde
harps,
Andwith their cheerful Hallelujahsbless'
The bounteous Author of their happines
From orb to orb th'alternate music ran
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the na
tive seat [song
Of the first happy pair, who join'd the
To the loud echoes of the angelic choir
And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestri
heaven,
The paradise of God where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eterna
sweets,

Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd [youth.
Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal

Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd [phemies
Assaulting with their impious blas-
The pow'r supreme that gave 'em life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
Th' eternal thunder, and almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; remember well the day [above,
When driven from pure immortal seats
A fi'ry tempest hurl'd 'em down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph,
Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to growing rocks [woes,
With adamantine chains, they wail their
And know Jehovah great as well as good;
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred muse, [tal heights,
First taught in heav'n to mount immor-
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to ev'ry idol basely bow,
And curse the deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desp'rate foe
Of God and man, and winning ev'ry hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and thus out-done, [race,
Raging they try to match the human
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find [hell;
What 'tis to banter heav'n and laugh at
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face, [paths,
Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe:
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne, [ling globe,
And raging flames surround the tremb-
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole, [dead;
And the last trump awakes the sleeping
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! What turn of thought
Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourselves will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
You'd been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrath-ful Judge
Shall singe your laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my muse of that tremendous thought,
Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing [verse
Th' immortal man, that with immortal
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like
Despises moral critics idle rules: [them
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul [moves
Inspires us, and with holy transports
Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the Pagan poets ever sung.
Homer or Virgil; and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre, [scem
And purer far, thro' Martial's self might
A modest poet in our christian days.
May those forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let man be fond of fab'lous gods,
Nor heathen wit debauch one christian line;
While with the course and daubing paint we hide
The shining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright, [like thee
And charms the eyes of angels,—Oh!
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts. [ful art
Let HEAVEN and ANNA then your tune-
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April, 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO DR. WATTS,

On his Divine Poems.

"SAY, human seraphs whence that charming force,
That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense! Say, did not he [breast,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the *paraclete*,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love: And what is love in souls like thine,
But air, and incense to the poet's fire;
Should an expiring saint whose swimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in,
Thinking his heav'nly convoy wait'd near!
So great a stress of powerful harmony,
Nature unable longer to sustain [rest.
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless

Let none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night; [thence
What tho' no shining angel darts from
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense, [told,
In language bright as theirs, we are here
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use [muse,
To transports so intensely rais'd your
Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS.

On the fifth Edition of his Horæ Lyricæ.

"SOVEREIGN of sacred verse; accept the lays [praise,
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy
A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For every grace of every muse is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his favorite to the realms of light;
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song:
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of music and of love.
But when the softer scenes of life you paint, [saint.
And join the beauteous virgin to the
When you describe how few the happy pairs, [cares,
Whose hearts united soften all their
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And Mira's beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell, [dwell;
And on the pleasing theme for ever
But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
And all, but heaven-born *piety*, shall die,
When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
And each lascivious poet hides his head,
With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies
Great Howe and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way, [of day,
And welcome thee to the bright realms
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings, [seraph sings."
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair

Sic spirat, sic optat

Tui amantissimus

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND.

——Si non Uranie Lyram
Cælestam cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor Od. I. imitated.

Ἀθανατον μεν πρωτα Θεον, νομῳ ως διακειται,
Τιμα, (και σεβε αυτον) επειθ' Ἡρωας αγανους,
Τους τε Καταχθονιους. Pythag. Aur. Carm.

BOOK I.—Sacred to Devotion and Piety.

Worshipping with Fear.

1 WHO dares attempt th' eternal name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

2 Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his smile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

3 Celestial King, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

4 When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

4 In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

6 Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs thro' the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

7 When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

8 Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

9 Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much a-kin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

Asking Leave to Sing.

1 YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

2 If thou my daring flight forbid
The muse folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

3 Her slender reed inspir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a heav'n below.

4 She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

5 But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine Judgments.

1 NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies:
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bless me with his eyes.
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

2 'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep:
Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;

The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

3 Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

4 The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

5 Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes and floods
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight-sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves!
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

6 O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up!
Some pledge of my Creato
To calm my terrors, and sup
hope!
Let waves and thunders mix
Be thou my God, and the w
is mine:
While thou art sov'reign, I'
I shall be rich till thou art
For all I fear, and all I wish,
earth and hell are thine.

Earth and Heaven.

1 HAST thou not seen, impati
Hast thou not read the sole
That grey experience writes
youth
On every mortal joy?
"Pleasure must be dash'd wi
And yet with heedless hast
The thirsty boy repeats th
Nor hearkens to despair, bu
bowl again,
The rills of pleasure never ru
(Earth has no unpolluted s
From the curs'd soil some
taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, a
wears a sting.

2 In vain we seek a heaven
sky;
The world has false, but
charms;
Its distant joys show bi
esteem,
But lessen still as they draw
eye;
In our embrace the vision
And when we grasp the air
We lose the pleasing drea

3 Earth, with her scenes of gay
Is but a landscape rudely d
With glaring colours and fal
Distance commends it to the
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous
nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the
figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and
eye.

4 Look up, my soul, pant to
eternal hills;
Those heav'ns are fairer t
seem;
There pleasures all sincere g
crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt
Nor grief disturbs the st
ThatCanaan knows no noxi
No curs'd soil, no tainted s
Nor roses grow on thorns, n
wears a sting.

Felicity Above.

1 NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bli
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly grou

2 There's nothing round these painted skies;
Or round this dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to see his face.

4 Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave, and make my way
To the superior sky.

5 Dear sov'reign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Th' almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

4 Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

5 He spake: The sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day.
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

6 Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

7 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

8 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

9 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

10 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves,

11 My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

12 In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-Consecration.

1 IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days;
My inward pow'rs shall burn and flame,
With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God,
nor move, but to his praise.

2 What are my eyes but aids to see
The glories of the deity
Inscrib'd with beams of light
On flow'rs and stars? Lord I behold
The shining azure, green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name,
a dimness veils my sight.

3 Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan Kings,
And drink the music in;
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys
And yet my heart so stupid lie when
sacred hymns begin.

4 Change me, O God; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in
thy praise conspire.

5 The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part,
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital cord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string,
or shew my zeal in death.

The Creator and Creatures.

1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

2 From thy great self thy being springs:
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficience bears them all.

3 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thy self appears,
Thro' all these spacious works of thine.

4 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:

Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

5 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame:
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

6 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

7 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

8 Who can behold the blazing light;
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.

2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you:
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands
And holds the King of kings.

4 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God glorious, and sinners saved.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

7 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

8 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

9 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble enquiry.

A French sonnet imitated, 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens. &c.

1 GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

2 But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash and burn me thro' the boundless seas.

3 Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne.

4 Thine honour bids, "Avenge thy injur'd name,"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

5 Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

4 Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood [shroud,
To teach a rebel, pierce this sacred
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood?

The penitent pardoned.

1 HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

2 Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

3 Black heavy thoughts, like mountains roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortured soul,
Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

4 Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race, [do."
"Father, they know not what they

5 Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

6 Peace, my complaints; let ev'ry groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And thro' his inmost bowels move.

7 Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

8 How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A hymn of praise for three great salvavations; viz.

1 From the Spanish Invasion, 1581.
2 From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3 From Popery and Slavery by King William of glorious memory, who landed, Nov. 5, 1688.

Composed Nov. 5. 1695.

1 INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

2 From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

3 Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There, said the Lord, to ages stand,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

4 In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

5 Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell:"
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

6 Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

7 Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

8 Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest underground.

The Second Part.

1 ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

2 Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murd'rers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatning death, thro' ev'ry town.

3 The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms, [France
And the fierce troops of neighbouring
Offer'd the service of their arms.

4 "'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

5 But lo, the great Deliverer sails
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land.

6 The happy day, and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

7 Now did thine arm, O God of hosts,
Now did thine armshine dazzling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

8 Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne;
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

9 Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky,
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their Hallelujahs high.

10 All Hallelujah, heavenly King:
While distant lands thy victory sing.
And tongues their utmost pow'rs employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

The Incomprehensible.

1 FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

2 Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy shines;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

3 Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength, in vain designs,
United force hath done; [poles,
Thus worms may join, and grasp the
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole race of creature-souls
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and are lost in thee.

4 Great God, behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own;
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Thro' all the trackless seas of light,
To Thee, th' eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

Death and Eternity.

1 MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Thro' all the hollow ground.

3 These sculls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes?
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay? [wings,
My thoughts, now stretch out all your
And trace eternity.

5 O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

6 Thus must we leave the banks of life
And try this doubtful sea!
Vain are our groans, and dying strife
To gain a moment's stay.

7 There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtless lies
Amongst the silent graves.

8 Some hearty friend shall drop his tears
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they."

9 Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes
To view the tott'ring clay.

2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

5 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in flight
Above created skies.

5 Had but the prison walls been strong
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

6 But now the everlasting hills
Thro' every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

7 The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws:
Visions of endless bliss are seen:
And native air she draws.

8 O may these walls stand tott'ring still
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

9 Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

The Universal Hallelujah.

Psalm cxlviii. Paraphrased.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

2 Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

3 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

4 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

5 Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

6 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

7 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

8 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your 'eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore:

9 While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

10 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

11 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

12 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning-sky:
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

13 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

14 Th' eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan:
And the whole race shall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

The Atheist's Mistake.

1 LAUGH, ye profane, and swell & burst
With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

2 The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

3 Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old serpent fell.

4 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

5 Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

6 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

7 Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heav'n shines round their heads;
And angel guards prepar'd to fly.
Attend their fainting beds.

8 Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

9 Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And distant are our goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

1 ARM thee with thunder, heavenly muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law:
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage? The hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

2 Now had they pass'd the Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea;
The rising waves stood guardians of their wond'rous way,
But fell with most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms.
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horse:
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned Gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

3 Ah! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!

And bow to brutes, (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save; [sky,
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high:
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste!
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

4 Hark! The shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear;
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

5 Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat,
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his way.
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries:
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies. [head,
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

6 His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream:
He spoke, and, tho' with unknown speed he came,
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

7 Sinai received his glorious fl
With exile red, and glowing wl
Did the winged chariot lig
And rising smoke obscur'd the
hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling w
Lo, the gloomy pride out-
The stately pyramids of fire
The pyramids to heav'n asp
And mix with stars, but se
gloomy offspring highe
So have you seen ungrateful i
Round the tall oak that sixsco
has stood
And proudly shoot a leaf o
Above its kind supporter's utmo
And glory there to stand the lo
the wood.

8 Forbear, young muse, forbe
The flow'ry things that poet
The little arts of simile
Are vain and useless here
Nor shall the burning hills o
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece h
Or learned Rome has hea
Ætna shall be nam'd no m
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunde
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fr
Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill: Its tr
Quakes at the terrors of the
While all below its verdant f
Stagger and reel under th' a
weight:
Press'd with a greater than
Atlas' load
Deep groan'd the mount; i
bore Infinity before.
It bow'd, and shook beneath t
den of a God.

9 Fresh horrors seize the camp,
And dying groans, torment
And shrieks, and swoons, an
were there;
The bellowing thunder, and tl
ning's blaze;
Spread thro' the host a wild
Darkness on ev'ry soul, and
ev'ry face:
Confus'd and dismal were t
"Let Moses speak, or Israe
Moses the spreading terror
No more the man of God c
His shivering and surprise
Yet, with recovering mind, co
Silence, and deep attention t
Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of th
All arm'd and feather'd with t
Majestic sounds break thro' th
cloud:
Sent from the all-creating t
A flight of cherubs guard the wo
And bear their fiery law to the
ing crowd.

11 "I am the Lord: 'Tis I proclaim
That glorious and that fearful name,
Thy God and King: 'Twas I that broke
Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke;
Mine is the right to speak my will,
And thine the duty to fulfil.
Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes:
Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men devise;
With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words to jest;
Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
Honour, and due obedience, to thy parents give;
Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
Preserve thy body chaste, and flee the unlawful bed;
Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread:
Forbear to blast his name with falsehood, or deceit;
Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccl. xii.

1 CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard.
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

3 Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days, [more,
When youth and mirth are known no
And life and strength decays.

4 No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

5 Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs and groans, and raging pain
And death that never spares.

6 What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your with'ring eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the superior skies?

7 How will you meet God's frowning brow
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

8 Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

9 The silver bonds of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

10 Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams & borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon;

4 Arise, and to that sov'reign pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has it curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes, [gone;
When business, cares, and day are

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd thro'all the heav'nly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

8 Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel, ev'ry saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

9 O God of glory, God of love, [days:
Thou art the Sun that makes our
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth & dust attempt thy praise.

The Welcome Messenger.

1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death:

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place:
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Part II.

5 Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

6 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

7 There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along
The banners of thine host.

8 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

Part III.

9 Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest isles, confess your God.

10 How did his wond'rous skill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between!

11 Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

12 The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
And herds of larger size,
That bellow thro' the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

Part IV.

13 We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood:
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

14 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep
Or sink them to the sand.

15 Amidst thy watry kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush thro' the northern sea.

Part V.

16 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

17 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

18 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

God's Absolute Dominion.

1 LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves:
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

2 Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow;
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.

Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.

3 Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:
Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he.
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name:
They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue; Fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair;
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sov'reign King in different ways,
Father, how bright thy glories shine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance are thine.

4 Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity!
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead:
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

Condescending Grace.

In Imitation of the cxivth Psalm.

1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
Withscorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings;

2 Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan, or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'em from afar:

3 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

4 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

5 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will;
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

6 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free; [ways!
Great God, how searchless are thy
How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

1 SOME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

2 Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

3 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace:
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5 The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

7 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

Confession and Pardon.

1 ALAS, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

2 Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

3 My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

4 This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

5 How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries!

6 He offers all his grace,
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

7 Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

8 But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood?

9 The heav'nly Dove came down,
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

10 Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

11 Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

12 Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

13 O shal never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move

14 Now for one pow'rful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

15 O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;

And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

16 "Rise, says the Prince of mercy, rise,
With joy and pity in his eyes:
Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

17 See my great Father reconcil'd:"
He said, and lo, the Father smil'd;
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, praise ye the Lord, Ps. cxlviii. 12.

1 SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy sinews strung;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend; [own,
Nor swell as if your lives were all your
But choose your Maker for your friend
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

2 Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence:
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those withering charms
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your smiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours;
O make it your perpetual care
To please that everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours,

3 Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of diff'rent size;
But from the same spring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears, [lowing years:
(A tedious train!) and date your fol-
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With sounds of tenderest accent raise
Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
To know the pow'r supreme.

4 Ye heads of venerable age
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the sov'reign pow'r
That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

Flying Fowl, and creeping Things, praise ye the Lord. Ps. cxlviii. 10.

1 SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky:
Whose charming notes address the spring
With an artless harmony.
Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light; [pay,
To nature's God your first devotions
Ere you salute the rising day,
'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

2 Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make:
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmless play, twist and unfold
The volumes of your s caly gold: [attire
That rich embroid'ry of your gay
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

3 Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various die;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th'etherealcrown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

The Comparison and Complaint.

1 INFINITE pow'r, eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his anointed ways
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will;
And ev'ry beast and ev'ery tree,
Thy great designs fulfil:

5 While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, inslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

7 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,

Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand:
Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

9 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

10 Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

1 WHAT is our God, or what his name?
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall?
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature learns, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
"Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
Say, what expedient can you give,
That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

3 Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?
Which of you loves our wretched race,
Or dares to venture in our place?"

4 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heav'nly ground
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

5 But, O unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies;
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

6 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore
Then rose: The law could ask no more.

7 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

3 See, how they bend! See, how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and Calv'ry makes them plain.

2 Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face:
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
"The wisdom of a Deity:"

10 Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

11 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd;
And say, dear Conqu'ror, say, how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

12 Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well distinguish'd ray;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

13 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Looking Upward.

1 THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

2 My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

3 Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

4 Vain world, farewell to you;
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

5 I feel my powers releast
From their old fleshy clod;
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste
And set me near my God.

Christ Dying, Rising and Reigning.

1 HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's his sting? [grave?"
And where's thy victory, boasting

The God of Thunder.

1 O The immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet
And sways the nations with his nod!

2 He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

3 Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

4 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
And send our loud Hosannas through.

5 Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way.

The Day of Judgment.

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphic.

1 WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder, [earthly)
(If things eternal may be like these
Such the dire terror when the great arch-angel
Shakes the creation.

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n, [princes;
Breaks up old marble, the repose of
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em!

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches! [guish,
Lively bright horror, and amazing an-
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas,) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

9 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant, [glory,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

The Song of Angels above.

1 EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

2 Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

3 There the dear Man my Saviour sits;
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

5 Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of both our joys
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

6 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

7 How on the Father's breast he lay,
The Darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heav'ns began to roll.

8 And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9 O sacred beauties of the man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

10 Then how he look'd, and how he smil'd!
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jesus did.

11 At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

12 He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

13 Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Thro' all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

14 In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

15 Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

16 Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord, [chains,
Break up the tomb, and burst his
And shew their rising Lord.

17 Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

18 In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

19 Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

20 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

21 There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

22 I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

Fire, Air, Earth and Sea, praise ye the Lord.

1 EARTH, thou great footstool of our God [source
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around:
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

2 Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base: [air,
Ye heav'nly flames that singe the
Artillery of a jealous God, [bear
Bright arrows that his sounding quivers
To scatter death abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sov'reign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

3 Thou vital element, the Air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble man from the cold arms of death:
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply;
Sweet Waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the sky, [name
Confess the pow'r whose all-sufficient
Nor heeds your aid to build, or to support our frame.

4 Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea;
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailor's hopes away.

Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand;
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

5 From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old nothing knew his pow'rful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all;
And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

The Farewell.

1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf my ears.

2 Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

4 Be gone for ever, mortal things?
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, fare-well!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5 Come heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

God only known to himself.

1 STAND and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

2 Thus sacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

3 Seraphs the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

4 You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought by you?

5 How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

6 Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

1 MY crimes awake; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare
And hell pursues behind.

2 Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky
Impatient to be gone.

3 Where shall I hide this noxious head?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

4 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

5 Those guardian drops my soul secure
And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

6 I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.

7 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

1 THE Lord! how fearful is his name
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all
And pities mortal worms.

5 His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace
And takes his title, Love.

6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his favourites still.

7 No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

The Law and Gospel.

1 "CURST be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief and infinite."

2 Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

3 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God.

4 Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive:"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a restless World.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &c.
Casimire Book III. Od. 28.

1 ETERNAL mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares,
Afford a smile to thee?

2 Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the oar:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

3 Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

4 Earth's but an atom: Greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

Happy Frailty.

1 "HOW meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' inclose a heav'nly star?

2 Weak cottage where our souls reside!
This flesh a tott'ring wall;
With frightful breaches gaping wide
The building bends to fall.

3 All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter's storms beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

4 "Alas! how frail our state!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

5 My soul felt all the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heav'n her home
And she a pris'ner here.

6 Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

7 "How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
Flesh but a tott'ring wall;
The breaches cheerfully foretel,
The house must shortly fall.

8 No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Tho' all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain,
That makes the cottage shake.

9 Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly.

10 I have a mansion built above
By the eternal hand;
And should the earth's old basis move,
My heav'nly house must stand.

11 Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
(I long to see the God)
And his immortal strength sustains,
The courts that cost him blood."

12 Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
"I come, my Lord, my love:"
Devotion breaks the prison walls,
And speeds my last remove.

Launching into Eternity.

1 IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on a pine plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:

He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales
Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: She smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise;
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
How vast eternity fills all her sight!
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just.
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tediious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

5 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

6 I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise,"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

7 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8 O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem
Jesum Christum.

ODA.

1 TE, grande numen, corpis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, Citharæ, calami sonabunt.

2 Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores averni,
Victum erebum, domitamque mortem.

3 Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in sinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;

4 Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes:

5 Vidit minâces vindicit angeli
Ignes & ensem, telaque sanguine
Tingendo nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

6 Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

7 "Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
Hosti triumphos: quid patris & labor
Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
Funditus? O prius astra cæcis.

8 Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

9 Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
Æquale testor, dixit:" & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens olympo.

10 Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

11 Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

12 Non pœna lenis! quò ruens impotens!
Quò musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

13 Se pone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonorius
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

14 Sensêre numen regno feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirum fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum

15 Latè refugit. Nil agis impie,
Mergat vel imiste Phlegethon vadis,
Hoc findet undas fulmen, inquit,"
Et patrios jaculatus ignes

16 Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo coruscо
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

17 Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

18 Hetc strata passim vincula, et hetc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

19 En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

20 Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans olympi!

21 Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumpho.

Sui-ipsius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ:
Quid cupis indignum, mens, habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux; & tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphin officiosa cohors.
Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,
"Huc ades & nostro tempora conde sinû."
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cœlum versus.

1694.

HEU quod sæcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen & exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
Magni patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt: Christus abest, delicie'tuæ,
Longè Christus abest, inter & angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.
* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina; Te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aera
Pennas nunc homini datas.

Breathingtoward the Heavenly Country.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray;
Upward my heart aspires:
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their am'rous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round?
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A pris'ner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head;
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

Casimiri Epigramma 100.

In Sanctum Ardalionem qui ex Mine Christianus factus Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit:
Audit omnipotens; "Non est opus, inquit, hiulco
"Fulmine; tam facilem, Gratia, vince virum."

* Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

Deserit illa polos, & deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput.
"Sic, sic, inquit, abit nostræ comœdia vitæ;
Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri.

Englished.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a Stage-player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom:

1 ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

2 Heaven heard, and straight around the smoking throne,
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be [gone.

3 Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you;
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

4 Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell [speaks;

5 "So goes the comedy of life away;
Vain earth, adieu: heaven will applaud to-day;
Strike courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's order, the Protestants laid the stones up in their burying-place, wherein a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englished thus.

A HUG'NOT church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
Toolong it stood beneath heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down,
Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb,
Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head:
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

The Answer by a French Protestant.

Englished thus:

A CHRISTIAN church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;
The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

Two Happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

1 WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric song:
Here she glows like burning noon
In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star beams on the midnight seas:
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong,
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number, nor degree?
Such is the muse! Lo, she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony, a sov'reign queen she reigns.

2 If she roves
By streams or groves
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's, or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple plain;
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

3 But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heav'n invites her from afar,
She takes the hint she knows the sign,
The music ascends her heav'nly car,
And climbs the steepy path and means the throne divine.
Then she leaves my flutt'ring mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,

Lengths of distance far behind :
Virtue lags with heavy wheel:
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise,——Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

4 O why is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong!
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heav'nly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray,
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

5 I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?
Behold religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright, within my spacious view,
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere!
What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving muse has been
That greater traveller!

6 A long farewell to all below,
Farewel to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scatt'ring down the wind.
Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong:
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the cross organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raise an equal song.

The following Poems of this Book, are peculiarly dedicated to divine love.*

The Hazard of loving the Creature.

1 WHERE'ER my flattering passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dang'rous to let loose our love
Beneath th' eternal fair.

2 Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

3 Nature has soft but pow'rful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

4 Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee.

5 Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

6 Dear Sov'reign, break these fetters off,
And let our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Desiring to love Christ.

1 COME, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice;
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to die,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,

* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these poems were written, to treat of divine subjects in the style of Solomon's song than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer, in his younger years.

Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
"By these dear wounds," says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

The heart given away.

1 IF there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jesus, all for thee.

2 If love, that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

3 Let the gay world, with treach'rous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

4 I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast:
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

5 Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

6 So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

7 He glides along in mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the skies above.

Meditation in a Grove.

1 SWEET muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
And every care but love.

2 But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis shall infect the air,
With her unhallowed name.

3 Jesus has all my powers possest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

4 Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

5 His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on ev'ry bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

6 I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

7 The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the groves,
That heav'n itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

The Fairest and the Only Beloved.

1 HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-star.

2 Whatever speaks the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprise
And guard around the place.

3 All nature's art shall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's pow'r
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made;
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heav'n has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

4 In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatt'ries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets ev'ry dream
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Thro' all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

5 Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant, thou everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Tho' life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

6 Thou art my Ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and spread their pow'rs abroad;
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n, if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

Mutual Love stronger than Death.

1 NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell;
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

2 Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

3 But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And thro' that heav'n of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death:
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore and die.

The substance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode: but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A Sight of Christ.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship; while his saints on earth,
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise;
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, "This is the Christ of God;"
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Tho' with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, "Where Jesus is not, all is vain."
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there———
This sight I ne'er can lose; by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd,
Is life and breath to me, his flesh my food:
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast, my vigorous mind,
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three debate
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests

Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can discover; Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great beginning; he my head,
My God, my glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints [Son
Surround their King, and God's eternal
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wondrous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death and the tempter, and the man of sin [cast,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever circling years maintain the blissful state.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne.

1 NOW let my faith grow strong and rise
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

2 See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

4 Or if I climb the eternal hills [thron'd
Where th' dear Conqu'ror sits en-
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish ev'ry foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's—Supper.

In Imitation of Is. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely God—
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.

4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord, why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

Converse with Christ.

1 I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries made to fellow-worms:
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Thro' ev'ry vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

3 There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

4 Next he describes the thorns he wore
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart

There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessing in't, my sweetest balm it bears.

5 I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath;
Transported and inspir'd my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song:
"How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's thy vict'ry, death?"

6 But when he shews his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense desire.

7 Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head sustains.

8 Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

Grace shining and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

1 TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine:
Shepherd lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

2 Say, thou dear Sov'reign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest:
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray!
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

3 Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

4 His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart,
That with a frown he kills;
His absence is perpetual smart:
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles:
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

5 My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the extasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward pow'rs sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

6 O why should beauty heav'nly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh why is love so strong, and nature's self so weak?

7 Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine,
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

8 Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still,
Against my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, tho' I faint:
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more;
Then shall I gaze with strengthened sight
On glories infinitely bright;
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

Love to Christ present or absent.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

2 Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

3 While I am held in his embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

4 He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run thro' my ears, and reach my heart;

My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.

5 If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

6 While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain
And tears have their own sweetness too'

7 When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

8 Jesus my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

The Absence of Christ.

1 COME lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

2 'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has inslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

3 Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting fair,
Heav'n's ornament, and heav'n's de-
Is my eternal care. [light,

4 But ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell!
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain, I feel.

5 Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

6 I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats his name.

7 My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

Desiring his Descent to Earth.

1 JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

2 O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes,
To meet the pleasures of his face.

3 How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

4 In vain the tempter's flatt
The world in vain should l
In vain; for I should gaz
Till I were all transform'

5 Then, mighty God, I'd si
"What empty names ar
kings!
Amongst 'em give these
These little despicable th

6 I would not ask to climb
Nor envy angels their ab
I have a heav'n as bright
In the blest vision of my

Ascending to him in

1 'TIS pure delight, withou
Jesus, to hear thy nam
My spirit leaps with inw
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleas
While love inspires my
Love, the divinest of th
The sov'reign of the re

3 This is the grace must liv
When faith and fear al
Must sound from ev'ry j
Thro' the sweet groves

4 Let life immortal seize r
Let love refine my bloo
Her flames can bear my
Can bring me near my

5 Swift I ascend the heav'n
And hasten to my hon
I leap to meet thy kind e
I come, O Lord, I con

6 Sink down, ye separatin
Let guilt and death rer
'Tis love that drives my c
And death must yield

The Presence of God wort
Or, The Death of

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite d
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in t
And feel thy vital ray

2 This Gabriel knows; and s
With rapture on his to
Moses the saint enjoys t
And heav'n repeats the

3 While the bright nation
From each eternal hill
Sweet odours of exhaling
The happy region fill.

4 Thy love, a sea without
Spreads life and joy al
O 'tis a heav'n worth dy
To see a smiling God!

5 Shew me thy face, and I'
From all inferior thing
Speak, Lord, and here I
And stretch my airy w

6 Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondrous prophet try'd; [die,
"Climb up the mount," says God, and
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

8 In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave:
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

Long for his Return.

1 O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
"Farewel, my spouse," he said;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my love has stay'd!)

2 Farewel: at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky:
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

3 Round the creation wide I rove,
And search the globe in vain; [love
There's nothing here that's worth my
Till thou return again.

4 My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God:

5 With inward pain my heart-strings
My soul dissolves away; [sound,
Dear Sov'reign, whirl the seasons round
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in Darkness.

1 YET, Gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face;
What tho' a short eclipse his beauties
shrowd
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud:
He is my Sun tho' he refuse to shine;
Tho' for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and
sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

2 Dear Sov'reign, hear thy servant pray;
Bend the blue heav'ns, eternal King,
Downward thy chearful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my
hours away?
Break, glorious brightness, thro' the
gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But thou, my sun, and thou, my shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious brightness, shoot one
glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

3 Happy the times, but ah! the times
are gone [grace
When wondrous pow'r and radiant
Round the tall arches of the temple
[shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on ev'ry face:
Our spirits, raptur'd with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy' a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er my head
The conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

4 Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jesus.

1 WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

2 Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

3 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;

Come, thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the Desire of nations, come.

5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears;
Thou absent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

6 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry limb, and ev'ry joint,
Stretches for immortality.

7 Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

8 Now let our chearful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

9 O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.

10 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

11 Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of crumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

12 Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the wait'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own Inconstancy.

1 I LOVE the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2 If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

4 But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord & me.

5 Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

6 Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase:
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

7 False confidant! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of ev'ry guest:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eye

8 This foolish heart can leave her God
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

9 Look gently down, almighty grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

10 Say, when shall thy bright moment b
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no mor

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

1 HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

2 Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast;
Till broken vows, and earthly charm
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly gues

3 And now he's gone, O mighty woe!
Gone from my soul, and hides his lov
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him s
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

4 Break, break, my heart; complain n tongue;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows brin
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

5 But ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my God, for the

6 Yet let my hope look thro' my tear
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot thro' the cleaving sphere
Shall bring the bright Beloved down

7 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him hig
Then the fair Conqueror turns l wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

8 There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove:
Farewell to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

The Conclusion.

God Exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL pow'r! whose high abo
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little roun

2 The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall arch-angel tries [ey
To reach thine height with wond'ri

3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

4 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The great, the holy, and the high!"

5 Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name,
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

6 God is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Tibi silet laus, O Deus, Ps. lxv. 1.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

Sacred to Virtue, Honour, and Friendship.

To her Majesty.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found,
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead.
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eagles hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Naslovian hands
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilst in various forms
Fair piety shines thro' the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy commands.
And crowds wait round her to receive hands,
There at a humble distance from the throne†
Beauteous she lies; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the share
Shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to arise,
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign, endless vows
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: Here a solemn form*
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes: There the mind†
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: Yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.
Princess, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The veng'ance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy§;
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears
And speeds his flight; not overtakes his fears
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
Mad zeal and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.
Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,

* The established church of England.
† The protestant dissenters.

* The established church of England.
† The protestant dissenters.
§ The pretender.

Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung; for by thy awful hands [o'er the lands,
Heav'n rules the waves, and thunders
Creates inferior kings *, and gives 'em their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But oh! the parting stroke! some heavenly pow'r
Chear thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged bear, [air,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late Queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present Emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the protestant dissenters.—Thus she appeared the chief support of the reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1, 1721.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book,)
And the deep characters mistook.
George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.

* She made Charles, the emperor's second son, king of Spain, who is now emperor of Germany.

'Twas George diffus'd a vit
And gave the dying nations
His influence soothes the Ru
Calms rising wars, and heal
Join'd with the sun his beam
To scatter blessings round
Fulfil whate'er the muse h
And crown the work that An

August 1, 1721.

To JOHN LOCKE, E

Retired from Busine

1 ANGELS are made of heav'
And light & love our soul
Their bliss within their boso
Within their bosom flows
But narrow minds still mak
To search the coasts of flesh
And fetch diviner pleasures
Men are a-kin unto etherea
But they belie their nobler
Debase their honour down t
And claim a share w

2 He that has treasures of hi
May leave the cottage or t
May quit the globe, and dw
Within his spacious r
Locke hath a soul wide as t
Calm as the night, bright a
There may his vast ideas pl
Nor feel a thought c

To JOHN SHUTE, E

(Now LORD BARRING

On Mr. Locke's dangerous some time after he had retir the Scriptures.

Ju

1 AND must the man of wond
(Now his rich thoughts are j
Forsake our longing
Reason at length submits t
The wings of faith; and lo
Her chariot high, and nobl
Her Prophet to the s

2 Go, friend, and wait the prop
Watch if his mantle chanc
And seize it for thy o
Shute is the darling of his y
Young Shute his better like
All but his wrinkles and his
Are copy'd in his So

3 Thus when our follies, or o
Call for the pity of thy tho
Thy pen shall make
The sallies of whose youth
Could pierce the British fog
Place our true * interest in
And open half our ey

* The interest of England,
I. S. Esq.

To Mr. WILLIAM NOKES.

Friendship.

1702.

1 FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

2 Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

3 But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

4 Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When ev'ry joy is gone?

5 Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

To NATHANIEL GOULD, Esq.

Now SIR NATHANIEL GOULD.

1 'TIS not by splendour, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds inslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have ingrost
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

2 When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun:
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout, and pronounce him senator,*
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

3 But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up thro' the skies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
And beck'ning angels stand.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Sussex.

To Dr. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

1 SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital bellows heave:
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurst
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

2 Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame: [name,
And plants, and roots, of barbarous
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

3 But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms,
A despicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on heav'n alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

4 Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vig'rous immortality:
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not a-kin to minds.

5 We claim acquaintance with the skies:
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

False Greatness.

1 MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

2 He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.

2 He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

3 Thus mingled still with wealth and state
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

To SARISSA.

An Epistle.

BEAR up, Sarissa, thro' the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
The rain of eyes, will make the briers grow:
We travel thro' a desart, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb, ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfil'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone,
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors safe
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point
That ends his mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light, with flat-t'ring ray
Breaks thro' the close of life, or wan-d'ring fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet
Beware the dancing meteor; faith be-guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleasure take an angel for
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees
Treacherous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The just delight
That heav'n indulges lawful, must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart: Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hill
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent

* golden chain let down
heav'n,
our feet and wings ; I feel
rce [gate
s; fasten'd to the pearly
ray unerring: Happy clue
rk wild! 'Twas wisdom's
st work,
pow'r divine, and every
: love.

. T. BRADBURY.

Paradise.

1708.

as I am I quit the stage,
I I know th' applauses of
ge;
rowing fame. I leave below
half worn out with cares,
ies, or years;
y country all in tears,
lemands me upward, and I
o go,
ve, friends, divide and share
nuant of my days,
: patience, and can bear
ue of life, and drudge thro'
e race.

fair guardian chides my
ves his golden rod: [stay,
I come; lead on the way:
w by swift degrees
: thro' azure seas,
ad 'the milky road:
re planets, in your spheres;
stars are lost, a brighter
ppears.
: for paradise
pinions of a bolder thought.
I I will'd, but I was past
ackless light and all th'
al waste,
e sacred borders brought;
e wings a guard of cherubs

es a keen flame as he flies,
fends the walls from sieges
urprise.

sing rev'rence I behold
y portals wide unfold:
oul, and view th' amazing
s;
on the flying muse,
thy roving wonder loose
ll the empyreal plains.
s eternal here: here may
ight
rays of primogenial light;
eathe immortal air:
beat high in ev'ry vein,
thro' all thy bosom reign;
forbid the stranger, pain,
nish ev'ry care.

he bubbling springs of love
h the throne arise:

The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While extasy and health attend on every taste. [stood;
With the fair prospect charm'd I
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
Nor can excess be there.

5 In sacred order rang'd along,
Saints new-releas'd by death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight;
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear!
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll: [there;
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury
"Could he but hear these notes, I said,
His tuneful soul would never bear
The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
But burst the vital chords to reach the happy dead.

6 And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine: [sought,
Again my soul th' unequal honour
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy thought.
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame, [the dream;
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd
I sunk at once and lost the skies:
In vain I sought the scenes of light
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em stood my curtains and the night.

Strict Religion very rare.

1 I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the opening day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

2 "Are these the things, my passion cried,
That we call men? Are these allied
To the fair worlds of light? [name,
They have ras'd out their Maker's
Grav'n on their minds with pointed
In strokes divinely bright. [flame

3 Wretches! they hate their native skies;
If an ethereal thought arise,
Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choak the young fires with sensual fumes,
With business, lust, or wine.

4 Lo! how they throng with panting
The broad descending road [breath
That leads unerring down to death,
Nor miss the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to draw upward, and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

5 I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star;
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each others's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below. [eyes,
On heav'n their home, they fix their
The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

6 Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark, said he, that happy pair,
Marriage helps devotion there:
When kindred minds their God pursue
They break with double vigour thro'
The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores and sings,
"Blest be the pow'r that springs their flight, [light,
That streaks their path with heav'nly
That turns their love to sacrifice,
And joins their zeal for wings."

To Mr. C. and S. FLEETWOOD.

1 FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Tried by a standard bold and just
Honour and gold and paint and dust;
How vile the last is and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

2 The soul! 'tis of th' immo
Nor form'd of fire, or eart
Out-lives the mouldering
leaves the globe behin
In limbs of clay tho' she a
Array'd in rosy skin, and
ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul'
There's nothing in her f
unto the dress she wea
From all the laws of mat
From all we feel, and all
She stands eternally distinc
for ever be.

3 Rise then, my thoughts,
Soar beyond all that's mad
Lo! on an awful thro
Sits the Creator and the Jud
Whirling the planets roun
Winds off our threads of
brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and sc
day,
When this immortal n
Stript of the body's coa
To endless pain, or endl
Must be at once consi

4 Think of the sands run do
We possess none of all th
None but the present is ou
Grace is not plac'd withi
'Tis but one short, one sl
Bright and declining as a
See the white minutes
haste;
The now that flies may b
Seize the salvation ere 't
Nor mourn the blessir
A thought's delay is ruin
A closing eye, a gasping
Shuts up the golden scene
And drowns you in de

To WILLIAM BLACKBU

Casimir. Lib. II. Od. 2.

Quæ tegit canas modo Brum

1 MARK how it snows! h
valley fills!
And the sweet groves the
ment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beam
from the hills
Shall melt the veil away
young green appear.

2 But when old age has on y
shed
Her silver-frost, there's n
sun;
Swift flies our autumn, swi
mer's fled,
When youth, and love, a
and golden joys are g

3 Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

4 The chase of pleasure is not worth the pains;
While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

5 'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have, [frame;
And one old age dissolves our feeble
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

6 The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackburn, we should leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns [soul
Crouch'd to the victor; but a steady
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne, [mind
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal
Makes heav'n its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statues, and with joy obeys:

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch; not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns [head,
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the
Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes [soar,
This be my kingdom: sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour; climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside,
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a daydrop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill. and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand [forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit amongst the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make [gale
Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears 'em well,

He, tho' th' Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high [amain
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush
Mingled with flames, upon his single head; [he stands,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm
Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd; [death.
And drops his lower nature, born for
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation; (Souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds;) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish; whilst the spirit [guest
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.

Thither when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword, that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine [arrive
With steady prow; know, we shall once
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on the immortal coast, [be lost.
Since all I have is mortal, and it must

To the much honoured Mr. THOMAS ROWE, the Director of my youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

1 CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound,
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round; [ground:
Loose hands, and quit th' inchanted
Knowledge invites us each alone.

2 I hate these shackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Sampson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow, [ru
And choose the channels where they

3 Thoughts should be free as fire or wind
The pinions of a single mind
Will thro' all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls;
A genius which no chain controls
Rows with delight, or deep, or high
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

To the Rev. Mr. BENONI ROWE.

The Way of the Multitude.

1 ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase; and wand'ring wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind, [same:
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

2 Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd.
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where not the grave and giddy feet,
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

3 Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,

Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

4 Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood,
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let* Ithuriel's friendly wing [lime
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sub-
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

To the Rev. Mr. JOHN HOWE. 1704.

1 GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow gray in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

2 A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus like the ass of savage kind,
We sauff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls, [fires
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heav'nly birth, [drossy earth,
Melt their bright substance down with
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng: [blest,
"Knowledge and love make spirits
Knowledge their food, and love their rest;"
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

The Disappointment and Relief.

1 VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better pow'rs:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If, where no sov'reign cure appears,
No opiates could be found.

2 Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood:
Then fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to teize the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark, or glimmering streak at most
Shines here and there, amidst the night. [faint delight.
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a

3 Recover'd from the sad surprise,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast;
When the low'ring frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sov'reign beauty bow;
Cheerful she smiles upon the grizly form; [skies,
So shines the setting sun on adverse
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th 'uneasy hours:
Well-colouring ev'ry cross she meets,
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flow'rs.

The Hero's School of Morality.

1 THERON, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward, as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet, ere he past, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

"Enough he cry'd: I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull Stoics o'er:
Let pedants waste their hours of ease
To sweat all night at Socrates;
And feed their boys with notes and rules,
Those tedious recipes of schools,
To cure ambition: I can learn
With greater ease the great concern
Of mortals; how we may despise
All the gay things below the skies.

Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
Says all that the old sages said;
For me these shatter'd tombs contain
More morals than the Vatican.
The dust of heroes cast abroad,
And kick'd and trampled in the road,
The relics of a lofty mind,
Thatlately wars and crownsdesign'd,
Tost for a jest from wind to wind;
Bid me be humble, and forbear
Tall monuments of fame to rear,
They are but castles in the air.
The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
Tell me a thousand mournful things
In melancholy silence———
———————He
That living could not bear to see
An equal, now lies torn and dead;
Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
Great Pompey! while I meditate,
With solemn horror thy sad fate,
Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore
Without a name, instructs me more
Than my whole library before.

Lies still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
And you, good Seneca, may keep
Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
I have no further use for you:
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes:
There the vile foot of every clown
Tramples the sons of honour down.
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

Freedom. 1697.

1 TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
With the gay slaveries of a court:
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hugdear libertyin both mine arms.
Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state;
Move as he moves, and when he loiters stand;
You're but the shadows of a man:
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinenc
Adore the follies of the g
Wait till he smiles: But
frown'd
And drove them to their

2 Thus base-born minds: bu
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain
stately tree,
My soul grows firm upri
And as I stand, and as I g
It keeps my body so:
No, I can never part wit
tion right.
Let slaves and asses stoop
I cannot make this iron
Bend to a meaner pow'r
which form'd it free.

3 Thus my bold harp profuse
Pindarical; then on a bra
I hung my harp aloft, mys
it laid:
Nature, that listen'd to m
Resum'd the theme, and act
Sudden rose a whirling wi
Swelling like Honorio prou
Around the straws and feat
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy force
The dust flies up and climb
And as the tempest fell t
vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowi
The meaner plants that gr
The willow, and the asp, tre
kiss'd the ground:
Hard by there stood the ir
Of an old oak, and all the
fy'd;
In vain the winds their for
In vain they roar'd; the i
Bow'd only to the heav'nly
stroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotation
veral Parts of the New.
left behind him at his Deat

1 THUS reason learns by slo
What faith reveals; but
plains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too
light.
The blaze of those bright
Pour'd all at once on natu
Offend and cloud her feeb

2 Reason could scarce susta
Th' Almighty One, th' eter
Or bear the infant deity;
Scarce could her pride desc
Her Maker stooping from
And drest in glories so unk
A ransom'd world, a bleed
And heav'n appeas'd wit
blood,
Were themes too painful to
stood.

3 Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit, [sovereign feet.
And lay her shining honours at thy

4 Sister of faith, fair charity,
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eyes,
His noblest pow'rs in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.
"Forgive, he cries, ye saints below,
The wav'ring and the cold assent
I gave to themes divine true;
Can you admit the blessed to repent?
Eternal darkness veil the lines
Of that unhappy book,
Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines;
Where the mere mortal pen mistook
What the celestial meant!"*

True Riches.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possest myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.

* See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5. which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the deity and satisfaction of Christ. Therefore in the fourth stanza I invoke charity, that by her help I may find him out in heaven, since his Notes on 2 Cor. v. ult. and some other places, give me reason to believe he was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the gospel, and debased christianity, in the book which he calls The Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree
All the seasons you may see;
Nations in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own.
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watry stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days or more.

Yet the silly wandring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

1 URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor *Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor §Purcell notes to sing.

2 She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulphing sand,
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies.

* A French critic.
§ An English master of music.

She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

3 Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundless deep.
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of scull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

4 Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind.
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics' iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

5 There Milton dwells: The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls along.
Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of Chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Thro' fields of heav'nly war, and seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led:
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sound to climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd strains.

6 Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heav'n sits silent, while to his sov'reign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From ev'ry note devotion springs,
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the list'ning choir.

To Mr. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

1 'TWAS in a vale where Osiers grow,
By murm'ring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

2 The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright:
Still sick'ning, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

3 In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels:
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

4 Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned souls behind:
In the young morning of our years
Distempering fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choak the lab'ring mind.

5 Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-bright'ning all the skies;
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

6 In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly:
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

7 Some friendly Spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurst with love,
Assist our feebler fires;
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

8 But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the pris'ner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702

1 NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

nd pains are quite forgot,
en itself is gone;
your woes I feel them not,
hem all in one.

ief puts sense to flight,
the soul invades:
d gloom of spreading night
the evening shades.

born to be unblest!
pathy of woe
own tyrants from my breast
a foreign foe.

long succession reign;
a rod I feel:
has only chang'd the chain,
the pris'ner still.

his life for misery made?
hrawn out so long?
room amongst the dead?
retch too young?

r on, great nature's wheel,
ye rolling pow'rs,
ays headlong down the hill
listinguish'd hours.

all my rising suns,
e upon a slave;
and death, make haste at

ne in the grave.

: or, The Comforts of a Friend.

ore tun'd her mournful
,
s lift up her head,
he sorrow and the song,
ling, thus she said:

dred spirits born for cares?
'ry grief be mine?
ympathy in tears,
refuse to join.

heav'n, and raise my love,
te our joys the same:
d friendship join'd above
mmortal flame.

a lost in vast delight
ghtens all the soul:
of dawning light
im the dusky pole.

n long succession reign,
my pow'rs employ:
but shifts the pleasing

h repeats the joy.

soft and silver thread,
drawn too long;
my vaster hopes persuade,
ng to be gone.

please roll down the hill,
e away my years;
ait my Father's will,
ll beneath the spheres.

K.

6 Rise glorious, ever future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays."

To the Right Honourable JOHN LORD CUST*.

The hardy Soldier.

1 "O Why is man so thoughtless grown?
Why guilty souls in haste to die?
Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

2 Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
Why will ye join such wide extremes,
And stake immortal souls in play
At desp'rate chances, and bloody games?

3 Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears;
Calmly she meets the deadly shot,
Secure of life above the stars.

4 But frenzy dares eternal fate,
And spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
And force a passage to the flames."

5 Thus hov'ring o'er Namuris's plains,
Sung heav'nly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

6 Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
"Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

1708.

1 I Judge the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heav'nly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging sin.

2 Die Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

* At the siege of Namur.

3 * Strephon, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred rage.
Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
Hell be the fate, (But O indulgent heaven! [forgiv'n!)
So vile the muse, and yet the man
Burn on my songs: For not the silver Thames
Nor Tiber with his yellow streams
In endless currents rolling to the main,
Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain."
So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown,
"Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

To Mrs. B. BENDISH.

Against Tears.

1 MADAM, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

2 Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sov'reign drop for all my pain.

3 Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

4 But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

5 Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our mis'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

6 Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

7 If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe:
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

August, 1701.

1 SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs [hands,
Whose yielding hearts and joining
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

2 Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

3 Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

4 Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

5 Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands: [coals
Logs of green wood that quench the
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With easiers for their bands.

6 Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

7 Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

8 Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

9 Two kindred souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

December, 1702.

An Epistle.

1 LET useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country-seat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

2 Nor Kent*, nor Sussex*, should have charm,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms,

* Earl of Rochester.

* His country-seat and dwelling.

3 Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a * base-born lord:
Awake your cares! awake your sword!

4 Factions amongst the † Britons rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

5 A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, "'Tis of diviner weight,
To save the steeple, than the state."

6 The ‡ bold machine is form'd & join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

7 Your grandsire's shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

8 If § Trevia fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least ‖ petition for the land.

The celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battle.

Translated from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons [joy
Fill'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal
Still he resum'd the toil; and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war [bones.
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor-Pole [still his eye
Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say, [Turks
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles [dead
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills, [habergeon,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs. [a boy,
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when
I was their captive, and remind their dress:) [along
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august port, and regular array,
Led on to conquest: Here the Turkish chief [rang'd
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order
His long battalions, while his pop'lous towns [in arms,
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest,
Stood wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd awhile
By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And scimitar and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field [sulph'rous fire.
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms: [fled,
Then javelins answer'd javelins as they
For both fled hissing death: With adverse edge [ous noise
The crooked faulchions met; and hide-
From clashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war. [storms
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron
Roar diverse: And in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold North when pour'd in rattling hail
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,

* The Pretender, proclaimed king in France.
† The Parliament.
‡ The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.
§ Mrs. Polhill of the family of the Lord Trevor.
‖ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies in order to support the king in his war with France.

parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious."

The Indian Philosopher.

September 3, 1701.

1 WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds [minds
Millions of hands, should leave their
At such a loose from love.

2 In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

3 O'er the broadlands, and 'cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

4 Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

5 "He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
That vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose:
But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames; [names
Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring
And jarring tempests rose.

6 The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair:
This be a match for this: he said,
Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here:

7 But parting from their warm abode
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
On Europe's barb'rous lands.

8 Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life:
But Oh the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

9 Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
"Sure then, I cry'd, might I but see
That gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
I may be happy too."

10 Some courteous angel, tell
What distant lands this unk
Or distant seas detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature
I'd fly, to meet, and mingl
And wear the joyful chai

The Happy Man.

1 SERENE as light, is Myron
And active as the sun, yet
the pole:
In manly beauty shines hi
Ev'ry muse, and ev'ry gr
Makes his heart and tongue
His heart profusely good,
divinely sweet.
Myron the wonder of our
Behold his manhood scarc
Behold his race of virtue
Behold the goal of glory
Nor fame denies the merit
holds the prize;
Her silver trumpets his r
claim:
The lands where learning
Which neither Rome nor A
Surly Japan and rich Per
In barbarous songs, pro
British hero's name.

"Airy bliss, the hero c
May feed the tympany of
But healthy souls were n
To live on emptiness and

2 Lo, at his honourable fee
Fame's bright attendent,
pears;
She comes to pay obedie
Providing joys for future
Blessings with lavish han
Gather'd from the Indis
Not Danae's lap could equ
boast,
When Jove came down

He look'd and turn'd his
With high disdain I hea
"Bliss is not made of glit

3 Now pomp and grande
head
With 'scutcheons, arms,
Gay magnificence and
Guards, and chariots, a
And slaves in endless ord
table wait:
They learn the dictates o
And now they fall, and n
Watch every motion of
Hang on his lips with mo
zeal,
With swift ambition sei
nish'd word,
And the command fulfi
Tir'd with the train th
brings,
He dropt a tear, and pit
Then flying from the no
seeks the diversion of a

4 Music descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud,
Changing she rose: The harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

5 He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
"In crowds of pleasure still I find
A painful solitude of mind,"
A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring snares,
Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
Ye unperforming promisers!
Be all my baser passions dead,
And base desires, by nature made
For animals and boys:
Man has a relish more refin'd,
Souls are for social bliss design'd,
Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

6 Myrrha appear'd: serene her soul
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In softer beauties shone her face;
Every muse, and every grace,
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good; her tongue divinely sweet;
Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before:
His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
"Enough! th' impatient hero cries,"
And seiz'd her to his breast,
"I seek no more below the skies,
I give my slaves the rest."

TO DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

An answer to an infamous Satire, called Advice to a Painter; *written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of glorious memory.* 1698.

SIR,

"WHEN you put this satire into my hands, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage, employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
I. W."

PART I.

AND must the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? Must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles, from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scatt'ring just vengeance thro' the red campaign.
Then dash the canvass with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror thro' the squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.

Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.

2 Yet they will urge, "This private life
Can never make you blest,
And twenty doors are still at strife
T' engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

3 When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me;
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

4 There's a day hast'ning, 'tis an awful day!
When the great Sov'reign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

5 I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flat'ring gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal
Fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronoun
little name!
Here I could live and die alc
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure
Gunston, I'd live and die w
For both our souls are on

6 Here we could sit and pass th
And pity kingdoms and their
And smile at all their shinin
Their toys of state, and images o
Virtue should dwell within o
Virtue alone could make it s
Nor is herself secure, but in a
treat.
While she withdraws from
Envy perhaps would cease t
Envy itself may innocently g
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to l
Her charms are lost in Envy
And Virtue stands the mark of
sal spite.

To JOHN HARTOPP, E

Now Sir JOHN HARTOPP,

The Disdain.

1 HARTOPP, I love the soul tha
Tread the temptations of hi
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heav'nly
Look thro' the stars, and smile
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this nobl
That the wild scenes of busy
The noise, th' amusements,
Are but the visions of the night
Gay phantoms of delusive ligl
Or a vexatious dream.

2 Flesh is the vilest and the lea
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the l
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave fo
Be shining dust the miser's foo
Let fancy feed on fame and n
Souls must pursue diviner joy
And seize th' immortal goo

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

An Epistle.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the ıg Poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state was designed for the completest happiness on earth: But you will discover, that the muse in the first poem only represents the shades k colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In ond, perhaps, she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the ts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with nity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, rsons of the most serious character may read without offence. What ritten several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, ou lie concealed behind a feigned name.

The Mourning-Piece.

LIFE's a long tragedy: This globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: The actors many:
The plot immense; A flight of dæmons sit
On every fatal cloud with fatal purpose?
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. So she glides
Single thro' all the storm, and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But, O my loved Marella,
My sister, once my friend, Dianthe cries,
How much art thou exposed! Thy growing soul
Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage:
Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces
Of your own flesh, those other little selves,
How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
And soften every fibre to improve
The mother's sad capacity of pain!
I mourn Fidelio too; Tho' heaven has chose
A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
The pride and flower: How blest the lovely pair,
Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
And woes well-mingled could improve our bliss!
Amidst the rugg'd cares of life behold
The father and the husband; flatt'ring names,
That spread his title, and enlarge his share
Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
To multiply his joys, but every hour
Renews the disappointment and the smart.

There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
(Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
Strange is thy pow'r, O love! what num'rous veins,
And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
Are link'd and fast'ned to a lover's heart,
By strong but secret strings! with vain attempt
We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
To break the ties of nature and of blood;
Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
Inviolably firm: their thrilling motions
Reciprocal give endless sympathy
In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
These avenues of love to reach our souls,
And pain had never found 'em!"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Milo, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: The region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell, me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Milo, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' every vein. Speak, does the stranger-muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs

To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart.
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession; while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men? So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The willow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood————

THE SECOND PART: Or,
The bright Vision.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe; The pensive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love: But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery; Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss: Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and blest
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)

For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse now dresses the fair garden
Amid this desart-world, with budding bliss,
And evergreens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties
Without one dang'rous tree; there heav'nly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay,
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unsullied, (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening-bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: Again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commissioned to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven! (So Milton sings, enlightened bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high-favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus, with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve his sole auditress; and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solved easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.

Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strew'd:
But high their conference! how self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories; arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendors unsufferable and radiant death.
With rev'rence and abasement deep they fall
Before his sovereign majesty, to pay
Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sov'reign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the son,
The filial godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The Lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talked, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolved, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
She sang the Infant God; (mysterious theme)
How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
The ox and ass his mean companions; there
In habit vile the shepherds flock around,
Saluting the great mother, and adore
Israel's annointed King, the appointed Heir
Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitio,
Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
Minist'ring round their charge with folded wings
Obsequious, tho' unseen; while lightsome hours
Fulfilled the day, and the grey evening rose.
Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head
Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
And with all their fanning pinions purge the air
From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes
A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers sung
Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades
And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
Smiles in the east with eye-lids opening fair,
But not so fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
For ever in these arms! For ever dwell
Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
And every pulse should beat seraphic love!
Around my seat should crowding cherubs come

With swift ambition, zealous to attend
Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the sky.

Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
Of female-fondness, and forgive the man
That interrupts such melting harmony !"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus, the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex;
(Vain blandishment!) "Come, turn thine eyes aside
From Bethl'em, and climb up the doleful steep
Of bloody Calvary, where naked sculls
Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
Hard-burden'd; Can thy heart attend his cross?
Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
(Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,
And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
Adoring angels pry with bending head
Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
This infinite design. Here peace is made
'Twixt God the Sov'reign, and the rebel man:
Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
In second ruin rages and despairs;
Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release,
And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive
Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
In heav'n; and seal'd on earth with God's own blood,
Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High-Treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. "Then, my Charissa, all is thine,
And thine, my Mitio, the fair saint replies.
Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
And past, and present; for our interest stands
Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.

'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment (while
We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
For us this chearful sun and chearful light
Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
Hangs, a rich canopy above our heads,
Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
Inwrought, when night alternates her return:
For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.
Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
Awaits us, where the saints unbodied live:
Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?"

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer evenings. The vile sons of earth
Grov'ling in dust, with all their noisy jars,
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway,
Mutual and everlasting, Friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely grow.

THE THIRD PART: Or,

The Account balanced.

1 SHOULD sov'reign love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring muse relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign love,
Vastly out-weigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures:
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

2 Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene!
Damon is half-divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
Then the sweet passions mix and share;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstacy,
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage:
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

3 But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
Blows from the sickly South, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
Relentless death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salutes his ears,
Thro' every vein the thrilling torments roll:
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and solitary waits the slow returning light.

4 Here then let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest
When I the laws of love obey:
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay:
The tribes beneath the Northern bear
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, just after Mr. Dryden. 1700.

An EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing
'he full-grown glories of a future king.
'ow Glos'ter dies: Thus lesser heroes live
y that immortal breath that poets give:
nd scarce survive the muse: But William stands, [hands.
'or asks his honours from the poet's
Villiam shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
lis laurels are not grafted on the bays.

An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

'ic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo, ut mecum possis, &c.

nscribed to Mr. JOSIAH HORT, 1694.

(Now Lord Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland.)

SO smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial, Rome would place Cirine, [to mine;
Rome would prefer your sense & thought
Yet modest you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire, [lyric quire.
And at his will could silence all the
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein, [strain.
And sing of Gods and heroes in a bolder

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so, [bestow;
And compliments will ev'ry friend
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, Wit.

EPISTOLA.

Fratri suo dilecto R. W.—I. W. *S. P. D.*

"RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortassè momentò, no meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad istolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, ricus enim spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, & concordes in ambobus efficit otus: O utinam crescat indies, & vigescat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor i nostra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ amicitiæ mmis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur Jesum strum, cœleste illud & adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est.

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
duit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
[eu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsores obivit
anis, & in sese Labulæ maledicta Minacis
anstulit, & sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
teger, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
t placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula patris
nplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
dereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
aminis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum, [sanguis."
lunt æthereus mortalia crimina
Dixit, & horrendum fremuère tonitrua cœli
Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta silet,) jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, & pœnanum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput, immeritum, diro hoc sub pondere pressus
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
† Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore medescunt
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes [‡ ensem:
Acriter, & somno languentem suscitat

* *Job iv. 6.*

† Luke xxii. 44. ‡ Zech. xiii. 7.

"Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue sacro
Flamine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, late
Ferrea per totum dispergite termina Christum,
Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.
Et tu sacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
Ebibe vindictam: vastâ satiabere cæde,
Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
Permistus Deitate cruor."———

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis [alis,
Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat
Atque audax mentem scrutator, & ilia mordet:
Interea servator * ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri † perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget patris honos, & non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros sontes? O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœlesta?

"At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amens musa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus astringere, & ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læserit, & audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculé se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed torgidi & crescentes versus noluêre plura, & coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, & in studio pietatis & artis medicæ strenuus decurre."

Datum à Musæo meo Londini xvto Calend. Febr.
Anno salutis cicic. cxciii.

Fratris E. W. *olim navigaturo.*

Sept. 30, 1691.

1 FELIX, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Salces æquora cœlula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tuto reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; & zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

Dm. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

1 ET te, Pinorni, musa Trisantica
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
Grate fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò perrerans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus
Non durâ duxisse manu.
Tuo patescunt lumine Thespii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridum iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque virosque miscens
Occupat æthereum Parnassi culmen:
Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes ———
Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœna:
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates
Debita thura lyræ.
Vobis, magno Trias! clarissima nomina, semper
Scrinia nostra patent, & pectora nostra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia & horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

2 Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias, sed * "pura & insons
Ut te collaudem, dum sordes & mal lustra"
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedant satyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset [cu
Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina ir-
Fusa forent, Sphingisque ænigma ta
Bonde scidisses.
Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eod

* Col. ii. 15. † Luc. xxii. 24.

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

Ordine, & ambabus simul hos amplector in ulnis,
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet sæva castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renideas fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

3 Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu Numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos suadebis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinferens oblivia curis,
Stet juxtà * Casimirus, huic nec perciùs ignem
Natura indulsit nec musa armavit alumnum
* Sarbivium rudiore lyrâ.
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum
† Humana linquens (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatosve thronos & patrium Polum!
Visurus consurgis ovans
Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis
Dum tuum à longé stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis ales.

4 Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervescere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
Et miseras nugas diademata!
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces.

* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta insignis Polonis. † Ode V. Lib. 2.

Gestit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo ————
————at vos heroes & arma
Et procul este dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dionyse, Thyrsis?
Et clava, & anguis, & leo, & Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abstate à carmine nostro.

5 Te, Deus omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nèc assueto cœlestes barbiton ausâ
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen &
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

"Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor; divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.
"Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano ponamini; fragmen hoc rude licet & impolitum æqui boni consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas."

Votum, seu Vita in terris beata.

Ad Virum Dignissimum,
JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bartum.
1702.

1 HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit,
"Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se musisque suis tranquilla in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

2 Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ,
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

3 O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
Longè à triumphis & sonitu tubæ,
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

4 Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet á fumo, fugiatque longé
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
Turba merchantùm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

5 Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

6 Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, civa libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Ætherea fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et Juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

7 Cœleste carmen (nec taceas lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

To Mrs. SINGER.

(Now Mrs. ROWE.)

On the sight of some of her divine Poems, never printed.

July 19, 1706.

1 ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my st
There beneath the evenin
I sung my cares asleep, a
my wishes high
To everlasting things
Sudden from Albion's west
Harmonious notes come g
The neighbouring shepherd
silver sound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice,
b'ring shepherds cry;"
At once my strings all sil
At once my fainting muse
In the superior sweetness
In vain I bid my tuneful po
My soul retir'd, and left r
I was all ear, and Philomel
Was all divine delight.

2 Now be my harp for ever
My muse attempt no m
long ago
I bid adieu to mortal thin
To Grecian tales, and war
'Twas long ago I broke
immortal strings;
Now those immortal strin
employ,
Since a fair angel dwells
To tune the notes of heav'
pagate the joy.
Let all my powers with av
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the
And my devotion rise on l
wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.—Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.

---

n KING WILLIAM III.

orious Memory.

March 8th, 1701-2.

hese honours of a tomb,
humble ruin lies:
onfines in narrow room
leave beneath the skies!)

enerable Pile,
sacred trust;
rms the British isle,
mits her richest dust.

inisters of fate,
onarch as he lies,
oftest Slumbers wait
cords to bind his eyes.

sword beneath his head;
his faithful Arms shall

Ensigns on his bed,
nd honours of our land.

of Paint and Verse,
fainting by his side,
ising o'er the hearse,
nking when he dy'd.

grave Religion set
d; pronounce the ground
unhallow'd feet,
guardian virtues round.

sables drest,
'd name upon his urn,
scourge of tyrants past,
inces yet unborn."

his sacred relics keep,
looming round her head,
er wings across the deep
ations with the shade.

pile, immortal Fame,
lorn thy brightest robe,
voices sound his name
nts round the globe.

faint beneath the sound,
ruth inspires the song;
le and bite the ground,
naw her forky tongue.

he grave remove your

omes the vulgar dead;
the royal tomb
rrors of a shade.

l her lamps shall burn,
warrior's sleeping clay,
rumpet rouse his urn
mphs of the day.

On the sudden Death of MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolence to Mr. N. P. Merchant at Amsterdam.

1 HARK! She bids all her friends adieu:
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears.

2 Farewel, bright soul, a short farewel,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

3 There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

4 O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

5 Come, sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

6 How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

7 Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from hands of clay release,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

8 While the dear dust she leaves behind,
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis

DOM. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus & qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen á familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,

Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanem sc. atque Europeam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem
eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctem & docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè vereudâ;
At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atq; eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quotiès in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatus mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sodalis occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Purum ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et invicta propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Flosculos rhetoricos supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum majestas, & Deus præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum & salutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex desuccate cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibatus,
Et semper supra socius;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversù & latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientia
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio & in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè & exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1650.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dubliniæ in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrina, precibus, & vita beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis plisque omnibus
Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

To the Reverend MR. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impress with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written, be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them, shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

I. W.

December 22, 1707.

An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, who died of the Small-pox, December 18, 1707, at one of the clock in the Morning; a few days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wings; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes my search, nor can'st thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amarant or cheerful ever-green
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil,
And travels thro' this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but heav'n secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due
Such as are paid in heav'n: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This (with sure presage she cries)
Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
How long, alas, how long! (Then calls her mate)
Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one.

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Croud with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated pow'rs,
And call her thoughts her own, so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great seal of heav'n? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his vict'ry, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And her's amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness: Tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the count'nance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? This the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene?

Reflecting rosy light! So sits the sun
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing [down
Involve the golden star, and sink him
Oppress with darkness.——

On the Death of an aged and honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.

1 I Know the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heav'nly forms I see [free;
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between!

2 Long did the earthly house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain; [oppress'd
Till by the weight of num'rous days
The earthy house began to reel, [fell;
The pillars trembled, and the building
The captive soul became her own again,
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The pris'ner smil'd to be release,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

3 Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect
Paint her idea all anew; [view
Raze out those melancholy shapes of woe [cloud it so.
That hang around thy memory, and be-
Come, Fancy, come, with essences refin'd, [white;
With youthful green, and spotless
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright [mind.
T' express the beauties of a naked
Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features, too divine,
Beyond the power of fancy shine,
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful shrine.

4 Describe the saint from head to foot,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
* And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

5 The painter muse with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh,*
That death had long disjoin'd:
"In the fair tablet they shall stand
United by a happier band."
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,
Recount the years, my song (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on earth no more;
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet.

6 'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright Original!
'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

A Funeral Poem on the Death of Thomas Gunston, Esq.

Presented to the Right Honourable the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

MADAM, JULY, 1701.

"HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

"I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

"The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit; I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

"Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far, at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

"Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural, for a death so surprising, that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

Madam,
Your ladyship's most hearty
And obedient servant,
I. WATTS.

To the dear Memory of my honoured Friend, Thomas Gunston, l
Who died November 11, 1700, when he had just finished his Seat at New

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heav'nly muse. Try thine etherial voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston, the just, the generous and the young,
Gunston, the friend, is dead, O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treach'rous wings, and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joys still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting ev'ry lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling delightful, play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual length,
But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene:
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
'Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair Fabric that thy dying friend
Built, nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundation strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable load;
But no dear son to tread the mournful road,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate,
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away!
Muse, view the paintings, how the hov'ring light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: Earthly fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave."

Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And ev'ry door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns thro' the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave;
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts: substantial grief
Grows by these objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies:
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My waud'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,

Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day;
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From th' obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again: but endless night
Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunston lies,
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why the beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly bears walk round and watch the pole.

See, while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old night advancing, climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening gold,
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone,
Ah fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy.
When weary of the noisy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit,
Free and secure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings, and rise,
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heav'n for souls. We'd trace the streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode;
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heav'nly things.

While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes, measur'd as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.
Anon our thoughts shou'd lower their lofty flight
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound,
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory, straight the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.
Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.
Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.
Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To fav'rite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heav'n bestow'd with liberal hand:
Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat,
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunston lies.
Come hither, all ye tend'rest souls, that know
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe;
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead;
Come, in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids, and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.
You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke: 'Tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel.

This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
O infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again.
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul with mine.
Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn*,
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves, instead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds: thus it becomes your age
To shew your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway:
Hither our souls their constant off'rings brought,
The burdens of the breast and labours of the thought:
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found
And mingled ev'ry care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms roll;
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic pow'rs
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boast our birth-right still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls: At thy command
We snatch new mis'ries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out the store.

* There was a long row of tall elms then standing where some years after the lower garden was made.

Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving muse
Wild and despairing knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy vot'ress too; and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet lux'ry of the mind!
And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening-breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting thro' the trees;
The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung;
The slow-declining sun, with sloping wheels,
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets
Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon,
In conference divine, while heav'nly fire
Kindling our breasts, did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill;
And love refined, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls,
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever!——

Oh for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: The neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that ev'ry breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too.
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heav'nly breath
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more, at least, one gentle word, and then
Gunston aloud I call: In vain I cry
Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wand'ring I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves;
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: In the lonesome vault,

Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.————.
But whither am I led? this artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground;
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
In these sweet fields, reviving on my taste,
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows: rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it thence.
One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: See thro' the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Thro' the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars;
"So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears:
"We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
"We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, He dies;
"Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
"On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
"All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
"And sung his welcome to the courts above;
"Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
"The buildings struck him with immense surprise;
"The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,
"The roof high vaulted with ethereal light:
"Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
"In heav'nly diamond; and for every gate
"On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
"Guards of the foe, and as it moves it burns;
"Millions of glories reign thro' every part;
"Infinite power, and uncreated art
"Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
"How it out-shines the noblest seats below.
"The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs awhile,
"Transported: Then, with a regardless smile,
"Glanc'd his eyes downward thro' the crystal floor,
"And took eternal leave of what he built before."
Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;
Raphael commands: Assume thy joys again:
In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
"Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day:
"Gunston the friend lives still;" And give thy groans away

An ELEGY on Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

To Mr. ARTHUR SHALLET, Merchant.

orthy Sir,
ubject of the following Elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a
re of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of
: to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to
rable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has receiv-
he living, it is a double pleasure to,—Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,
I. WATTS.

o the Memory of the Rev. Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died January 8th, 1699-700.

souls, whose sweet complaint
each Euphrates not to flow*,
n's ruin so divinely paint,
d in beauty and in woe:
, ye virgin-souls, to mourn,
your tuneful sorrows dress a
phet's urn.
d my lips or flowing eyes
itate such charming grief,
h the seas, and teach the skies
g, and sobs, and sympathies;
ould the stones or rocks be
af;
shall have eyes, and stones
e ears
ouge's death is mourn'd in
lody and tears.
was impatient of our crimes,
nt his minister of death
ge the bold rebellion of the
nes,
emand our prophet's breath;
e commission'd for the fates
l Mead, and charming Bates;
e essay'd the vengeance first,
k a dismal aim, and brought
at Gouge to dust.

uge to dust! how doleful is
sound!
the stroke is! and how wide
wound!
ful stroke! distressing death!
unmeasurably wide—
ulgar mortal dy'd
n he resign'd his breath.
se that mourns a nation's fall
wait at Gouge's funeral,
mingle majesty and groans,
she sings to sinking thrones,
deep sounding numbers tell,
trembled, when this pillar
:
ows weak, and England poor,
herself with all her store,
ish such a pomp for death no
re.

end man let all things mourn;
was some æthereal mind,
n flesh to be confin'd,
order'd to be born.

His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould
the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of
flame:
He was all form'd of heav'nly things,
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his
flamy wings.

5 How would he mount, how would he
fly
Up thro' the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the muse pursue him with
her sight:
But angels, you can tell,
For oft you met his wond'rous flight,
And knew the stranger well;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings
of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

6 Tell how he climb'd the everlasting
hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and
on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's
right;
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of
his grace:
There he beheld the wond'rous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law,
In that majestic face. [employ
That face did all his gazing pow'rs
With most profound abasement and
exalted joy.

xxvii. Lament. i. 2, 3.

The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

7 Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own;
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blasphemers shrink and fear*: [phet's name!
Impudent tongues! to blast a pro-
The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
Impudent tongues! You should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

8 "We saw him, say th' ethereal throng,
We saw his warm devotions rise,
We heard the fervour of his cries,
And mix'd his praises with our song:
We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,
To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood.
Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;
As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand
Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

9 Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wond'rous man to sight:
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And ev'ry ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its silver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong:
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and souls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!

* Though he was so great and good a man he did not escape censure.

No more return to breathe
air,
This atmosphere of sin, ca
10 But heav'nly scenes soo
sight,
While we belong to cla
Passions of terror and deli
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man, whose a
Could well proclaim the
Kindle the flames that M
And swell the trumpe
noise.
He stands the herald of t
ing skies:
Lo, on his reverend brow
divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his
lightning in his eyes.
Round the high roof the
Distinguishing each guil
Far from th' unequal w
fled,
His kindled arrows still
His arrows strike the at
And o'er his inmost po
d'ring horror spread.
The marble heart groan
ward wound:
Blaspheming souls of
Shriek out amaz'd at th
they feel,
And dread the echoes o
The lofty wretch arm'd
In gaudy pride sinks dow
head,
Plunges in dark despair,
with the dead.

11 Now, muse, assume a
Now sooth the sinner's
Borrow of Gouge the w
To calm the surging co
assuage the pain;
He from a bleeding Go
Life for the souls that g
And straight the dying
The dead arise again
The opening skies alm
His powerful song; a
Awakes despair to ligh
chearful day.
His wond'rous voice
spheres,
Recalls the scenes of a
To make the Saviour
Sweetly the flying cha
Thro' all his labours a
The anguish of his cross,
of his throne.

12 Come, he invites our f
The steep ascent of Ca
And sets the fatal tree b
See here celestial sorro
Rude nails and ragged
Ting'd with the crimson
veins.
In wond'rous words he s
flood
Where all our sins we
Words fit to heal and f

Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

13 Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark! the old earthquake roars again [chain
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

14 See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A shining car the Conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliss receive their King,
The Father God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

15 Gouge was his envoy to the realms below,
Vast was his trust and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love be bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue.
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

16 But O my everlasting grief!
Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heav'nly flame, [songs,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our
And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues;
How is a great but single name:
Amidst the crowd he stands alone;
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on, [gone.
Drest for the flight, and ready to be
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariots come,
And shining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size, [us to the skies.
Or burn this worthless globe, and take

TO THE

Right Honourable the Countess of Hertford.

I BEG leave, Madam, to flatter myself, that the same condescension and goodness which has admitted several of these pieces into your closet in manuscript, will permit them all to make this public appearance before you. Your ladyship's known character and taste for every thing that is pious and polite, give an honourable sanction to these writings which stand recommended by your name and approbation: It is no wonder then that these Essays should seek the favour of such a patronage.

Though the author professes himself much a stranger to the great and splendid part of mankind, yet since your ladyship was pleased to indulge him a share in the honours of your friendship, he cannot but take pleasure to have been a witness of those virtues, whereby you bear up the dignity of our holy religion and the blessed gospel, amidst all the tempting grandeurs of this world, and in an age of growing infidelity. He acknowledges it a part of his felicity, that he has had opportunity to learn how happily the leisure which you borrow from the magnificence and ceremonies of a court, is employed in devout contemplations, in the study of virtue, and among the writings of the best poets in our own, or in foreign languages, so far as they are chaste and innocent.

But it is no easy task, as a late ingenious pen * has expressed it, "to speak the many nameless graces and native riches of a mind, capable so much at once to relish solitude, and adorn society."

May such a valuable life be drawn out to an uncommon length, as the richest of blessings to your noble family! May you shine long in your exalted station, an illustrious pattern of such goodness as may command a reverence and imitation among those who stand round you in higher or lower life! And when your spirit shall take its flight to superior regions, and that blissful world whither your meditation and your hope have often raised you, may the court of Great Britain never want successors in your honourable house to adorn and support it. In the sincerity of these wishes, I take leave to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble servant,

I. WATTS.

* Mr. Thompson, in the dedication of his poem on the Spring.

PREFACE

TO "MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS IN PROSE AND VERSE."

AS every man has some amusements for an hour of leisure, I have chosen Ma-
ematical Science, Philosophy and Poesy, for mine; and the fruits of some of
ose hours have been communicated to the world. I acknowledge my obligation to
e present age, which has given a favourable acceptance to the Lyric Poems
inted in my youth, the plain Rudiments of Geography and Astronomy, and the
eatise of Logic, published some years ago, and to those scattered Essays of Phi-
sophy which I put together last year. These gleanings of Verse, and occasional
oughts on Miscellaneous Subjects, which have been growing under my hands for
rty years, are now collected for a present to the public, under the encouragement
has given me to expect the same candour.

That the composure of verse is not beneath the dignity even of sublime and
red characters, appears in the example of David, the prophet and the king; to
ich, if I should add Moses and Solomon, it would still strengthen the argument
l support the honour of this art. And how far poesy has been made serviceable
the temple and the interest of religion, has been set in a sufficient light by
eral pens; nor need I repeat here what is written, in the preface to my book
poems, on that subject. But I must confess it needs some apology, that when
ad told the world twenty-five years ago that I expected the future part of my life
uld be free from the service of the muse, I should now discover my weak-
s, and let the world know that I have not been able to maintain my
rpose.

It is true indeed, some of these copies were written before that time, yet a
od part of them must date their existence since; for where nature has any strong
pensity, even from our infant-life, it will awake and shew itself on many occa-
ns, though it has been often and sincerely resisted, and subdued, and laid to
ep. And as I have found my thoughts many a time carried away into four
five lines of verse ere I was aware, and sometimes in opposition to my will, so
onfess I have now and then indulged it for an hour or two, as an innocent and
steful diversion from more severe studies. In this view I offer it to my friends;
d amongst the many pieces herein contained, I hope there are some which will
e them an agreeable amusement, and perhaps some elevation of thought toward
e things of heaven. But in order to taste any degree of pleasure, or reap any
ofit by the reading, I must entreat them sincerely to seek the entertainment of their
arts, as in the conversation of a friend; and not to hunt after the painful and
kward joys of sour criticism, which is ever busy in seeking out something to
gust itself.

I make no pretences to the name of a poet, or a polite writer, in an age
herein so many superior souls shine in their works through this nation. Could I
splay the excellencies of virtue and christian piety in the various forms and ap-
arances of it, with all the beauty and glory in which Mr. Pope has set the king-
m of the Messiah by his well-mingled imitations of Isaiah and Virgil; could I
int nature and the animated wonders of it in such strong and lively colours as
r. Young has done; could I describe its lovely and dreadful scenes in lines of such
eetness and terror, as he has described them in his Paraphrase on part of the
ok of Job; I should have a better ground for a pretence to appear among the
iters of verse, and do more service to the world. Could I imitate those admirable
presentations of human nature and passion which that ingenious pen has given
, who wrote the late volumes of "Epistles from the Dead to the Living," and,
Letters Moral and Entertaining." I should then hope for happier success in my
deavours to provide innocent and improving diversions for polite youth. But
nce I can boast of little more than an inclination and a wish that way, I must
mmit the provision of these amusements to such celebrated authors as I have
w mentioned, and to the rising geniuses of the age: And may the hour of poesy
e retrieved by them, from the scandal which has been cast upon it by the abuse of
rse to loose and profane purposes.

If there are many of these pieces which may seem to carry in them someth[illegible] too youthful and trivial, I entreat my friends to remember, it is a collection [illegible] such compositions of this kind from my early years as I have found among [illegible] papers: and if I had never published them myself, I fear it would have been d[illegible] some time or other by persons into whose hands they might have been dispers[illegible] and then the many mingled blunders, which always arise from frequent transcr[illegible]tions, would have utterly disgusted the reader, as well as brought a double d[illegible]grace upon the writer.

It is impossible for the nicest and most correct pen to avoid the offence of the [illegible] readers who carry an excess of delicacy always about them, much less do I expe[illegible] it here: Nor is it within the power of any man who writes, to escape the censu[illegible] of those whose minds are so full of vile and uncleanly images, that they will impo[illegible] their own dishonest and impure ideas upon words of the most distant and innoce[illegible] sound. Every low and malicious wit may turn even sacred language to wicke[illegible] and abominable purposes, and clap a set of perverse ideas on the purest dictio[illegible] Where neither a David nor a Paul, neither prophets nor evangelists, are safe, [illegible] human writer should expect an exemption; but the crime is still in him that con[illegible]strues, and not in him that writes. If Oleo finds an ill savour in every place wher[illegible] he comes, I suspect that he has some foul ulcer about him; and when I hear Flavin[illegible] tell me, on a snowy day, that the ground looks yellow, I may venture to pronounc[illegible] that Flavinus has the jaundice.

As for the characters which are found here in some of the Essays, I profe[illegible] solemnly there is not one of the vicious or foolish kind that is designed to represen[illegible] any particular person. I never thought it proper to have mankind treated in tha[illegible] manner, unless upon some very peculiar and extraordinary occasions, and then [illegible] would leave the unpleasing work to other hands. It has been the aim and design o[illegible] my life, in my hours of leisure, as well as my seasons of business, to do what ser[illegible]vice I could to my fellow-creatures without giving offence. I would not willingly create needless pain or uneasiness to the most despicable figure amongst man[illegible]kind. There are vexations enough distributed among the beings of my species, without my adding to the heap: And yet I confess I have often attempted to hit the sore part in general; but it is with this sincere intent, that the wise and thoughtful, whosoever they are, may feel their disease and be healed.—My readers may be assured therefore, that though the vices and the follies which are here displayed may appear to be as just and sincere a representation as if they were all borrowed from life, yet there are not features enough to describe any person living. When a reflecting glass shews the deformities of a face so plain as to point to the person, he will sooner be tempted to break the glass, than to reform his blemishes: But if I can find any error of my own happily described in some general character, I am then awakened to reform it in silence, without the public notice of the world, and the moral writer attains his noblest end.

My particular friends, to whom I have sent any of these pieces, will generally be pleased to read them in print, and addressed to a feigned name, rather than their own: This I found the safest way to avoid offence on all hands, and therefore I have not mentioned one proper name here, but what was in print before.

In the disposition of these pieces, I pretend to no order, but only aimed to diversify every sheet of the collection with verse and prose. In a nosegay, or a flower-piece, no man expects an exact regularity of situation among the parts that compose it: It is sufficient if the colours and fragrance entertain the senses with a grateful confusion.

I presume nobody will expect in such a book an entrance into deep arguments upon difficult subjects of any kind whatsoever. The design is to please and profit every gentle reader, without giving pain and fatigue to the mind. If any thing here written may induce strangers to take up so good an opinion of the writer as to peruse any of his other works, it is his hearty desire and prayer, that they may find abundant compensation in their own improvements in knowledge, virtue or piety, and may thereby grow fitter for the heavenly world; to which important and happy end all our labours here on earth should conspire, and even our amusements, whether we read or write. *Amen.*——NEWINGTON, MARCH 25, 1734.

RELIQUIÆ JUVENILES:

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

On Natural, Moral, and Divine Subjects;

Written chiefly in younger years.

Et jucunda simul & idonea dicere Vitæ.——HOR.

I.—*Searching after God.*

SINCE we find in ourselves that we think and reason, we fear nd hope, and by an act of our will we can put this body of ours nto various forms of motion, we may boldly pronounce that We re, and that We live; for we are conscious of active power, and fe, and being. But where is the hand that made us, and that ave us this life and power? We know that we did not make rselves in time past, because we cannot promise ourselves a inute of time to come: We feel no power within to preserve rselves a moment, nor to rescue or withhold this being or this e of ours from the sudden demands of death.

It is evident yet farther, that we did not give ourselves these ondrous properties and powers which we possess; for though we e sensible of many deficiencies and imperfections, yet neither e most perfect nor most defective amongst us can add to our esent self the least new power or property. While we are all rrounded with wants which we cannot supply, and exposed to eath, which we cannot avoid, it is a ridiculous pretence to be r own makers.

We conclude then with assurance, that we are the work of me more powerful and superior hand; but how we came first to being, we know not: The manner of our original existence hid from us in darkness: We are neither conscious of our creen, nor of the power which created us. He made us, but he d himself from our eyes and our ears, and all the searches of nse. He has sent us to dwell in this visible world, amidst an dless variety of images, figures and colours, which force themlves upon our senses; but he for ever disclaims all image, lour and figure himself. He hath set us who are inferior spirits, is task in these regions of mortal flesh, to search and feel after m, if haply we may find the supreme, the infinite and eternal

Spirit. We are near a-kin to him, even his own offspring, but we see not our Father's face; nor can all the powers of our nature come at the knowledge of him that made us, but by the labours and inferences of our reason. We toil and work backward to find our Creator: from our present existence we trace out his eternity; and through the chain of a thousand visible effects, we search out the first, the invisible and almighty cause.

For the most part indeed, we are so amused and ingrossed by the things of sense, that we forget our Maker, and are thoughtless of him that gave us being: or if we seek and follow after him, it is on a cold scent, and with lazy enquiries; and when we fancy we perceive something of him, it is at a distance, and in a dusky twilight. We espy some faint beams, some glimmerings of his glory breaking through the works of his hands; but he himself stands behind the veil, and does not shew himself in open light to the sons and daughters of mortality. Happy creatures, if we could make our way so near him as to behold the lovely and adorable beauties of his nature; if we could place our souls so directly under his kindest influence, as to feel ourselves adore him in the most profound humility, and love him with most sublime affection!

My God, I love and I adore:
But souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand;
Thy hand unseen sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in every flow'r;
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in nature's frame,
Marks out some letter of thy name.
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we,
Poor grov'ling worms, must know or see?
Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd, thy language hear.
Where is thy residence? Oh, why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense? Thou great unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds and let me see
The pow'r that gives me leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundless space, a present God?
Unseen, unheard, yet never near!
What shall I do to find thee here!
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart?
To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind?
Then rest my thoughts; no longer roam
In quest of joy, for heav'n's at home.

But, oh, thy beams of warmest love
Sure they were made for worlds above.
How shall my soul her pow'rs extend,
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abod
And meet they kindest smiles, my God.
What shall I do? I wait thy call;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all.
Oh for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning star!
Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come waft a stranger thro' the skies;
Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,
First offspring of th' eternal God,
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

II.—*Roman Idolatry.*

IT has been an old temptation to mankind, almost ever since human nature was made, that we desire to find out something just like God. Hence arose a great part of the idolatry of ancient ages, and of almost all the heathen world: Hence the skilful and impious labours of the statuary and the painter: hence all the gaudy glittering images, and all the monstrous shapes that possess and inhabit the temples of the gentiles. They were all designed to represent the shining glories, or the active powers of divinity. The fruitful brain of the poet and the priest have yet farther multiplied the images of godhead, to make it appear like something which we cannot feel, hear, or see. But "to whom shall we liken God; with what likeness will ye compare me? saith the Holy One of Israel;" Is. xl. 18, 25. He is, and will be for ever, the Great Inimitable, and the Infinite Unknown

And yet this folly has not spent itself all in the heathen world. The Jewish nation was often fond of idols, and they would more than once have the figure of divinity among them; though the wilderness of Sinai, in the days of Moses, and the tents of Dan and Bethel in Jeroboam's reign, can bear witness that it looked much more like a calf than a God. Israel too often fell in with the rest of the nations, and "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

The christian world indeed has much clearer light, and nobler discoveries of the invisible nature of God; and yet how has the Romish church fallen into gross idolatry in this respect, and with profane attempt they have painted all the blessed Trinity! Whatsoever pretence they may derive from the human nature of the Son of God, or from the dove-like appearance of the Holy Spirit, to draw the figures of a dove or a man, as a memorial of those sacred condescensions; yet I know no sufficient warrant they can have to fly in the very face of divine prohibition, and to paint and carve the figure of God the Father like an old man, when he never appeared among men in any bodily forms; and our Lord Jesus himself says of him, "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape;" John v. 37.

But this popish church descends yet to meaner idolatry; and because Christ, who is God manifest in the flesh, represents himself in a metaphor, as the bread of life, to support and nourish our souls, therefore they turn their Saviour into a real piece of bread: They make a God of dough, and they devour and they worship the work of the baker. O sottish religion, and stupid professors! Could we ever have imagined, that such an absurd superstition, that gives the lie grossly to sense and reason at once, should ever find room in the belief of man, in spite of all his sen-

sible and his rational powers? Could one have imagined, I say that such a glaring falsehood, that shocks at once our intellectua and our animal faculties, should be lodged and fostered in th bosom and heart of the sons of Adam? But experience her exceeds imagination. What a shameful reproach and scandal i is to human nature, that a faith with so much nonsense in i should overspread whole nations, and triumph over the large part of the knowing and refined world! But every dawnin day-light is a witness of these national idolatries, these scanda to mankind and all their intellectual glory. Every sun that se or rises in some part or other of the earth, beholds multi tudes of fools and philosophers, ploughmen and princes, ac knowledging the breaden God, bending the knee to the wafe cake, and bowing towards the sacred repository of the kneade idol.

It was the first ambition and iniquity of man to affect a for bidden likeness to God; there is insolence added to the ambitior when we bring down God to our level, and make him a man like ourselves: But when we sink the Deity beneath our ow nature, when we make a mere animal or vegetable of him, an turn him into a bit of senseless paste, the madness of this impiet must for ever want a name.

III.—*To DORIO. The First Lyric Hour.*

THERE is a line or two that seem to carry in them I know not what softness and beauty, in the beginning of that ode o Casimire, where he describes his first attempts on the harp, and his commencing a lyric poem.

> "Albis dormiit in rosis,
> "Liliisque jacens & violis dies,
> "Primæ cui potui vigil
> "Somnum Pieria rumpere barbito,
> "Curæ dum vacuus puer
> "Formosi legerem littora Narviæ.
> "Ex illo mihi posteri
> "Florent sole dies, &c."

I have tried to imitate these lines, but I cannot form them into English lyrics: I have released myself from the fetters o rhyme, yet I cannot gain my own approbation. I have give my thoughts a further loose, and spread the sense abroad, but fear there is something of the spirit evaporates; and though th elegant idea perhaps does not entirely escape, yet I could wi for a happier expression of it. Such as it is, receive it Dori with your usual candour, correct the deficiencies, and restore th elegance of the Polish poet, to these six or seven lines where I have attempted an imitation.

'Twas an unclouded sky: The day-star sat
On highest noon: No breezes fann'd the grove,
Nor the musicians of the air pursu'd
Their artless warblings; while the sultry day
Lay all diffus'd and slumbering on the bosom
Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,
Labouring with childish innocence and joy,
Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour
With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,
(Heaven's highest work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green shades along the winding banks
Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious; there began my skill
To vanquish care care by the sweet-sounding string.

Hail happy hour, O blest remembrance hail!
And banish woes for ever. Harps were made
For heaven's beatitudes: There Jesse's son
Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,
To the creating and all-ruling power
Not unattentive: While ten thousand tongues
Of hymning seraphs and disbodied saints,
Echo the joys and graces round the hills
Of paradise, and spread Messiah's name.
Transporting bliss! Make haste, ye rolling spheres,
Ye circling suns, ye winged minutes haste.
Fulfil my destin'd period here, and raise
The meanest son of harmony to join
In that celestial concert.

IV.—*The Hebrew Poet.*

This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.

(The first Hint borrowed from Casimire, Jessæa quisquis, &c. Book IV. Ode 7.)

1 SHEW me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings:
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tower again.

2 he bard* that climb'd to Cooper's-Hill,
Reaching at Zion, sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own,
That Judah's psalmist reign's alone.

3. Blest poet! now, like gentle Thames,
He soothes our ears with silver streams:
Like his own Jordan, now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

4 Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads;
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

5 Rivers of peace attend his song.
And draw their milky train along:
He jars; and lo, the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

6 When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets th' Thunderer in arms.

Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's-Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

7 Behold the God! th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing:
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

8 Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles; and her mountains flow,
At his approach like melting snow.

9 But who these frowns of wrath can draw,
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell with awe?
Red lightning from his eye-lids broke;
His voice was thunder, hail and smoke.

10 He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great master strikes his lyre,
You see the frighted floods retire.

11 In heaps the frighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of his hand;
He leads his Israel through the sea,
And watry mountains guard their way.

12 Turning his hand with sov'reign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep;
Then guides the tribes a glorious band
Thro' desarts to the promis'd land.

13 Here camps with wide imbattl'd force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark fails,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

14 See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings:
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

15 Lo, the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene;
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation ride,
With guards of justice, at his side.

16 No meaner muse could weave the light
To form his robes divinely bright;
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

17 Now in prophetic light he sees
Ages to come, and dark decrees;
He brings the Prince of glory down,
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

18 See Jews and heathens fir'd with rage,
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom angels late ador'd.

19 God's only Son: Behold he dies;
Surprising grief! The groans arise,
The lyre complains on ev'ry string,
And mourns the murder of her king.

20 But heav'n's Anointed must not dwell
In death: The vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's divinier lay;
The grave resigns the illustrious prey.

21 Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
The song surmounts the airy plains,
T'attend her Lord with joys unknown,
And bear the Victor to his throne.

22 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh;
Eternal doors your leaves display,
To make the Lord of glory way.

23 What mortal bard has skill or force
To paint these scenes to tread this course,
Or furnish through the ethereal road
A triumph for a rising God?

24 Astonish'd at so vast a sight
Thro' flaming worlds and floods of light,
My muse her awful distance keeps
Still following but with trembling steps.

25 She bids her humble verse explain,
The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain;
Points to her Saviour still, and shows
What course the sun of glory goes.

26 Here he ascends behind a cloud
Of incense,* there he sets in blood;†
She reads his labours and his names
In spicy smoke,† and bleeding lambs.†

27 Rich are the graces which she draws
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws;
With thousand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

28 Grace is her theme, and joy, find love;
Descend, ye blessings, from above,
And crown my song. Eternal God,
Forgive the muse that dreads thy rod.

29 Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll
That crushes mortals to the soul,
Nor dares assume the bold, nor sheds
Th' immortal curses on their heads.

30 Yet since her God is still the same,
And David's son is all her theme,
She begs some humble place to sing
In concert with Judea's king.

* Christ's intercession. † His sacrifice.

V.—*The thankful Philosopher.*

AMONG all the useful and entertaining studies of philoso-
›hy, there is none so worthy of man as the science of human
ature. There is none that furnishes us with more wonders of
ivine wisdom, or gives higher occasion to adore divine goodness.
'haristus, a gentleman of great piety and worth, has spent many
n hour upon this delightful theme. In the midst of his medita-
ons one day, he was debating thus with himself, and enquiring
hat sort of being he was :—

Now I stand, said he, now I lie down; I rise again and
alk, I eat, drink and sleep; my pulse beats, and I draw the
'eath of life: Surely I have the parts and powers of an ani-
al; I am a living body of flesh and blood, a wonderful engine,
ith many varieties of motion. But let me consider also what
her actions I perform.

I think, I meditate and contrive, I compare things and
dge of them; now I doubt, and then I believe; I will what
act, and sometimes wish what I cannot act: I desire and
›pe for what I have not, as well as am conscious of what I
ıve, and rejoice in it: I look backward, and survey ages
st, and I look forward into what is to come: Surely I
ust be a spirit, a thinking power, a soul, something very
stinct from this machine of matter with all its shapes and
otions.

Mere matter put into all possible motion, can never think,
ason, and contrive, can never hope and wish, as I do, and
rvey distant times, the past and future: Yet it is as impos-
›le also that a mind, a soul, should walk or lie down, should
t or drink; but I feel, I know, I am assured I do all these.
perform some actions that cannot belong to a spirit, and some
at flesh and blood can never pretend to.

What am I then? What strange kind of being is this, which
conscious of all these different agencies, both of matter and
irit? What sort of thing can I be, who seem to think and
ason in my head, who feel and am conscious of pain or ease,
t at my heart only, but at my toes and fingers too? I con-
ıde then, I can be nothing else but a compound creature, made
of these two distinct beings, spirit and matter; or, as we
ually express it, soul and body.

It is very plain also to me, upon a small enquiry, that this
dy and this soul did not make themselves, nor one another.—
ıt did not I myself join these two different natures together
ıen they were made? Did not my soul take this body into
ion with itself? By no means; for the first moment that I
ew any thing of myself, I found the powers of thought work-
; in an animal nature; that is, I found myself such a com-

pounded being as I now am; I had no more hand in the union of these two principles, or in the composition of myself, than I had in the making of those two distinct beings of which I am compounded: It was God only, that great God who created both parts of me, the animal and the mind, who also joined them together in so strange an union; and if I were to enter into the mysteries of this union, it would open a wide and various scene of amazement at his unsearchable wisdom.

But let me examine a little: Was there no ancient and early kindred between this particular spirit and this flesh of mine, this mind and this animal? Is there no original relation, no essential harmony and special congruity between my body and my soul, that should make their union necessary? None at all that I can find, either by my sense or reflection, my reason or experience. These two beings have dwelt above thirty years together, strangely united into one, and yet I have never been able to trace any one instance of previous kindred between them. This mind might have been paired with any other human body; or this body with any other mind. I can find nothing but the sovereign will of God that joined this mind and this animal body together, and made the wondrous compound: It was he ordained me to be what I am, in all the circumstances of my nativity.

Seest thou, O my soul, that unhappy cripple lying at thy neighbour's door, that poor mis-shapen piece of human nature? Mark how useless are his limbs! he can neither support nor feed himself. Look over against him, there sits one that was blind from his birth, and begs his bread, if thou hadst been originally united to either of these pieces of flesh and blood, then hadst thou been that poor cripple, or that very blind beggar.

Yonder lies a piteous spectacle, a poor infant that came into the world but three months ago, its flesh covered with ulcers, and its bones putrifying with its father's sins: I hear its whining cries, and long piteous wailings; its bitter groans touch my heart, and awaken all my tenderness: Let me stand and reflect a little. Surely I had been that wretched thing, that little, pining, perishing infant, and all those pains and agonies had been mine, if God had reserved my soul in his secret counsels till a few months ago, and then confined it to that unhappy mansion of diseased and dying flesh.

Once more let my eyes affect my heart. What a strange awkward creature do I see there! The form of it is as the form of a man, but its motions seem to be more irregular, and the animal more senseless than a very beast: Yet they tell me, it is almost forty years old. It might have been by this time a *statesman*, a philosopher, general of an army, or a learned divine; but reason could never act nor shew itself in that disor-

'ered engine. The tender brain was ruffled perhaps, and the arts of it disturbed in the very embryo, or perhaps it was shaken ith convulsions when it first saw the light, but the place of its irth was the same with mine, and the neighbours say, it was orn the next door to me. How miserable had I been, if, when ie body was prepared, my soul had received order to go but ie door farther, to fix its mortal dwelling there, and to manage at poor disabled machine! And if the spirit also that resides ere had been united to my flesh, it had been a sad exchange r me: That idiot had been all that I was by nature, and I had en that idiot.

My meditations may rove farther abroad, may survey past ges and distant nations, and by the powers of fancy, I may set yself in the midst of them.

Had this spirit of mine been joined to a body formed in apland or Malabar, I had worshipped the images of Thor or ramma; and perhaps I had been a Lapland wizard with a njuring drum, or a Malabarian priest, to wear out my life in diculous eastern ceremonies.

Had my soul been formed and united to a British body fifen hundred years ago, I had been a painted Briton, a rude olater, as well as my fathers; a superstitious druid had been y highest character, and I should have paid my absurd devoons to some fancied deity in a huge hollow oak, and lived and ed in utter ignorance of the true God, and of Jesus my Saviour. r had my spirit been sent to Turkey, Mahomet had been my ophet, and the ridiculous stories of the Alcoran had been all my pe of eternal life.

If Gnatho the flatterer stood by, I know what he would y, for he has told me already, that as my stature is tall and anly, so my genius is too sublime and bright to be buried under ose clouds of darkness. Last week he practised upon my nity, so far as to say, "Charistus has a soul and reason which ould have led him to the knowledge of the true God, if he had en born in the wilds of America, and had for his father a sage Iroquois, or his ancestors had been all Naraganset Indians." ut I gave him a just and sharp reproof for his want of sense, well as for his flattery.

Fond foolish man, to imagine there are no geniuses which tshine me in the wild and barbarous world, no bright and blime intellects but those which are appointed to act their part the nations of Europe! Good sense and natural smartness e scattered among most of the nations of mankind. There are genious Africans, American wits, philosophers and poets in alabar; there are both the sprightly and the stupid, the foolish d the wise, on this and on the other side of the great Atlantic ean: But the brighter powers of nature cannot exert them-

selves and shine in the same glory, when the affairs and circumstances all around them are mean, and low, and despicable; when their life, and time, and all their powers from their very infancy, are employed in providing a sorry sustenance for the body, and supplying the importunate appetites of nature.

Had I the largest share of natural understanding and sprightliness, far beyond what my friends can imagine, all the advantage of it would have been, that perhaps I had shaped a nicer bow, or set the feathers on an arrow for swifter flight than my neighbour: Perhaps I might have sooner hit the flying partridge, and laid a surer trap for a wild-goose or a pigeon; I had learnt to outwit the brutal creation with more success; egregious victory and triumph! Or if I had employed my best spirits and vigour in the affairs of my religion, I might have danced in more antic postures round some sacred bonfire, and contrived some new superstitions, or perhaps authorised some new gods or goddesses; or I might have howled among my fellows with more hideous airs than they, and have worshipped the devil with more zeal and activity. Wretched prerogatives of a sprightly nature, left without the beams of illuminating grace!

To thee, O my God, to thee are due my eternal praises; and to thee will I offer the humblest acknowledgments and songs of highest gratitude. It is thou hast made my compounded nature what it is, in all the comfortable and hopeful attendants of it: Thou hast not joined my spirit to the disturbed brain of an idiot, to a crippled carcase, or a piece of rumpled deformity. Thou hast given to my soul a body, with its proper limbs and organs of sense, capable of activity, converse and service among the reasonable world. Blessed be my God for ever, that he has appointed me to act my part in Great Britain, while it is a land of divine light; he has placed my soul in such a dwelling, and with such circumstances among the sons of men, as may through his grace, prepare it for the company of angels, and for his own blissful presence in the world above.

But has not my spirit been depressed by a sickly constitution, and confined to a feeble engine of flesh under daily disorders? Have I not sustained many sorrows on this account, and wasted some years among the infirmities of the body, and in painful idleness? Are there not several souls favoured with a more easy habitation, and yoked with a better partner? Are they not accommodated with engines which have more health and vigour, and situated in much more happy circumstances than mine? What then? shall I repine at my lot; and murmur against my Creator, because he has made some hundreds happier than I; while I survey whole nations, and millions of mankind, that have not a thousandth part of my blessings?

I dare not complain, O my God, that I am not one of the

who enjoy the highest pleasures, and the most easy circum-
ices on earth; but I have infinite reason to adore thy distin-
shing goodness, who hast not suffered me to be one of the
erable millions.

VI.—*The Praise of God.*

WHAT is praise? It is a part of that divine worship which
owe to the power that made us: It is an acknowledgment of
perfections of God, ascribing all excellencies to him, and
essing all the works of nature and grace to proceed from him.
w when we apply ourselves to this work, and dress up our
ons of a God in magnificence of language, when we furnish
n out with shining figures, and pronounce them in sounding
ds, we fancy ourselves to say great things, and are even
rmed with our own forms of praise: But alas! the highest
best of them, set in a true light, are but the feeble voice of
eature, spreading before the Almighty Being that made him,
e of his own low and little ideas, and telling him what he
ks of the great God, and what God has done. When the
y Psalmist would express his honourable thoughts of his
ker, they amount only to this, "Thou art good, and thou
t good;" *Ps.* cxix. 68. How inconsiderable an offering is
for a God? and yet so condescending is his love, that he
s down, and is well pleased to receive it. Let us meditate
this a little, and learn how utterly unworthy our highest at-
pts of worship, and our most refined strains of praise, are of
ine acceptance.

1. "We can tell God but a very little of what he is, or has
e." How small a portion do we know! and how mean must
praise be! Now to speak of the worth of another so very
rly and imperfectly, would be an affront among men; yet
great God takes it well at our hands, when we labour to say
at we know of his greatness or his goodness. Our brightest
as of him eclipse his glory, and our highest language sinks
eath the dignity of his nature: "God is great, and we know
not;" *Job* xxvi. 26. "He is exalted above our praises;"
hem. ix. 5.

2. "We can tell God nothing but what he knows much bet-
himself." It is not to increase his knowledge when we spread
own concerns before him in prayer; for he knows what we
, what is our frame, what are our weaknesses and our wants,
better than we ourselves are acquainted with them: Much
when we praise him, can we presume to know what God is,
what he does, or tell him any thing that relates to himself,
, what he knew eternally before us, and knows infinitely better
n we do; we can add no new ideas to his mind, nor enlarge
of his own ideas.

3. "We can only tell God what angels and happy souls tell him more of, and in a much better manner: And yet all that angels can say, bears no proportion to what God is; for if it did, God were not infinite. Should a little emmet, that feels the sun-beams, lift up its head and say, "O sun, thou art warm;" a creeping insect that knows nothing of the nature, the glory, the wonderful properties, operations and effects of this prodigious and astonishing world of fire, nothing of its various and admirable motions, real or supposed, nothing of its vast circumference and greatness; yet this despicable emmet gives praise to the sun much more than we can do to our God, much more than angels can do, more than all created nature can do: because there is some proportion between the praises of this creeping worm, and the glories of the sun; they are both finite: But the glories of our God are infinite; therefore no created praise bears any proportion. It is only the godhead that can fulfil its own praises; that voice that built the heavens and the earth can tell what God is, and what God has done. If he pronounce a word, and create all things by it, it is only that word can pay him sufficient praise.

How far then are our feeble and mean essays of worship from adding any thing to our Maker! A sorry ant gives heat and glory to the sun, by telling it is warm, as much as all the acclamations of heaven and earth can add real glory to the blessed God. His essential perfections are incapable of receiving the least grain of addition from all the thoughts and tongues of the intellectual world. His own idea of himself is his noblest praise.

How far are the most exalted praises we pay to God, below the danger of flattery! Flattery exalts a thing beyond its nature and merit; but no fellow-creature would call himself flattered, should we speak of him in so mean terms, and so much below his worth, as we must do when we speak the highest praises of our God that our thoughts can reach to: And yet *Ps.* l. 23. "He that offereth praise glorifies me." O divine condescension, that a God will esteem our despicable praises some of his glories!

VII.—*A Meditation for the First of* May.

WHAT astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works, is the God of nature engaged in every moment! How gloriously are his all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this useful season of the year, this spring of nature! What infinite myriads of vegetable beings is he forming this very moment, in their roots and branches, in their leaves and blossoms, their seeds and fruit! Some indeed begun to discover their bloom amidst the snows of January, or under the rough cold blast of March: those flowers are withered and

nished in April, and their seeds are now ripening to perfec-
n. Others are shewing themselves this day in all their bloom-
g pride and beauty; and while they adorn the gardens and
adows, with gay and glowing colours, they promise their
its in the days of harvest. The whole nation of vegetables is
der the divine care and culture, his hand forms them day and
ht with admirable skill and unceasing operation, according to
e natures he first gave them, and produces their buds and
iage, their flowry blossoms, and rich fruit in their appointed
nths: Their progress in life is exceeding swift at this season
the year; and their successive appearances, and sweet changes
raiment are visible almost hourly.

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler
plays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contempla-
ns another story, and survey a nobler theatre of divine won-
rs. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God
ulding and figuring this moment throughout his brutal domi-
ns! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting
the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life! What
st flocks of four-footed creatures, what droves of large cattle
e now framed in their early embryos, imprisoned in the dark
ls of nature! and others perhaps are moving toward liberty,
d just preparing to see the light. What unknown myriads of
ects in their various cradles and nesting-places are now work-
g toward vitality and motion! and thousands of them with
eir painted wings just beginning to unfurl and expand them-
ves into fluttering and day-light; while other families of them
ve forsaken their husky beds, and exult and glitter in the warm
n-beams!

An exquisite world of wonders is complicated even in the
dy of every little insect, an ant, a gnat, a mite, that is scarce
ible to the naked eye. Admirable engines! which a whole
ademy of philosophers could never contrive; which the nation
poets hath neither art nor colours to describe; nor has a world
mechanics skill enough to frame the plainest, or coarsest of
em. Their nerves, their muscles, and the minute atoms which
mpose the fluids fit to run in the little channels of their veins,
cape the notice of the most sagacious mathematician, with all
s aid of glasses. The active powers and curiosity of human
ture are limited in their pursuit, and must be content to lie
wn in ignorance.—"Hitherto shall ye go, and no further."

It is a sublime and constant triumph over all the intellectual
wers of man, which the great God maintains every moment in
ese inimitable works of nature, in these impenetrable recesses
d mysteries of divine art? And the month of May, is the most
ining season of this triumph. The flags and banners of Al-
ighty Wisdom are now displayed round half the globe, and the

other half waits the return of the sun, to spread the same triumph over the southern world. This very sun in the firmament is God's prime minister in this wondrous world of beings, and he works with sovereign vigour on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influences deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms, by divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread, above or beneath the ground, that escapes the eye or influence of this beneficent star: An illustrious emblem of the omnipresence and universal activity of the Creator.

But has this all-wise Creator, this supreme Lord of all nature, no intellectual prime-minister at all in these his dominions? Has he delegated all his powers to that bulky globe of fire which we call the sun, that inanimate and unthinking mass of matter? Is this huge burning and senseless body commissioned to penetrate every dark cranny of nature, either with its light or heat, and to animate every atom in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; and yet no intellectual being, no spirit so much a-kin to God, as to be favoured with the like extensive vicegerency? Though the light of reason does not tell his name, yet has not revelation informed us? Yes, surely, there is a man after God's own heart, the fairest image of the Creator, and nearest a-kin to him, among all the works of his hands: There is a man, and his name is Jesus, who holds most intimate and personal union with the godhead, in whom all divine wisdom dwells bodily, and to his care has the Father committed all the infinite varieties of the vegetable and animal worlds. By him are all those wonders produced in the course of providence, as by an under-agent in the kingdom of nature. Is not the government of heaven and earth put into his hands? Is he not made Lord of principalities and powers, of men, angels, and devils, and of all their works? And can we think that he has been denied the government of the lower parts of his Father's workmanship? Does he not manage all things in the world of grace? Surely then we may infer, he rules as wisely and as spaciously in the upper and lower regions of the creation, as an intellectual and conscious instrument of the providence of his Father, God. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. I and my Father are One. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."—*Amen*.

VIII.—*Divine Goodness in the Creation.*

THOSE authors have been very entertaining to me, who have taken a survey of the wisdom of God in the works of nature; such are the reverend and pious Mr. Ray, in his treatise on that subject; Mr. Derham, in his two volumes written on that di-

theme; and the Archbishop of Cambray, in his Demon-on of the Existence of God. But I do not remember to read in those authors this one instance of the wide-spread-iffusion of divine goodness through this lower world, viz. the most universal and conspicuous appearances both of the and sky, are designed for the convenience, the profit and ure of all the animal creation: All that we see above us, ll beneath us, is suited to our nourishment or to our delight.

What is more necessary for the support of life, than food? ld the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs and for beasts and men, were ordained to overspread all the ce of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander where, but his food was near him. Amazing provision for an immense family!

What is more joyful than the light? Truly "the light is t, says the wisest of men, and a pleasant thing it is to behold ight of the sun." See the whole circuit of the heavens is nished with sun-beams, so that while the day lasts, where-er the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment; inks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby enter-d with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light eys to our notice all the riches of the divine workmanship; out it nature would be a huge and eternal blank, and her in-e beauties for ever unknown.

Again; What are the sweetest colours in nature, the most ghtful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely the green the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of blue and green colours l us such rays of light to our eyes, as are least hurtful or sive; we can endure them longest: Whereas the red and yellow, or orange colour, send more uneasy rays in abund-, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they daz-it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; efore the divine goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, the earth in green. Our habitation is over-hung with a py of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is ad under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy resoever it turns itself, and that the most universal objects it to converse with might not impair the spirits, and make the e weary.

hen God the new-made world sur-
vey'd,
His word pronounc'd the building
good;
n-beams and light the heav'ns
array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd
with food.

lours that charm and ease the eye,
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
And a green carpet dress'd the
ground.

3 Let envious atheists ne'er complain
That nature wants, or skill, or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
T' avoid their Maker's goodness
there.

IX.—*The Sacred Concert of Praise.*

1 COME, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,
Here let our different notes in praise conspire:
'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread.
That form'd my nobler pow'rs to raise his honour higher.

2 Fair songsters, come; beneath the sacred grove
We'll sit and teach the woods our Maker's name;
Men have forgot his works, his power, his love,
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous frame.

3 I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run thro' the villages, trace every road:
In vain I search; for every heart I meet
Is laden with the world, and empty of its God.

4 How shall I bear with men to spend my days?
Dear feather'd innocents, you please me best:
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise,
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful breast.

5 Sweet warblers, come, wake all your chearful tongues,
We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs;
Our humble airs may imitate their songs,
Tho' bolder are their notes, and purer are their fires.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, my God, my Love.
Had I ten thousand voices all are thine:
Where love inflames the soul, the lips must move,
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's divine.

X.—*The World a Stranger to God.*

1 INFINITE beauty, everlasting love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from thee!
Th' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove
In chace of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

2 Oh could I cry, and make the nations hear,
From north to south my voice should teach thy name;
I'd tell them, that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal souls for glitt'ring dust or fame.

3 Almighty pow'r, break off these chains of sense,
Melt them away with love's celestial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A seraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aspire.

XI.—*Purgatory.*

IT was a gainful contrivance of the priests of Rome, to erect a building between heaven and hell, where to dispose of good christians after death till they are completely fit for heaven: This is purgatory; a place where the remaining vices of the dying man are purged out with fire: The torments of it are said to be equal with the torments of hell, and differ only in the duration. Those souls for whom the priest is hired to say most masses, are soonest freed from the relics of iniquity, and get the speediest release to the heavenly regions. This fills the coffers of the clergy by the legacies of the dead: Every one that leaves the world, takes something away from his friends and his heirs to purchase prayers for himself, and to shorten the anguish of his purification. Even that excellent man, the Archbishop of Cambray, in his posthumous book, called his Spiritual Works, speaks of the necessity of this purifying fire, for good christians

to burn out the remnant of self-love, by teaching them patience and entire resignation of the will, and perfect contentment under the fiery discipline.

But I cannot imagine how this doctrine should be any temptation to men to become proselytes to the church of Rome. One instance of this kind which I am going to relate, methinks should affright persons for ever from turning papists.

Promedon was bred in the protestant faith, but having a superstitious turn of mind, and being much impressed by the discourse of an uncle who was a devout Catholic, he began to waver, and was inclined to change. He went lately to pay a visit to this uncle on his death-bed; where after many crossings and anointings, and holy charms, he saw the dying man continue still in the utmost distress and horror; for notwithstanding all the devotions of his life, and the ceremonies at his last moments, yet, according to the doctrines of his own church, he thought himself plunged into torments equal to hell: His flesh was convulsed, and his soul confounded at the thoughts of such immediate anguish. He ordered in his will five hundred pounds worth of masses, yet he was not assured whether the state of his purgation would continue months, or years, or ages. Amidst these agonies, Promedon saw his uncle expire, and performed the last kind office to close his eyes.

In his return home he talked thus with himself, "What! Can the pope promise no more than this? Must a man that is almost fit to be sainted be sent to hell for a season, till the priests are well fee'd to say prayers enough to fetch him out of it? Is the mercy of God so limited in the Popish doctrine, and reduced to such a scantling, as not to save us without some atonements of our own? Is not the blood of our Redeemer sufficient of itself to purchase our full pardon, but must we buy part of it with the anguish of our own souls after death? Cannot the blessed Spirit make his own sanctifying work perfect, but the fire of purgatory must help to burn out our sins? Has not Christ promised me in the bible, That if I am faithful till death, I shall receive a crown of life; and has the priest power to delay my crown, and keep me so long out of the possession, till his masses and prayers shall bring me into it? Is not all the grace of the gospel a sufficient security against the pains of hell, but after all my faith and the labours of my devotion, I must be consigned to hellish torments, coloured and softened with another name? Does not the word of God give encouragement to hope, that when we depart hence we shall be with Christ? That when I am absent from the body, I shall be present with the Lord? And this is not only the blessing of an apostle, but even a disciple of Christ of the lowest rank, and whose character could make no pretence to merit, has the same privilege. A thief upon the

cross, put to death by the hand of Justice for his crimes, and who, as some divines suppose, had reviled our Saviour just before, (because some of the sacred historians charge both the thieves with reviling him :) Such a wretch, I say, who did not begin to repent till he began to die, has a promise from our blessed Lord, That he should be with him in paradise that very day, because his repentance and faith were sincere. And according to these encouragements of the gospel, have I not heard of many a religious protestant dying upon the faith of the New Testament with joy, and good assurance of his immediate entrance into blessedness? And are these terrors and agonies of spirit which I just now beheld, all the consolation that the priests of Rome will allow to so religious and devout a man as my uncle was?

"Farewel, farewel, ye deceivers: My bible shall be my only guide; and the grace of God for ever preserve me in that religion which puts so much honour on the sufferings of our blessed Saviour, as to secure heaven to a good man, as soon as he departs from earth."

XII.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

IF I were an idolater, and would build a temple for the sun, I should make the whole fabric to consist of glass; the walls and roof of it should be all over transparent, and it should need no other windows. Thus I might every where behold the glory of the God that I worship, and feel his heat, and rejoice in his light, and partake of the vital influences of that illustrious star in every part of his temple. But may not this happiness be obtained without forsaking the true God, or falling off to idolatry?

Surely the blessed ordinances of christianity are thus contrived and designed. Such are baptism and the Lord's-supper, preaching, praying, and psalmody. These institutions of worship are chosen and appointed with such divine wisdom, that they represent to us the glory of the several perfections of our God in his works of nature and grace, and transmit the beams of his power and love to enliven and to comfort our dark and drooping spirits. When we are brought as it were by his spirit into his courts, the glory of the Lord will fill the house, and we shall hear him speaking to our souls. The sun of righteousness will shine into our hearts: All the powers of our nature will rejoice in the light of his majesty, and under the rays of his mercy. We frequent his sanctuary with delight to behold the beauty of the Lord there, to feel the warm shines of divine goodness, and partake of his promised salvation; Ezek. xliii. 5, 6. Ps. xxvii. 4. and lxiii. 2. But to carry the similitude yet further:

Suppose when I had finished this heathen temple, and basked there with pleasure under the rays of my bright idol, some fanciful and ingenious painter should attempt to cover the building all round with his own ornaments; suppose Raphael himself should use his pencil with exquisite art, and with mingled colours and images of a rich variety and beauty overspread all the walls, the doors, and the transparent roof of it; how would this seclude the sun's best influences, and shut this idol deity out of his own temple? Nay, though the image of the sun should be drawn there ten thousand times over in lines of gold, with a pretence to represent him in all his wondrous effects, yet every line will forbid the entrance of a sun-beam, and the worshipper within must dwell in twilight, or perhaps adore in darkness; he must lose the true sight of his planetary God, and the benefit of his cheering beams. Not the richest skill of a Zeuxis or Apelles beautifying the walls of this fabric, could ever supply the absence of the sun, or compensate the loss of light and heat.

Such are the rites and ceremonies of human wisdom, when they are contrived as ornaments of divine worship. A sacred institution mingled with the devices of men, is in truth nothing else but glass darkened with the colours of a painter, laid thick upon it. These inventions may appear to the fancy, not only grave and decent, but artful and honourable too; they may pretend assistance to the devout worshipper, and glory to God himself; but in reality they exclude him from his own temple. Sometimes they shew a painted idol in the stead of him, for nothing can effectually represent God, but his own pure appointments; and so far as the ornaments prevail above the simple ordinance, they prevent all the kind influences of his power and grace; for he vouchsafes to transmit these no other way, but through his own institutions. "When the church of Rome honours God with her lips, and her priests set up their thresholds by my thresholds, saith the Lord, and their posts by my posts, they have even defiled my holy name by their abominations, and in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Is. xxix. 13. compare with Mat. xv. 8, 9. and Ezek. xliii. 8.

XIII.—*The Midnight Elevation.*

1 NOW reigns the night in her sublimest noon,
Nature lies hush'd; the stars their watches keep;
I wait thy influence, gentle sleep,
Come shed thy choicest poppies down,
On every sense, sweet slumbers seal my eyes,
Tir'd with the scenes of day, with painted vanities.

2 In vain I wish, in vain I try
To close my eyes and learn to die;
Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly;
Then be my thoughts serene as day,
Be sprightly as the light,
Swift as the sun's far-shooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly, my soul, transcend these dusky skies,
And trace the vital world that lies
Beyond those glimmering fires that gild and cheer the night.

3 There Jesus reigns, adored name!
The second on the throne supreme:
In whose mysterious form combine
Created glories and divine:
The joy and wonder of the realms above:
At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,
Burn with his fire, and triumph in his love.

4 There souls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
My Reynolds there, with Howe and Boyle are found;
Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
And now they soar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is drown'd.
They aid the seraphs while they sing,
God is their unexhausted theme;
Light, life and joy for that immortal spring
O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless stream.
Amazing state! Divine abode!
Where spirits find their heaven while they are lost in God.

5 Hail, holy souls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind.
Ye have escap'd the snares, and left the chains behind.
We wretched prisoners here below,
What do we see, or learn or know,
But scenes of various folly, guilt and woe?
Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,
Inchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul;
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
Beholds the busy slavery we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

6 Reynolds, thou late ascended mind,
Employ'd in various thought and tuneful song,
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,
And bid me join th' harmonious throng?
Oh for a wing to raise to thee!
When shall my eyes those heav'nly wonders see?
When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refin'd?

7 Roll on apace, ye spheres sublime,
Swift drive thy chariot round illustrious moon:
Haste, all ye winkling measurers of time,
Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.
Kindle my languid pow'rs celestial love,
Point all my passions to the courts above,
Then send the convoy down to guard my last remove.

8 Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
There light and shade succeed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

XIV.—*The Honourable Magistrate.*

INVIDO was a man of shrewd understanding, but had so much ill humour in his make, that he could speak well of no body: Yet there once happened an incident in conversation, that betrayed him, without thinking, into a good-natured truth; and even while he was practising his own malicious temper, he was surprised into the acknowledgment of superior worth, and paid a nobler testimony to virtue.

The Story was this.

A friend of mine had drawn up the character of an excellent magistrate, where, among other admirable qualifications, these were inserted:

———" He never aimed at superiority over his neighbours, though by the bounty of providence he grew richer than they: He had the universal respect due to goodness, long before he was made great; and when his fellow-citizens voted him into power and honour, he surveyed the providence with a just reluctance, and shrunk away from grandeur; nor could any thing overcome his sincere aversion, but a sense of duty and hopes of public service.

" He passed through the chief offices of the city, and left a lustre upon them by the practice of such virtue and such piety as the chair of honour has seldom known: Those who have attended that court since the year of his magistracy, search the register backward for twenty annual successions, and confess he has had no rival.———

" While he stood in that eminence, he surveyed the whole nation, took a just view of its wants and its dangers; and by the divine blessing, which his daily retirements engaged on his side, he secured the nation's best interest, the exclusion of a child of Rome from the throne of England, and the succession of a Protestant government. At the appointed season he resigned with pleasure the fatigues of power, the tiresome hours of state, and the tedious train of pomp and equipage; but he daily fulfils the duties of subordinate authority to the terror of vice, to the support of the good, and to the reformation of a sinful land. He vindicates the poor with courage, against the oppression of the mighty, and sends gay criminals to the place of correction: He puts the rich offenders to public shame, as well as the poor, and he doth it with a noble security of soul: So spotless a character fears no recriminations.

" When the days of public shew and procession return, he hides himself often at his country-seat, and makes a every trifling obstacle a sufficient excuse for his absence from honours, scarlet, and gold: But none so zealous and constant in their attendance on the hours of business; and at the honourable board there is no seat empty so seldom as his. Neither gain nor diversion can tempt him aside, when the duty of his post requires his presence, and the public weal demands his counsels. His health, his ease, and his estate are at the call of his country; his life lies ready too for the same service; but his nation gives thanks to Providence that has not demanded the precious sacrifice.

" He has no spreading dimensions nor lofty advantages of nature, whence he might look down upon the multitude, and command them into reverence; but such unblemished virtue has grandeur and majesty in it, and spreads fear and respect around. When he goes out to the gate through the city, he neither wears or needs the ensigns of honour about him, nor attendants to follow him in the street; the vain young men see him and hide

themselves; the aged arise and stand up. When the ear hears him, then it blesses him; the eye that sees him, gives witness to him; because he has delivered the distressed soul that cried, he has relieved the fatherless, and him that had none to help. The blessing of those that are ready to perish comes daily upon him, and he causes the widow's heart to sing for joy. He is a father to the poor, and the cause which he knows not he searches out. He breaks the jaws of the wicked, and plucks the spoils out of their teeth; Job xxix.

"The vilest wretches of the earth cannot but love the man, while they hate the reforming magistrate. Not the united malice of his worst enemies can find any occasion against him, but concerning the law of his God; and were it not upon that account, he would have no enemies at all.

"The world wonders and enquires, Whence all these accomplishments! How did this man arrive at this true greatness, and all these uncommon excellencies! Those who are his intimates know the spring of them. He makes the word of God his daily counsellor, and he seeks directions from heaven in all his affairs on earth: He reads the examples of Daniel and Job in his bible, and joins them together in his own practice; for he thinks one of them alone too little for a christian."

When I had read this in a room where Invido was present, one of the company commended the ingenuity of my friend in drawing up so fair, so divine a character. Some of them gave it as their opinion, that the excellencies and good qualities were set too thick together, and that there was no such person in nature, therefore it must be the mere work of fancy: They confessed it was well imagined indeed, it was a fine picture, but there was no such original.——

Invido had no longer patience to hear such compliments passed on the writer; but with his usual eagerness, "Your friend, said he, was never capable of composing such a piece; there is not a line of it owing to his own invention, for the whole character is a mere copy. This friend of yours has lived some years in Albinus's family, and has only stole his picture."

You are much in the right, Invido; it was so designed; and I am glad the features are so well touched, and the likeness so finely preserved, that a man of your temper should consent to know the piece, should name the original, and confess the likeness.

Happy Albinus, and favoured of heaven beyond the common rate even of the best of men, when envy itself is constrained to pay public honours to his merit!

XV.—*A Lesson of Humility.*

HOW vain a thing is man! How ready to be puffed up with every breath of applause, and to forget that he is a creature, and a sinner! He that can bear to be surrounded with approbations and honours, and yet keep the same air and countenance without swelling a little at heart, has passed an hour of temptation, and come off conqueror. "As the fining-pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise;" Prov. xxvii. 21.

Eudoxus is a gentleman of exalted virtue, and unstained reputation: Every soul that knows him, speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his nation, that he must flee his country if he would avoid praises. So sensible is he of the secret pride that has tainted human nature, that he holds himself in perpetual danger, and maintains an everlasting watch. He behaves now with the same modesty as when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the acclamations of the world with such an humble mein, and with such an indifference of spirit that is truly admirable and divine. It is a lovely pattern, but the imitation is not easy.

I took the freedom one day to ask him, how he acquired this wondrous humility, or whether he was born with no pride about him? "Ah, no, said he, with a sacred sigh, I feel the working poison, but I keep my antidote at hand; when my friends tell me of my many good qualities and talents, I have learnt from St. Paul to say, What have I that I have not received? My own consciousness of many follies and sins constrains me to add, What have I that I have not misimproved? And then reason and religion join together to suppress my vanity, and teach me the proper language of a creature and a sinner: What then have I to glory in?" 1716.

XVI.—*The Waste of Life.*

ANERGUS was a young gentleman of a good estate, he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste at all for the improvements of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four and twenty in his bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch, and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour. Five or six of the rest he sauntered away with much indolence: The chief business of them was to contrive his meals, and to feed his fancy before-hand with the promise of a dinner and supper; not that he was so very a glutton, or so entirely devoted to appetite; but chiefly because he knew not how to employ his thoughts better, he let them rove about the sustenance of his body. Thus he had made

a shift to wear off ten years since the paternal estate fell into his hands; and yet according to the abuse of words in our day, he was called a man of virtue, because he scarce ever was known to be quite drunk, nor was his nature much inclined to lewdness.

One evening as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcase, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with those offerings. He had not quite lost all the arithmetic that he learned when he was a boy, and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man.

"Above a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have one week with another, said he, give up their lives to prolong mine, which in ten years time amounts to at least six thousand.

"Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest part offered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts out of the flock and the herd have been slain in ten years time to feed me, besides what the forest and the park have supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their varieties, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry as many thousands.

"A measure of corn would hardly afford fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six-score bushels: and many hogsheads of ale and wine, and other liquors, have passed through this body of mine, this wretched strainer of meat and drink.

"And what have I done all this time for God or man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life, and a worthless liver! There is not the meanest creature among all these which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it hath done so. Every shrimp and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honour than I have done: O shameful waste of life and time!

In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life, to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age: He lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man, and an excellent christian; he performed the kind offices of a good neighbour at home, and made a shining figure as a patriot in the senate-house; he died with a

peaceful conscience in the faith and hope of the gospel, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

The world, that knew the whole series of his life, stood amazed at the mighty change: They beheld him as wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the divine power and mercy, which had transformed him from a brute to a man.

But this was a single instance; and we may almost venture to write miracle upon it. Are there not large numbers of both sexes among our young gentry, and among the families of quality, in a degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste without the least tendency to usefulness and reformation, and with a scorn of all repentance?

When I meet with persons of such a worthless character as this, it brings to my mind some scraps of Horace.

"Nos numerus sumus & fruges consumere nati.
"————Alcinoique juventus
"Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies," &c.

Paraphrase.

There are a number of us creep
Into this word, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish:
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,
And swallow corn and carcases.
Then, if their tomb-stone, when they die,
Ben't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing better will be said,
Than that, "They've eat up all their bread,
"Drank up their drink, and gone to bed."

There are other fragments of that heathen poet, which occur on such occasions, one in the first of his satires, the other in the last of his epistles, which seem to represent life only as a season of luxury.

————"Exacto contentus tempore vitæ
"Cedat uti conviva satur.————
"Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
"Tempus abire tibi."

Which may be thus put into English.

Life's but a feast; and when we die,
Horace would say, if he were by,
"Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,
"'Tis time now to be marching off:
"Then like a well-fed guest depart,
"With chearful looks, and ease at heart;
"Bid all your friends good night, and say,
"You've done the business of the day."

Reflection.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice
Eternal hopes above the skies,
And pour their lives out all in waste,
To the vile idol of their taste!
The high'st heav'n of their pursuit
Is to live equal with the brute:
Happy, if they could die as well,
Without a Judge, without a hell!

XVII.—*The Table blessed.*

HOW do we upbraid and condemn the Romish clergy for pretending to consecrate the wafer for all the people, by muttering a few Latin words over it, which they cannot understand! While we abhor the idolatry of the mass, yet we cannot help smiling at the silly superstition, and pity the ignorance of the multitude: They believe the bread sufficiently consecrated for them to all the purposes of their salvation, though they never joined with the priest in attending to the words of blessing: Nor indeed was it possible they should have their hearts engaged in that part of the worship, because it was performed in an unknown tongue. Who is there among us, that does not blame and reprove so absurd a practice? And yet we imitate the same folly daily, and think ourselves unconcerned in the reproof.

Formulo says grace constantly at a plentiful table, but he hurries over his words as a school-boy does his lesson, and he whispers in so low a voice, as though he were muttering some secret charm to consecrate the dishes. Does he think it sufficient if the words may be heard in heaven, while the company in the room know little of the matter, and the quickest ears can distinguish no more than a few broken syllables? Yet I have heard this man maintain a fine argument against Popish superstition and the Latin liturgy: I have heard him assert with very good reason, that no part of the bread is sanctified to the people at the holy sacrament by all the communion-service, where the hearts of the communicants are absent, and never join with the church in her prayers: Then why will not Formulo let his friends at the table join with him in his graces? No wonder that the family and the guests stare about thoughtless, and sit down to their food without a blessing, when the lips that pronounce it do not suffer the blessing to reach their ears. But chaplains are not the only persons culpable in this matter, nor are they always to blame.

Asebion, a gay gentleman of one and twenty, was present at a table where God is addressed in a more religious manner, and with a devout and becoming solemnity. He sits down and eats heartily; he doubts not but the food is sufficiently blessed to his use, though he never raised his thoughts towards heaven, nor

attended at all while the good man Serenus performed his office. Asebion was busy in the disposal of his hat and sword, and surveying all the faces of the company, while the blessing of heaven was sought on the food.

His sister Asebina, a pert young creature of fifteen, was observed to employ that minute in drawing off her gloves, adjusting her dress, giving herself airs, and preparing for her seat. At the same time there was at the table a pious and elder lady, a near relation of theirs, who with grief observed the careless conduct of her niece and nephew; and being seated next above Asebina, she had the opportunity to whisper a gentle admonition, "How can you expect, niece, a blessing on your meat, who did not so much as lift up a thought to God to ask for it?" Asebina replied aloud, with an air of assured ignorance, "I know the chaplain did that for us all?" and thus she affected to let all the company know that she received a secret reproof, and despised the reprover. Should it be granted here, that the admonition was a little ill-timed; yet it is certain the reply was not a little insolent, nor a little irreligious.

While we were eating, one of the guests diverted the table with no improper amusements; he entertained the company with agreeable and facetious discourse, but still within the rules of religion and decency.

The dishes being withdrawn, and the table uncovered, Serenus stood up to conclude his office: Asebina opened her snuff-box, and regaled her nose; but Asebion employed himself with his tooth-pick, and then set himself in an attitude to wait for the Amen, that he might make his honours gracefully to all the table.

After dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of saying grace before and after meat. When several of the company had given their thoughts, Serenus acknowledged it was not necessary to offer a solemn and particular petition to heaven on the occasion of every bit of bread that we tasted, or when we drink a glass of wine with a friend; nor was it expected we should make a social prayer when persons each for themselves took a slight repast in a running manner; either the general morning devotion is supposed sufficient to recommend such transient actions and occurrences to the divine blessing, or a sudden secret wish, sent up to heaven in silence, might answer such a purpose in the christian life: But when a whole family sits down together to make a regular and stated meal, it was his opinion, that the great God should be solemnly acknowledged as the giver of all the good things we enjoy; and the practice of our Saviour and St. Paul had set us an illustrious example.

Asebion had not yet arrived at such impiety, as to pronounce

it a foolish and senseless custom; but he declared his sentiment with freedom, that "we might all share enough in the grace that was said for a dinner, without putting on such a demure countenance, and such grave airs, as if we were at church in the midst of divine service."

Profane and foolish speech! but it is hard to say, whether more foolish or more profane.

Tell me, Asebion, is our addressing the God of heaven with prayer and praise at meals no part of divine service? Is God never worshipped but when it is done at church? Little do these creatures think what a dangerous thing it is to trifle with an almighty Being, even in the smallest act of worship! Did the great God ever appoint tooth-picks to be the sacred utensils of our asking a blessing on food? Or is a cloud of snuff the incense that must ascend with this prayer? How thoughtless are these mortals, and how unconcerned about the serious and important things of religion? They behave with such a regardless air, as though grace before meat were a needless old fashioned ceremony; as though it were enough for the chaplain to worship their Maker for the whole family; or that when they speak to the Majesty of heaven for a blessing on their food, there was no need of a composed countenance, or any shew of bodily reverence.—Yet Asebion and Asebina every morning ask their father's blessing on their knees. Methinks I would ask them, "Why so solemnly on your knees for your father's blessing, and so utterly negligent of all solemnity and outward decencies when you seek a blessing from God?"

After I had written this paper, I lent it to a friend, who put it into the hands of Sedentius, and desired him to read it. In the perusal of it, he seemed pleased, and gratified with the just reproof of such irreligion, and shewed his satisfaction by an approving smile, till he came to the close; there he paused a little, and a grave dejected air spread over his countenance: "Well said he, I hope these young gentry will learn to be more devout while the provisions of the table is blessed, but I take my share also in the reproof; nor will I indulge any more appearance of irreverence for time to come in these domestic and daily acts of worship: I and my fathers before me have sat down to meat these forty years, and never asked a blessing till after we were all seated; but my children shall learn of me to stand up and adore the God who made and feeds us, nor shall our seats nor our consciences upbraid us with any appearances of indecency in our addresses to the living God."*

* It hath been suspected that Sedentius reproves himself here without any just reason, since our Saviour seated the multitude on the grass before he blessed the food: Luke ix. and John vi. and the apostles were sitting at the Paschal table when Christ instituted the Lord's-supper, and blessed the elements.

XVIII.—*Youth and Death.*

——" Tener vitulus relictâ
" Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
" In mea vota:
" Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
" Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
" Quâ notam duxit niveus videri,
" Cetera fulvus."——HORAT.

While we read these lines of Horace, wherein he describes his young yellow calf with the white crescent in his forehead, while he paints out the pretty brute in most agreeable verse, one is ready to feel a sort of fond pity working in us, when we find that the creature is destined to speedy sacrifice: The poet himself, who devotes its blood to the altar, yet seems to dwell with a sort of compassion and mournful pleasure on the description of its beauty and sprightliness.

A milk-white mark its spreading front adorns,
Shap'd like a moon of three days old:
The silver curve divides its budding horns,
And all besides is gold.
The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
Now frisks about the flow'ry mead;
Loose from the dam, it knows no grief to-day,
But must to-morrow bleed.

When I see the youth of either sex arrived at that age wherein nature is just risen to its elegance and vigour, and when

To this it may be replied, (1.) Who can say that our Saviour did not rise and ask the blessing on the food, standing, though the others might sit. (2.) The Jewish custom and gesture at meals was something between lying and sitting, whereby it might become much more inconvenient to have all the guests rise up, and lie down after the food was set on the table, which must be very low, and near the ground, and mere external gestures are not so precisely necessary in such short occasional acts of worship, as to break in upon the common conveniences of life. This was certainly the case when Christ fed the multitudes; for he ordered them to sit down, that they might all be disposed into proper ranks, which could not so well have been done while they were standing, and might change their places. (3.) If it could be proved that our Saviour himself, as well as the multitudes, sat at blessing the food, this could only prove the lawfulness of the gesture, but by no means the necessity of it; because standing and kneeling are more frequently described in scripture as gestures of prayer.

It is certain, that standing, kneeling or prostration, are natural tokens of reverence and supplication, which sitting is not: Now when any of the natural gestures of reverence and supplication may be used with equal conveniency, it seems more proper to use them, and to worship God with flesh and spirit together. Whatever might be the Jewish custom then, yet it is the constant custom of our age now, to pray standing or kneeling; and this has made sitting at prayer appear much more indecent. Now where natural signs of reverence join with the customs of the age and country wherein we dwell, is it not much more proper to pay our addresses to God in that posture, by which both nature and custom agree to express reverence and honour; though for reasons that are not obvious now, Christ might heretofore indulge a posture which carries less appearance of reverence in it?

they begin to shew themselves to the world, my heart pities them, as so many borderers upon the grave; yet most of them are utterly thoughtless of dying. Little do they imagine in those years of gaiety, mirth, and madness, that they are treasuring up vengeance to themselves, by their thoughtless rebellion against the power that made them. Little do they think that their lives are every moment due to the justice of God as a sacrifice, each for their own iniquity? Young creatures, but bold sinners!—They are weaned from the nursery, they are got loose from their parents' wing, and like the Roman poet's calf, they vainly exult and riot in their new freedom; they gad abroad in the wide world, wanton and lavish in all the delights which the vigour of depraved nature inspires. They know not how to bear the checks of piety, and the restraints of wisdom, nor will they endure the tenderest admonitions of a parent or an aged friend. They have no apprehension of the angel of death near them, as though it was beyond the reach of his commission or the flight of his arrows to smite any of their station or character. In the morning of nature they feel themselves live, and they fancy it is immortality.

Especially if they are adorned with any peculiar charms of wit or beauty, then the flatteries of the glass, and their own warm imaginations, the compliments and caresses of the company that attend them, banish all that is solemn or serious: The inchanting allurements that surround their senses, render them deaf to all the warnings of God and conscience, and thoughtless of every thing but the gay successions of pleasure. The powers of animal life reign in them without controul, and they forget there is a soul within them, or a God above them, or a tribunal of judgment at which they must be arraigned.

In the midst of this flowery scene, Amelistus was seized with a sudden fever; in three days time it was heightened into a raging delirium, which gave no room for any penitential reflections; and thus in the bloom of nature, and full of the sins of his youth, he was surprised into eternity: He seemed to be singled out from the rest of his wild associates, and made a victim to death, and to divine displeasure. A loud alarm to secure sinners, and a flaming warning-piece to the companions of his guilt!

Our natural compassion drops some tears of humanity on the grave of such a fine young gentleman; but the divine being that made him, is not moved with those prettinesses of flesh and blood, which engage our senses, and melt our hearts to softness. What is a little rose-coloured skin and well-set limbs, in the eyes of that almighty Power that can create millions of such beautiful engines with his breath, and destroy them without loss?

Ten thousand gay worms and shining insects arise hourly at his command in a summer's day: But if an insect or a worm affront its Maker, our own reason would sentence it to immediate death.

Happy were such a wretch as Amelistus, if he had been a mere animal, and had nothing in him capable of immortality.—Happy had it been, if he were a worm or shining insect, or in all respects like that pretty young brute, which the poet describes; then the term of his mortal life would have finished his existence: But the sin of man, and the justice of God, demand the sacrifice of a soul; his rebellion arose against heaven, he affronted the infinite Majesty of his Creator, and since he died without repentance, the threatenings of the bible doom him to everlasting punishment. "Hear this, young sinners, who forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you."

XIX.—*Babylon destroyed: Or, the 137th Psalm translated.*

HAD Horace or Pindar written this Ode, it would have been the endless admiration of the critic, and the perpetual labour of rival translators; but it is found in the scripture, and that gives a sort of disgust to an age which verges too much toward infidelity. I could wish the muse of Mr. Pope would choose out some few of these pieces of sacred psalmody, which carry in them the more sprightly beauties of poesy, and let the English nation know what a divine poet sat on the throne of Israel. He has taken Homer's rhapsodies, and turned them into fine verse and agreeable entertainment; and his admirable imitation of the Hebrew prophets, in his poem called The Messiah, convinces us abundantly, how capable he is of such a service. This particular Psalm could not well be converted into christianity, and therefore it appears here in its Jewish form: The vengeance denounced against Babylon, in the close of it, shall be executed, said a great divine, upon antichristian Rome; but he was persuaded the Turks must do it, for Protestant hearts, said he, have too much compassion in them to imbrue their hands in such a bloody and terrible execution.

1 WHEN by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud;
We thought on Sion's mournful state,
And wept her woes and wail'd aloud,

2 Thoughtless of ev'ry chearful air
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)
Our harps, neglected in despair,
And silent, on the willows hung.

3 Our foes, who made our land their spoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues,
Bid us forget our groans a-while,
And give a taste of Zion's songs.

4 How shall we sing in heathen lands
Our holy songs to ears profane?
Lord, shall our lips at their commands
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain?

5 Forbid it heaven! O vile abuse!
Zion in dust forbids it too:
Shall hymns inspired for sacred use
Be sung to please a scoffing crew?

6 O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Fast to my mouth in silence still;
Let some avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful skill.

7 If I thy sacred rites profane,
O Salem, or thy dust despise;
If I indulge one chearful strain,
Till I shall see thy tow'rs arise.

8 'Twas Edom bid the conqu'ring foe,
" Down with the tow'rs, and raze
" thy walls:"
Requite her, Lord; But, Babel, know
Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance call

9 As thou hast spared nor sex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May some bless'd hand, inspir'd wi
rage,
Dash thy young babes, and ting
the stones.

XX. Epitaphium *Monstri cujusdam, Apud Anglos vulgò dicti* BIGOTRY, *Terræ & Tenebris mandati. Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioso & vere pio* JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

1 " HIC jacet (semperque jaceat!)
" Pietatis cadaver,
" Improbitatis corpus,
" Religionis larva,
" Sanctimoniæ hostis & umbra,
" Divini imago zeli, & pestis;
" Ecclesia simia simul & lupus.

2 " Monstrum horrendum, informe, in-
" gens, cui lumen ademptum.
" Romæ antiquæ natum,
" Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
" In caliginosis Vaticani adytis,
" Humano sanguine & pulvere pyrio
" Nutritum, saginatum.

3 " Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
" Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
" Jamdudum gratissimis:
" Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
" Humani generis & commodi causa
" Peregrinator assiduus.

4 " Linguarum utpote quarumcunque
peritus,
" Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
" Mentium illuminator flammeus,
" Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
" Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
" Reluctantium animarum catervas
" Festinas in cœlum amandat,
" Celerrimus orbis conversor.
" Conspirationum exitialium,
" Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
" (Mali reverà machinarum infandi)
" Artifex dexterrimus.

XX. *An* Epitaph *on* BIGOTRY, *Translated from the* Latin, *Which was written by the late pious ingenious* MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, *And inserted in the Occasional Pape Vol.* III. *Numb.* 6.

1 HERE lies (and may it here for eve
lie)
The carcase of dead piety,
Shadow of grace, substantial sin
Religion's mask and gaudy dress
The form and foe of holiness,
The image and the plague of zeal d
vine.
Its dwelling was the church; in doubl
shape,
Half was a murdering wolf, and ha
a mimic ape.

2 A monster horrid to the sight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloisters of the Vatican
Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigiousniz
With gun-powder and blood of man

3 Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome guest
Over the continent and main,
Over the old world and the new,
Mankind and money to pursue,
On dragon's wings the harpy flew,
And gave its feet no rest.

4 All languages the fury spake,
And did of either sex partake:
Flaming enlightner of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful tongu
to speak,
While the pain'd conscience left th
truth behind.
By gibbet, sword and fire.
It made whole tribes of men expire
And to the skies their groaning ghost
it hurl'd,
A swift converter of the world.
Dextrous in all the arts of blood
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Mysterious mischief, plots of state
Those murd'rous engines to destroyth
good.

The muse here tiring, begs the reader's leave to release herself from th

bonds and labours of rhyme and metre, by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.

5 "Ecclesiæ sub nomine & cultu,
"Sub pelle ovina & vultu,
"Libertatis penitus ecclesiasticæ,
"Commercii pene civilis,
"Ac societatis humanæ
"Indomitus vastator & prædo.

5 Under the name and habit of the church,
Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,
It became the most savage and rampant
Plunderer and waster of human society,
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
And left religious liberty expiring.

6 "Artibus politis, politicisque,
"Critices nexibus logicæque strophis
"Calamorum, linguæque telis,
"Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,
"Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentis
"Bellator instructissimus.

6 A warrior well furnish'd
With all arts politic and polite,
With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
The hampering chains and subtleties of logic,
And the javelins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordnance of councils and canons.
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

7 "Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas,
"Fastusque ac seculi amor,
"Perjuria, piæque fraudes,
"Truculenta partium studia,
"Implicitæ fidei, tyrannidisque,
"Obsequii proinde passivi,
"Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
"Comites fuerunt solennes.

7 Fury, hatred and mischief,
Love of this world, pride and disdain,
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,
And raging party-zeal,
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.
High encomiums and endless applause
Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited power and passive obedience
To tyrant priests and kings,
With the immortal praise and merit
Of stupid ignorance, and blind submission,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

8 "Cui nugæ, tricæque, calendæ,
"Quisquiliæ, diræ, exequiæque,
"Bullæ minantes, & bruta fulmina,
"Vota sacrilega, ac legendæ,
"Jecur theologicum, bilisque
"Aspera æque ac atra,
"Pompæ theatrales, ritusque
"Obsoleti simul & decentes,
"Cordi fuere & cibo.

8 Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,
Legends and silly tales,
Old almanacks, and mouldy musty relics,
Sweepings of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies
Both decent and indecent,
Monkish vows, and superstitious austerities,
With words of sacerdotal absolution,
A sacerdotal vengeance,

Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,
Mixt up with priestly choler, bitter and black,
Were its delicious food.

(Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.)

9 " Ordinis ut plurimum clericalis,
" Gregis potissimum Loyolitici,
" Congregationis præterea venerandæ
" De propaganda per orbem fide
" Coccenatus antistes.

9 A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Ignatian drove,
And all the clergy tribes beside,
All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love,
In every different sect 'twas known.
It made the cassock and the cowl its own,
Now stalk'd in formal cloak, now flutter'd in the gown.

10 " Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
(" Solertissimæ hæreticorum muscipulæ)
" Primævus fundator & præses.
" Amplissimo cardinalium concessui
" Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesiæ
" Patri capitique,
" A secretioribus semper consiliis.

10 At what dark hour soe'er
The curst divan at Rome were met,
Catholic faith to propagate,
This monster fill'd the chair.
The concave drest in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
Made it their privy-counsellor.
The inquisition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to set the solemn trap
That lets no heretic escape)
Owns it her president and founder too.

11 " Christiani insuper orbis totius
" Tam per orientales, quam occidentales
" Mundi plagas
" Miseré secum militantis
(" Et quid, quæso, dicendum?)
" Antesignanus semper triumphans.

11 Oft as the church in east or western lands
Rising against herself in arms,
In her own blood imbru'd her hands,
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody standards bear,
Or sound the fierce alarms;
Victorious still. (And what can more be said
Of all the living warriors, or the heroes dead?)

12 " Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus
" Pelagi mœnibus, necnon ab navium
" Propugnaculis bene munitæ,
" Bonis præterea domesticis,
" Quæ sacris, quæ civilibus
" (Bona si tandem sua noverit)

12 Britain, a land well stor'd with every good,
That nature, law, religion gives;
A land where sacred freedom thrives;
Blest isle! if her own weal she understood!
Her sons immur'd with guardian ocean sleep,
And castles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes, O shame! O sin!
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in;
This hellish fury, who with flatt'ring breath

"Omnium fortunatissimæ
("Proh dolor! Proh pudor!)
"Intestinus divitor & helluo.

"I fuge viator, malignum
"Hujusce sepulchri vaporem!
"Lætare, festina, & ora
"Ne sphingi adeo nefandæ
"Ullus in ævum
"Resurrectionis concedatur locus."

Did first divide, and then devour,
And made wild waste where-e'er she spread her pow'r,
Behold she meets her fatal hour
And lies inchain'd in death.

13 Shout at th's grave, O traveller;
Triumphant joys that reach the skies
Are here the justest obsequies;
Shout thrice; then flee afar
The pois'nous steams and stenches of the sepulchre;
Go, turn thy face to heaven, and pray,
That such a hateful monster never may,
Obtain a resurrection-day.

XXI.—*The Death of* Lazarus.

WHAT a wondrous difference there is betwixt the soul and e body of a poor distressed dying christian? His flesh perpa with Lazarus is full of diseases, and in a few moments time lies dead upon the dunghill; a noisome carcase! an unlovely d offensive sight! Then, as though it were unworthy for the rth to bear it, it is thrown under ground to rot in darkness, as companion and food for worms: But his soul (like one of the mps of Gideon shining out at midnight from a broken pitcher) peare immediately in its native brightness and beauty, as a crere born of heaven, and a-kin to God; it is taken up as an nourable burden for the wings of angels: it is swiftly convey- above the heavens, and made a companion for all the sons of od in glory. Luke xvi. 20, 22. Judges vii. 16, 19.

Let us take a distinct review of each of these different cirmstances of the flesh and spirit, and set them in a just light d in due opposition.

The body with all its bones and nerves lies dead and moves, a demolished prison and broken fetters; the soul all life and gour, a prisoner released from all its chains, and exulting in orious liberty.

The body an unworthy load of earth; the soul a burden fit r an angel's wing.

The body thrown under ground, and hid in darkness; the nl rising above the skies, and shining there in garments of ght.

The body, the entertainment and the contempt of worms; e soul proper company for Christ and his saints.

Was it not a stroke of divine love that demolished the prin-house, and released the captive; that broke the dark earthen tcher, and bid the lamp appear and shine?

XXII.—*An Hymn to Christ Jesus, the Eternal Life.*

1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The springs whence living waters flow

2 Say, will the Stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find these blissful streams
Amongst his raptures and his dreams!

4 In vain I ask; for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

4 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

5 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

6 Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The eternal life, and Jesu's name;
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

7 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

XXIII.—*Distant Thunder.*

WHEN we hear the thunder rumbling in some distant quarter of the heavens, we sit calm and secure amidst our business or diversions, we feel no terrors about us, and apprehend no danger. When we see the slender streaks of lightning play afar off in the horizon of an evening sky, we look on and amuse ourselves as with an agreeable spectacle, without the least fear or concern. But, lo, the dark cloud rises by degrees, it grows black as night, and big with tempest; it spreads as it rises to the mid-heaven, and now hangs directly over us; the flashes of lightning grow broad and strong, and like sheets of ruddy fire, they blaze terribly all round the hemisphere. We bar the doors, and windows, and every avenue of light, but we bar them all in vain; the flames break in at every cranny, and threaten swift destruction. The thunder follows, bursting from the cloud with sudden and tremendous clashes; the voice of the Lord is redoubled with violence, and overwhelms us with terror; it rattles over our heads, as though the whole house were broken down at once with a stroke from heaven, and were tumbling on us amain to bury us in the ruins. Happy the soul whose hope in his God composes all his passions amidst these storms of nature, and renders his whole deportment peaceful and serene amidst the frights and hurries of weak spirits and unfortified minds.

What lesson shall we derive from such a scene as this? Methinks I see here in what manner the terrors of the book of God and the threatnings of divine vengeance are received and entertained by secure sinners. These threatnings appear to them like streaks of lightning afar off: The most dreadful predictions of the fury of God sound in their ears but like the feeble murmurs of the sky, and far distant thunder. The poor among mankind go on to pursue their labours of life, and the rich their vain amusements; they have no fear about these future storms afar off, nor any solicitude to avoid them. But the hour is hastening when

ry threatning in the bible shall appear to be the voice of God, l his power shall employ all the terrible things in the creation the accomplishment of his dreadful word. The wings of time ıg onward the remote tempest: These dark clouds unite and w big with divine and eternal vengeance; they rise high, y hang over the nations, and are just ready to be discharged the head of impenitents. The God of thunder will roar from ven, and cause his voice to be heard through the foundations he earth, and to the very centre of hell. The spirit of the ghtiest sinner shall tremble with unknown astonishment, and man of mockery shall quiver to his very soul. The light-gs of God shall kindle the world into one vast conflagration; earth, with all its forests and cities, shall make a dreadful ze; the enemies of the Lord shall be fuel for this devouring , and a painful burning shall be kindled in the consciences, ch innumerable ages shall not extinguish. "Who can dwell ı this devouring fire! Who can endure these everlasting nings?"

Blessed souls, who in a wise and happy hour have heard ıe divine warnings, who stood in awe of these distant thunders, l reverenced and obeyed the voice of the Lord in them. Bles- souls, who beheld the flashes of the wrath of God while they e yet afar off; who saw them kindling terribly in the threat-gs of the broken law, and fled for refuge to the hope set before m in the gospel! they are divinely secured amidst the promises the covenant of grace, from all the approaches of the fiery ignation. Jesus has sprinkled his own blood upon them; a ereign and preventive remedy against these terrors, a sure and rnal defence against the power of the destroying angel, and burning tempest. "Their feet shall stand on high, their itation is a munition of rocks;" they shall live secure, and ice in their God amidst the ruins of the lower creation.

vid's *Lamentation over* Saul *and* Jonathan; 2 Sam. i. 19, &c.

THE Jews were acquainted with several arts and sciences g ere the Romans became a people, or the Greeks were known ong the nations. Though Moses might learn some of them in Egyptian education, yet perhaps others were taught by God ıself amidst their travels in the wilderness, when they formed h a wonderful portable structure as the tabernacle, and ought such garments of exquisite glory and beauty to adorn the h-priest in his sacred ministrations. Nor is it unlikely that ses introduced among them the art of verse; for the most ient poetical composures which are known in the world, are the h chapter of Exodus, where he triumphs over Pharoah and army, the xcth Psalm, where he describes the frailty and sery of human life, and the xxxiid of Deuteronomy, where he

leaves behind him a noble divine ode at his death, for the perpetual memory of God and his wonders.

The next remarkable instance we have of this kind, are the writings of David, the sweet psalmist of Israel; but even David could never be supposed to borrow any thing from the Greeks, when Homer, the father of their verse, was supposed to be but a contemporary with Solomon the son of David. If the Greeks had been acquainted with the songs of Moses, which I have mentioned, or the Romans had ever know the odes of David, and amongst the rest this admirable elegy, they would never have spoke of the Jews with so much contempt, as a rude and barbarous people; at least I am persuaded their poets would have conceived a much better opinion of them, when they found them so far exceed any thing that their own nations had ever produced. I believe I might fairly challenge all the antiquity of the heathens to present us with an ode of more beautiful sentiments, and greater elegance, than this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. It is rehearsed in the scripture indeed, but perhaps not written by inspiration, for there is scarce any thing of God or religion in it. David the mere man was a sublime poet, and God made him a prophet.

I have seen this piece several times in an English dress, but none of them have given me any more satisfaction, than perhaps I shall give to those who read mine. It was a mere admiration of this Hebrew song that set my imagination at work, in this attempt to imitate.

I shall here first transcribe it from the scripture, though it is impossible that it should appear at this distance of time, and in our language, with half the lustre in which it stood in that age and nation when it was written.

2 Sam. i. 17. "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son.

19. The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen!

20. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

21. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

22. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

23. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

24. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

25. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wert slain in thy high places!

26. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.

27. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Paraphrased thus:

1 UNHAPPY day! distressing sight!
Israel, the land of heav'n's delight,
How is thy strength, thy beauty fled!
On the high places of the fight
Behold thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory dead!

2 Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the streets of Askelon:
How will Philistia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our shame,
And girls with weak unhallowed voice
Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

3 Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful show'rs descend on you:
Curse on your fields thro' all the year,
No flow'ry blessings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harvest stand
To grace the altar, or to feed the land.
'Twas in those inauspicious fields
Judean heroes lost their shields:
'Twas there (ah base reproach and scandal of the day!)
Thy shield, O Saul, was cast away,
As tho' the prophets's horn had never shed
It sacred odours on thy head.

4 The sword of Saul had ne'er till now
Awoke to war in vain,
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow,
Without an army slain.
Where truth and honour mark'd their way,
Not eagles swifter to their prey,
Nor lions strong or bold as they.

5 Graceful in arms and great in war
Were Jonathan and Saul.
Pleasant in life, and manly fair;
Nor death divides the royal pair.
And thousands share their fall.
Daughters of Israel, melt your eyes
To softer tears and swell your sighs,
Disrob'd, disgrac'd your monarchs,
On the bleak mountains pale and cold:
He made rich scarlet your array;
Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay,
With gems of regal gift, and interwoven gold.

6 How are the princes sunk in death!
Fall'n on the shameful ground!
There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath:
On the high places where he stood,
He lost his honours and his blood;
Oh execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!

7 My Jonathan, my better part,
My brother, (and that dearer name) my friend,
I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
And here my comforts end.
How pleasant was thy love to me!
Amazing passion, strong and free;
No dangers could thy steady soul remove:
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.
To name my joys, awakes my pain;
The dying friend runs cold through every vein.
My Jonathan, my dying friend,
How thick my woes arise? Where will my sorrows end?

8 Unhappy day! distressing sight!
Israel the land of heaven's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory slain!
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear
With all the sully'd pomp of war,
In rude confusion spread,
Promiscuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all the inglorious plain.

XXV.—*The Skeleton.*

YOUNG Tramarinus was just returned from his travels abroad, when he invited his uncle to his lodgings on a Saturday noon; his uncle was a substantial trader in the city, a man of sincere goodness, and of no contemptible understanding; Crato was his name. The nephew first entertained him with learned talk of his travels. The conversation happened to fall upon anatomy, and speaking of the hand, he mentioned the carpus and metacarpus, the joining of the bones by many hard names, and the periosteon which covered them, together with other Greek words which Crato had never heard of. Then he shewed him a few curiosities he had collected; but anatomy being the subject of their chief discourse, he dwelt much upon the skeletons of a hare and a partridge; "Observe, sir, said he, how firm the joints! how nicely the parts are fitted to each other! How proper this limb for flight, and that for running! and how wonderful the whole composition!" Crato took due notice of the most considerable parts of those animals, and observed the chief remarks that his nephew made; but being detained there two hours without a dinner, assuming a pleasant air, he said, "I wish these rarities had flesh upon them, for I begin to be hungry, nephew, and you entertain me with nothing but bones." Then he carried home his nephew to dinner with him, and dismissed the jest.

The next morning his kinsman Tramarinus desired him to hear a sermon at such a church, for I am informed, said he, the preacher will be my old schoolmaster. It was Agrotes, a country minister, who was to fulfil the service of the day, an honest, a pious, and an useful man, who fed his own people weekly with divine food, composed his sermons with a mixture of the instructive and the pathetic, and delivered them with no improper elocution. Where any difficulty appeared in the text or the subject, he usually explained it in a very natural and easy manner, to the understanding of all his parishioners; he paraphrased on the most affecting parts largely, that he might strike the conscience of every hearer, and had been the happy means of the salvation of many: But he thought thus with himself, "When I preach at London, I have hearers of a wiser rank, I must feed them with learning and substantial sense, and must have my discourse set thick with distinct sentences and new matter." He contrived therefore to abridge his composures, and to throw four of his country sermons together to make up one for the city, and yet he could not forbear to add a little Greek in the beginning: He told the auditors how the text was to be explained, he set forth the analysis of the words in order, shewed the hoti and the dioti, (that is, that it was so, and why it was so) with much learned criticism (all which he wisely left out in the country;) then he pronounced the doctrine distinctly, and

filled up the rest of the hour with the mere rehearsal of the general and special heads: But he omitted all the amplification which made his performances in the country so clear and so intelligible, so warm and affecting. In short, it was the mere joints and carcase of a long composure, and contained above forty branches in it. The hearers had no time to consider or reflect on the good things which were spoken, or apply them to their own consciences; the preacher hurried their attention so fast onward to new matters, that they could make no use of any thing he said while he spoke it, nor had they a moment for reflection, in order to fix it in their memories, and improve by it at home.

The young gentleman was somewhat out of countenance when the sermon was done, for he missed all that life and spirit, that pathetic amplification which impressed his conscience when he was but a school-boy: However he put the best face upon it, and began to commend the performance, "Was it not, said he, sir, a substantial discourse? How well connected were all the reasons? how strong the inferences, and what a variety and number of them?" It is true, said the uncle, but yet methinks I want food here, and I find nothing but bones again. I could not have thought, nephew, you would have treated me two days together just alike; yesterday at home, and to-day at church, the first course was Greek, and all the rest mere skeleton.

XXVI.—*Words without Spirit.*

EMERA was much displeased with her maid-servants for some pieces of cross ill conduct in domestic affairs. The occasion of her displeasure was great and just, but she had not the spirit of reproof. Criton, the partner of her life, happening then to be in his closet, she went up and made her complaints there; he entreated her to excuse him from the economy of the kitchen and the parlour: It was all entirely under her dominion, and if her maids were so culpable, she must reprove them sharply; "Alas, said she, I cannot chide; however to shew my resentment, if you will write down a chiding, I will go immediately and read it to them." This is no fable, but true history of an occurrence in a family: Now what better improvement can be made of it, than to make a parable like it for the service of the church.

Lectorius is a pious man, and worthy minister in a country parish; his discourses are well formed, his sentiments on almost every subject are just and proper, his style is modern and not unpolite, nor does he utterly neglect the passions in the turn of his composures: Yet I cannot call him a good preacher, for he does not only use his written notes to secure his method, and to relieve his memory, which is a very proper and useful practice,

but he scarce ever takes his eye off from his book to address himself with life and spirit to the people; For this reason, many of his hearers fall asleep; the rest of them sit from January to December; regardless and unconcerned: An air of indolence reigns through the faces of his auditory, as if it were a matter of no importance, or not addressed to them, and his ministrations have little power or success.

In his last sermon he had an use of reproof for some vices which were practised in a public and shameless manner in his parish, and as the apostle required Timothy to reprove such sinners before all, so he supposed that these sins, at least, ought not to escape a public rebuke. The paragraph was well drawn up, and indeed it was animated with some just and awful severities of language; yet he had not courage enough to chide the guilty, nor to animate his voice with any just degree of zeal. However, the good man did his best, he went into the pulpit and read them a chiding.

His conduct is just the same when he designs his address in his paper to any of the softer passions; for by the coldness of his pronunciation, and keeping his eye ever fixed on his notes, he makes very little impression on his hearers. When he should awaken senseless and obstinate sinners, and pluck them as brands out of the burning, he only reads to them out of his book some words of pity, or perhaps a use of terror; and if he would lament over their impenitence and their approaching ruin, he can do no more than read them a chapter of Lamentation.

Since there are so many of the kindred of Lectorius in our nation, it is no wonder that some of them arise to vindicate the family and their practice. Do not the English sermons, say they, exceed those of other nations, because they are composed with so much justness and accuracy, and by careful reading, they are delivered with great exactness to the people, without trusting one sentence to the frailty of the memory, or the warmth of sudden imagination?

I am sure it may be replied, that if the English sermons exceed those of our neighbours, the English preachers would exceed themselves, if they would learn the art of reading by the glance of an eye, so as never to interrupt the force of their argument, nor the vivacity and pathos of their pronunciation; or if they made themselves so much masters of what they had written, and delivered it with such life and spirit, such freedom and fervency, as though it came all fresh from the head and the heart. It is by this art of pronouncing, as well as by a warm composure, that some of the French preachers reign over their assemblies, like a Cicero or a Demosthenes of old, and that with such superior dignity and power, as is seldom seen now-a-days in an English audience, whatsoever esteem may be paid to our *writings*.

A paper with the most pathetic lines written upon it, has no fear nor hope, no zeal or compassion; it is conscious of no design, nor has any solicitude for the success; and a mere reader, who coldly tells the people what his paper says, seems to be as void of all these necessary qualifications, as his paper is.

XXVII.—*The Church-yard.*

WHEN I enter into a church-yard, I love to converse with the dead. See how thick the hillocks of mortality arise all around me, each of them a monument of death, and the covering of a son or daughter of Adam. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand pieces of human nature, heaps upon heaps, lie buried in this spot of ground; it is the old repository of the inhabitants of the neighbouring town; a collection of the ruins of many ages, and the rubbish of twenty generations.

I say within myself, What a multitude of human beings, noble creatures, are here reduced to dust! God has broken his own best workmanship to pieces, and demolished by thousands the finest earthly structures of his own building. Death has entered in, and reigned over this town for many successive centuries: it had its commission from God, and it has devoured multitudes of men.

Should a stranger make the enquiry which is expressed; Deut. xxix. 25. "Wherefore has the Lord done thus to the work of his own hands? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?" The answer is ready, verse 25, &c. "Because they have sinned, they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God, therefore the Lord has rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and hath cast them into another land, even the land of corruption and darkness, as it is at this day."

But have not other towns, cities and villages their church-yards too? My thoughts take the hint, and fly abroad through all the burying-places of the nations. What millions of mankind lie under the ground in urns, or mingled with common clay? Every ancient town and city in the world has burnt or buried all its inhabitants more than thirty times over: What wide spreading slaughter, what lamentable desolation, has death made among the children of men! But the vengeance is just in all; each of them are sinners; "and the anger of God hath kindled against them to bring upon them the first curse that is written in his book, "In the day that thou sinnest thou shalt surely die;" Gen. ii. 17.

Go to the church-yard then, O sinful and thoughtless mortal; go learn from every tombstone and every rising hillock, that the wages of sin is death. Learn in silence among the dead that lesson which infinitely concerns all the living; nor let thy heart

be ever at rest till thou art acquainted with Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life.

XXVIII.—*To a Painter restoring an Old Picture.*

SIR,

WHEN you take a review of the former labours of your pencil, and retouch the features of Idalio with so skilful a hand, you remove the brown veil which rolling years have spread over them, and brighten all the piece into its early form and loveliness. There rises a fresh vigour upon the looks, and the spirit of the poet is infused again into the image of our aged friend. We see and wonder how the eyes resume their youth and fire; what a genius glows in the countenance; and new light and life are scattered over all the shadow of the man, who himself is hasting to death and darkness.

O could you renew all the living originals, and recover them from the deformations and disgraces of time, as easily as your pencil calls their portraits back again from age, you would be the first man in the universe for wealth and fame. Even the grossest sensualist, who is strongly attached to his cups and his amours, would relinquish them both to make his way to your hand, and offer all the remnant of his patrimony for a cast of your favour: Aurato, the decrepid miser, would bring his mines of gold, and lay them at your foot; while his daughter Quadrilla, in her fortieth year, throws down her cards in haste to increase the crowd at your door, and intreat the blessings of your art.

But nature, alas! hath fixed the limits of youth, beauty, and vigour; narrow limits indeed! and when once passed, they are unrepassable. The broken lines of an ancient painting may be re-united and grow strong, the features may rise round and elevated, and the colours glow again with sprightly youth; but our real form grows cold and pale, it sinks, it flattens, it withers into wrinkles; the decay is resistless and perpetual, and recovery lies beyond the reach of hope. This shadow of Idalio, touched by your pencil, lives again, and will see another age; but the substance dies daily, and is ready to drop into the dust.

To this point of mortality, since it is certain and inevitable, let us often direct our eyes; let our scattered thoughts be recollected from all their wanderings, and pay a daily visit to death. Acquaintance with it in the light of christianity will dispel its darkest terrors. And since Idalio and Apelles, poets and painters, with all their sprightly airs, are borne away with the rest of mankind by the sweeping torrent of time, let us hold the period of life ever in our view, let us all keep our spirits awake, and guard against a surprise. O may your soul and mine never start back from the gloomy gate which opens a pas-

sage into the world of spirits! We know we must leave our flesh behind us in the grave; and there let it lie till it hath finished the time of its appointed purification; let it lie and refine from all the dregs of sin and sensual impurities; let it wait for the beams of the last morning, and salute the dawn of the great rising-day. Glorious and surprising day indeed, for the restoration of all the originals of mankind, when paintings and shadows shall be no more! Blessed hour, when our dust, at the creating call of heaven, shall up start into man; it shall glow with new life and immortal colours, such as nature in her gayest scenes hath never displayed; such as the dreams of poets were never able to represent, nor the pallet of Titian ever knew.'

XXIX.—*On the Sight of Queen Mary, in the Year* 1694.

1 I saw th' illustrious form, I saw
Beauty that gave the nations law:
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condescending grandeur shone.

2 That blooming face! how lovely fair!
Hath nature mix'd her wonders there!
The rosy morn such lustre shows,
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

3 Her shape, her motion, and her mien,
All heav'nly; such are angels seen,
When the bright vision grows intense,
And fancy aids our feebler sense.

4 Earth's proudest idols dare not vie
With such superior majesty:
A kindling vapour might as soon
Rise from the bogs, and mate the moon.

5 I'll call no Raphael from his rest;
Such charms can never be exprest:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a shade.

6 Britain beholds her queen with pride,
And mighty William at her side
Gracing the throne, while at their feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

7 Secure of empire, she might lay
Her crown, her robes, and state away,
And 'midst ten thousand nymphs be seen:
Her beauty would proclaim the queen,

Epanorthosis.

8 Her guardian angel heard my song,
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong
My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.

9 Rudely they praise, who dwell below,
And heav'n's true glories never know,
Where stars and planets are no more
Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

10 So, where celestial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind,
Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as shining servants there.

XXX.—*On the Effigies of his Royal Highness George, late Prince of Denmark, and Lord High Admiral of Great-Britain, made in Wax, and seated at a Banquet near the Effigies of her late Majesty Queen Anne.*

All happily performed in a very near Imitation of the Life, by Chrysis, 1705.

SO look'd the hero, coming from the board
Of naval counsels, and put off his sword.
So sat the Prince, when with a smiling air
He relish'd life, and pleas'd his Sovereign Fair.
Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien
Did his first love address his future Queen!

Publish the wonder, fame.* But O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Lest her impatient love and wishing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn and die.
Or stay: The royal mourner will believe
Her George restored, and so forget to grieve.
What cannot Chrysis do? Those artful hands
Shall raise the hero: Lo, in arms he stands;
Fairbourn† and Leak† submissive shall espy
War on his brow, and orders in his eye,
Auspicious, just, and wise: The fleet obeys,
And the French pirates flee the British seas.

XXXI.—*To Velina, on the Death of several young Children.*

I HAVE a comely fruit-tree in the summer season, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother tree: But the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said, "How pretty were those young standards! How much like their parent! How elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! And each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree:" But they stood so near as to endanger the stock: they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the hopeful prospect of autumn. The pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise; for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

Will you give me leave, Velina, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the garden of God? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits, of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service: You have had many of these young suckers springing up around you; they stood a while your sweet ornaments and your joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and might have become a parent-tree: But say, did they never draw your heart off from God? Did you never feel them stealing any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections that were first and supremely due to him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the dust, have you not found your heart running out more toward God, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to God every day, since the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater

* This poem was written just after prince George's death.
† Two British Admirals.

fruitfulness and service than in times past? If so, then repine not at the pruning-knife; but adore the conduct of the heavenly husbandman, and say, "All his ways are wisdom and mercy."

But I have not yet done with my parable.

When the granary was well stored with excellent fruit, and before winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead. But his design was not to destroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mold, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair little standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young grove) flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You know now where you are, Velina, and that I have carried you to the hill of paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the fruits of righteousness in this lower world, to be transplanted to that heavenly mountain? What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness, to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, (a sweet company) all partakers with you of the same happy immortality; all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning-knife. Look forward by faith to this glorious morning, and admire the whole scheme of providence and grace. Give chearful honours beforehand to your almighty and all-wise Governor, who by his unsearchable counsels has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way; that blessed hand which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in his own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again, though the method may be painful to flesh and blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor "Mothers bring forth for trouble: They are the seed of the blessed Lord, and their offspring with them;" Isaiah lxiii. 23. Then shall you say, "Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your seed, in an everlasting covenant." *Amen.*

XXXII.—*Earth, Heaven, and Hell.*

I HAVE often tried to strip death of its frightful colours, and make all the terrible airs of it vanish into softness and delight: To this end, among other rovings of thought, I have sometimes illustrated to myself the whole creation, as one immense building, with different apartments, all under

the immediate possession and government of the great Creator.

One sort of these mansions are little, narrow, dark, damp rooms; where there is much confinement, very little good company, and such a clog upon one's natural spirits, that a man cannot think or talk with freedom, nor exert his understanding, or any of his intellectual powers with glory or pleasure. This is the earth in which we dwell.

A second sort are spacious, lightsome, airy and serene courts open to the summer-sky, or at least admitting all the valuable qualities of sun and air, without the inconveniences; where there are thousands of most delightful companions, and every thing that can give one pleasure, and make one capable and fit to give pleasure to others. This is the heaven we hope for.

A third sort of apartments are open and spacious too, but under a wintry-sky, with perpetual storms of hail, rain and wind, thunder, lightning, and every thing that is painful and offensive; and all that is among millions of wretched companions cursing the place, tormenting one another, and each endeavouring to increase the public and universal misery.—This is hell.

Now what a dreadful thing is it to be driven out of one of the first narrow dusky cells into the third sort of apartment, where the change of the room is infinitely the worst? No wonder that sinners are afraid to die. But why should a soul that has good hope, through grace, of entering into the serene apartment, be unwilling to leave the narrow smoaky prison he has dwelt in so long, and under such loads of inconvenience?

Death to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O may the rays and splendours of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a chearful gleam as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through!

XXXIII.—*A Hornet's Nest destroyed.*

WHAT curious little creatures were these; how bright and beautiful the body of them! how nimble and sprightly the several limbs! how swift the wing of this insect for flight, and the sting as dreadful for its own defence, and for the punishment of those that hurt it. What rich contrivance is there in all the invisible springs of this little engine? and yet here are thousands of them destroyed at once, and reduced to common earth.

If any artist among men could have framed but one such a

wonderful machine as this, it would have been sold for thousands of gold and silver, it would have been valued at the price of royal treasures, and thought fit only for the cabinet of the greatest princes. The destruction of such a rare piece of workmanship would have been an uncompensable loss among men; but it is the work of God, and here are thousands of these elegant structures demolished, and cast out to the dunghill, without any concern or injury to God or man. Glorious indeed, and all divine, is the magnificence of the great Creator! With what a profusion doth he pour out the riches of his art, even amongst the meaner parts of the creation! he makes yearly millions of these animals without labour, and he can part with millions out of his kingdom without loss.

Yet these are not superfluous or useless beings in the dominions of God. There was a time when he raised an army of them, and sent them upon a great expedition, to drive the nations of the Canaanites and their kings out of their own land, when he would plant his beloved Israel there; Ex. xxiii. 28. Jos. xxiv. 12. Thus he knows how to employ them, when and where he pleases: But he gives leave to every man to destroy their nests and their armies, wheresoever they become a nuisance to him; for if he want them himself, he can summon them from the most distant parts of the world, and they shall come at his first call. "He can hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of Egypt, and the bee that is in the land of Assyria;" Is. vii. 18. and they shall range themselves under his banner to execute his dreadful commission. Or if the whole creation does not afford legions of them sufficient for his purpose, he, who could animate the dust of the earth into lice; Ex. viii. 16. can command all the sands of the sea into swarms of hornets; or he can call millions out of nothing into being with a word, all dressed in their proper livery, and armed with their stings to carry on his war. What can be wanting to that God who has all the uncreated and unknown world of possibles within the reach of his voice?—Rom. iv. 17. "He calleth the things that are not, as though they were."

XXXIV.—*Citations and Inscriptions.*

ANCIENT custom and modern fashion are two sovereign tyrants, who bear almost an universal sway over the practices of mankind. They are directly opposite to each other, and they share the empire of the world between them. The learned and the mighty, as well as the poor and the foolish, obey their dictates without further enquiry, and submit to their authority, without reserve and without reason.

Why did the Persians worship the fire, and the Chinese the souls of their ancestors? Why do the Papists say their prayers

in Latin, and the Jews wash their hands always before eating? It was the usage of ancient ages, and the custom of their fathers. Why did the ladies of Great-Britain wear ruffs and fardingales a century and a half ago? and why do the men of fashion now-a-days keep two knots of hair dangling on their shoulders, with one long curl behind? Does nature find so much convenience, or spy so much decency in it? Neither of the two; but still there is supposed to be reason enough for any of these oddities, since it is the present mode. The mode will soon reconcile fancy to the most awkward appearances, and the most incommodious practices: But if nature, reason and convenience, make never so loud remonstrances, they must all stand aside and submit, while some old customs and some new fashions pronounce their absolute decrees concerning a thousand things, and determine without appeal.

Yet if reason, or religion, might have leave to put in a word, methinks there are some ancient fashions which should never have been antiquated, as well as there are some new ones which should never have been suffered to arise.

It was a fashion among our grandfathers, to cite a worthy or elegant sentence from some author of established fame, and that in their conversation, as well as their writings: They would choose to express their sentiments in the bright and beautiful language of some ancient poet or philosopher, which gave new life and strength to the period: But for these fifty years past you gain the name of a pedant, if you affront the modish world with a wise and pious saying borrowed from one of the ancients in their own language.

I will grant indeed, that it was a piece of pride, vanity and impertinence, in some who lived in the last century, to interline all their discourses and almost every page of their books, with perpetual scraps of Greek and Latin; and it became yet more ridiculous in sermons and in treatises which were written only for the use of the English world, who knew nothing but their mother-tongue; but must so useful and entertaining a practice be banished for ever, because it has been abused, and carried to extremes? Suppose I have a fine and noble sentiment in my thoughts, which I learned from Seneca or Cicero, must I be bound to deliver it in my own ruder language, rather than let those ingenious ancients speak it in their own phrase; supposing always that the company in which I speak, understand the Roman tongue? Is it such a crime to let Juvenal or Horace say an agreeable and pertinent thing for me, when I thereby confess that I cannot say any thing myself so pertinent and so agreeable? And why may not a David or a Solomon, as well as a Virgil, a Milton, or an Addison, raise and dignify a period now and then with their noble, and just, and elegant lines, and enliven a

rn page with their warm and splendid images? It is ature and reason, but mere fashion, that hath branded practice with the odious name of puritanism, or of pe- y; and I think I may congratulate the present age, that gins a little to be revived, even by the writers of the ank.

May I presume again to enquire why we should absolutely nce the fashion of our fore-fathers, in adorning their hes and their houses with the wise and pious sayings of phi- ers, or of prophets and men inspired? God himself in- l this practice, and made it a law for the Jews, his favourite e, That they should write his statutes on the posts of their s, and on their gates, to strike the eye and heart of them ome in. Nor is there any thing superstitious and Jewish matter: The walls of christian temples were wont to be ed with remarkable precepts of piety taken from the word d; moral and divine mottos were, in former centuries, ht an ornament to the narrow pannels of their wainscot, ng and beautiful sentences ran round the cornish of a pri- ouse, and carried virtue and peace with them all the way. divine rule of equity, Deal with others, as you would have deal with you, has stood guard in a tradesman's shop t every appearance of fraud, and every temptation to over- a customer. Closets and counting-houses often told our ors their duty when they were alone; and their large and us halls taught virtue and goodness to the world in fair and characters. The parlour and the dining-room put their in mind of God and heaven, in letters of vermillion old; and the kitchen and the out-houses instructed the ts in their duty, and reproved them to the face when entured to practise iniquity out of the sight of their

know there is a decorum to be observed in all things of ind. I am not for pasting up whole pages of morality the rooms, nor filling every naked pannel with little Gothic ns and ornaments, with pious rhymes or lectures of reli- But methinks we run to a wide extreme, when we abso- exclude every such lesson of virtue from all the places of idence. And since the present mode has condemned all nscriptions of truth and goodness, I know not what is come room of them, unless it be the filthy abuse of letters, and or a profane couplet graven with a diamond on a pane of Our walls in ages past wore the signatures of honour tue: Now there are too many windows, that as soon as lmit the light, discover our shame. I wonder how an that pretends to politeness and elegancy, should such lines as female modesty ought never to see, and

sacred dignity, but it discovers the sentiments and the piety that attended him through all his life.

Pride, saith he, is so extensive, so universal [illegible] mankind, that I know no part of the infection which we derive from our first father, that has so intimately mingled itself with the whole mass of blood, has so much corrupted our best powers, and runs without exception through the whole race. Methinks I can scarce move, or speak, but I feel the secret poison working, and I am betrayed at every turn into new folly and guilt by this flattering and subtle enemy.

If I am accepted in company, and find favour among men, how ready am I to impute it to my own merit! And if I meet with reproach, how does my heart swell against the tongue that uttered it, and I begin to charge the ignorant world that they have not known me: or I accuse them secretly of doing injustice to my character; for I fancy myself to have deserved the honours of mankind, and not their censures.

This active iniquity is never at rest; whether I have to do with God or man, it besets me on every side, it breaks the commands of the first table, as well as the second; detracts from the honour that I owe to my Maker, and the charity due to my fellow-creatures.

I devote myself and all my powers to God in the morning, and I think I do it with solemn sincerity: Then I meditate, I compose, or perhaps I preach, and diffuse the knowledge and the glory of Christ, my Lord: But if some shining thought break into my meditations, how fond am I to spread and dress it, to make self shine a little; and thus sacrilegiously attempt to share the honour that is due alone to my Saviour and his gospel! How closely doth this serpent-iniquity twine about my nature, and defile my most religious services! Often do I assume those lines in my lips, and with the pleasing pain that belongs to repentance, I appropriate the words to myself, as though I had been the author of them:

> "'Tis pride, that busy sin,
> "Spoils all that I perform;
> "Curst pride, that creeps securely in,
> And swells a haughty worm!

If I begin to write any divine thoughts in verse, to entertain myself or my fellow-christians with holy melody, I find this temper at my right-hand, abusing my poesy, to the ruin of my religion,——

> "My God, the songs I frame
> "Are faithless to thy cause,
> "And steal the honours of thy name
> "To build their own applause."

Sometimes I raise my thoughts a little to contemplate my Creator, in the numerous wonders of his power and wisdom, in his inimitable perfections, and in the majesty and grandeur of his nature; I fall down before him, confounded in his presence: My own ideas of his transcendent excellency overwhelm me with a sense of my own meanness, and I lay myself low in the dust, whence I and all my fore-fathers sprang; but perhaps a sudden moment turns my thought aside to my brethren, my fellow mortals; and when I imagine myself superior to some of them, the worm that lay level with the dust begins to swell and rise again, and a vain self-comparison with creatures interrupts the humble prostrations of my soul, and spoils my devotion to my God.

And here it is very astonishing to consider upon what trifles or circumstances foolish man is ready to exalt himself above his neighbour: I am even ashamed to think, that when I stand among persons of a low stature, and a mean outward appearance (especially if they are utter strangers), I am ready to look downward upon their undertakings, as beneath my own, because nature has formed my limbs by a larger model, has raised his animal bulk upon higher pillars, and given me a full and florid aspect. Ridiculous thought, and wild imagination! as though the size and colour of the brute were the proper measure to judge of the man!

At another time, when I have been engaged in free discourse, I have heard a sprightly youth talk most pertinently on the proposed subject, but I felt myself ready before-hand to despise whatever he should say, because I happened to be born ten years before him; and yet how wretchedly inconsistent is this distemper of mind! for I was tempted the next moment to neglect what was spoken by a grave gentleman present, because he was born twenty years before me: My own vanity would persuade me that the one was so much younger than I, that he had not yet arrived at sense, and the other so much older, that he had forgot it.

I find it is not youth or age, but it is self is the idol and the temptation. My foolish heart is apt to say within itself, even when I am in the midst of persons of thought and sagacity, "Methinks they should all be of my mind when I have given my opinion;" and I feel a secret inclination to flatter my own judgment, though I condemn the young and the old. Thus is pride busy and zealous to exalt [illegible] every occasion, to set up the idol, and make [illegible] down [illegible]

[illegible] turns of thought within me are so [illegible] that I cannot bear to let them [illegible] nt: I scarce bring them to a [illegible] them as soon as they [illegible] al, and forbid their

return. But ere I am aware they will come to their old native seat again, in spite of all the laws and rules of reason and religion; they overleap all the bars and fences that I raise perpetually to keep them out. This wicked pride is a home-born and domestic enemy, it knows every avenue of the soul, and is hardly excluded even by the severest watchfulness.

We are so fond to appear always in the right, that I find myself to need a good degree of self-denial, in order to believe that truth is truth, when I have happened to fall into a different sentiment; and what is this but pride of heart? I need not go far backward in my life, to find an instance of this folly or madness; something of this kind so often occurs.

Three days ago I was relating an affair of great consequence, and was opposed in my narrative by a friend, who knew the whole story perfectly: I felt my heart unwilling to yield to his opposition, though the reasonings that attended his narration carried superior light and force in them; I was hardly convinced that I was in the wrong, till I had left the company, and bethought myself. This cursed conceit, how it blinds the eyes to reason, and bars our conviction! And it is the same disease of the mind that prevents our confesssion of an error, even when we are inwardly convinced of it. It is pride that cramps the organs of speech, and makes these words, "I was mistaken," so hard to pronounce in every language.

When I am debating a point of controversy, how much am I pleased when I overcome! and how ready do I find my tongue to contend for victory too often with greater solicitude than for truth! I feel the mischief working, though I hate it. I look inward, I blush, and chide myself; but in the next company nature returns, the inward distemper stirs again, I am ambitious of conquest in the next dispute; yet I profess to be a philosopher, a disciple of wisdom, and a lover of truth; but I feel I am a son of Adam.

I watch against the first risings of this inbred evil; but it is beforehand with me: I resolve to speak my sentiments with a modest air, but vanity sits upon my lips, and forms the sentence, or at least gives some swelling accents to the sound: Then I sigh inwardly at the sudden reproach. What a vain wretch am I! and should condemn myself as the very vilest piece of human nature, if I did not observe the same folly working at my right-hand and at my left, and shewing itself all round me in a variety of shapes. Were all the progeny of Eve to be summoned to the bar of God, and tried upon this indictment,

> "Alas for poor mankind! nor sex nor age is free:
> "What would become of man? What would become of me?"

Vanisso was in company while this paper was read, wherein

enotus confessed this foible of his soul; and with some confu-
on broke out thus: "What! Senotus, the wise and pious, the
modest and the humble, say all this! Senotus, the venerable man
f the episcopal order, and the glory of our church, talk at this
ate? O for an eternal succession of such bishops in every
see? But what lesson shall I learn by it? I will retire
o my closet and search inward; for how many vices soever hung
about me, yet I never thought myself a proud man before, but I
begin to suspect me now."

XXXVIII.—*Passion and Reason.*

AMONG the multitude of words that are uttered by the passions, you may sometimes chance to hear the dictates of reason: But if you suffer yourself to be ruffled, and return wrath for wrath, you so effectually stop your ears against her softer voice, that you cannot believe there was a syllable of reason in all the discourse of your opponent; and thus, by indulging a spirit of contradiction, you forbid your own improvement.

Tranquillus is a gentleman of penetrating judgment, and a sedate temper: Astrape is the partner of his life; a person of good understanding, but her imagination far exceeds; there is great brightness in her conversation, but her passions are warm, and she so far forgets herself, that her voice is sometimes a little elevated, even while company is present. When the clouds gather, and the storm rises, Tranquillus yields to the circumstances of the hour; he knows it is in vain to debate with a tempest or reprove a whirlwind, but he calmly expects silence and fair weather to-morrow.

Many a time has the good man confessed, that he has gained some useful hints of knowledge under those lectures; for I have worn out, said he, many a campaign, I have learnt to read truth by the flash of gun-powder, and to hearken to good sense, even when the cannons roar. Her admonitions are assistants to my virtue, though sometimes they are pronounced louder than was needful.

Happy man, who is grown so familiar with wisdom, as to distinguish her voice in the midst of thunders, and to know and venerate that divine sun-beam among whole sheets and volumes of lightning! Happy man, whose soul never kindles at those flashes, nor doth he find his tongue inclined to echo to the noise!

Astrape indeed would do well to correct her temper; but one would be almost content to live a month among those storms, if one might but gain by that means the placid and lovely virtues of Tranquillus.

LET Astrape forbear to blaze,
As lightning does, with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face,
To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine,
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
By riving sense asunder.

Yet if I found her words grow warm,
I'd learn some lesson by the storm,
Or guard myself at least from harm
By yielding like Tranquillus.
Tempests will tear the stiffest oak,
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that stroke
That never hurts the willows.

XXXIX.—*One Devil casting out another.*

LATRISSA is often indisposed. Her friends attend her with most obliging visits, and sometimes give her relief in a gloomy hour. Last Friday she was seized with her usual discomposures; two ladies of her greatest intimacy spent the afternoon in her chamber; they talked of public business, and the commotions of the world, she was all silence and unmoved.—They brought in virtue and religion, and tried to raise the conversation to heaven; her soul was very heavy still, and her ears were listless. They descended to common trifles, surveyed the green fields through the window, and blessed the fine weather and the warm-sunshine; Latrissa was all cloudy within, and received the talk very coldly.

When they found all these attempts were in vain, they ran to the charming topic of dress and fashion, gay colours and new habits; they traversed the park, and rehearsed the birth-day; but even this would awaken no pleasing airs, nor introduce one smile, nor scarce provoke an answer.

At last one of the visitants happened to mention a name or two, for which Latrissa had a known aversion, and began to expose their conduct and their character. Latrissa soon felt the wicked pleasure; the luscious poison wrought powerfully within, her voice echoed to every accusation, and confirmed all the infamy. A discourse so agreeable scattered the inward gloom, and awakened her gall and her tongue at once. After a few sentences past, she assumed the chair, and ingrossed the whole conversation herself. She railed on triumphantly for an hour together without intermission and without weariness, though when her friends first came in to see her she could hardly speak for fainting.

Thus have I seen an old lap-dog lie sullen or lazy before the fire, though pretty Miss hath tried a hundred ways to awaken the creature to activity and play: But a stranger happening to enter the room, the little cur hath called up all his natural envy and rage, nor hath he ceased barking till the stranger disappeared. When the sullen animal would not play, he let us hear that he could bark.

But I reprove myself. This vice is too big to be chastised by ridicule, for it is a most hateful breach of the rules of the

gospel. What a dismal spectacle is it to see this engine of scandal set on work so successfully among christians, to drive out the deaf and dumb spirit! to see Satan employed to cast out Satan, and one evil spirit dispossessed by another!

O the shameful gust and relish that some people find in reproach and slander! The great apostle says, "Speak evil of no man;" and he excludes railers and revilers from the kingdom of heaven: Yet Latrissa performs the duties of the church and the closet, rails daily at some of her neighbours, and thinks herself a christian of the first rank still; nor will she see nor believe the iniquity of her temper or the guilt of her conversation.

XL.—*Excellencies and Defects compensated.*

FAME doth not always belong to the active and the sprightly, nor immortal memory to the sons of wit. Gravonius was a person of prudence and virtue, but rather of a slow conception, and a very moderate share of natural vivacity; a man of little discourse, but much thought. He would sometimes bring forth very valuable sentences, and furnish the company with wise observations that he had collected by many years reading, and long acquaintance with men and books. He travelled on daily in a regular round of life and duty to a good old age: he passed off the stage with honour amongst his friends, and was remembered twenty years after his death.

Lycidas was a gentleman of great parts, sprightly wit, far superior to Gravonius in the powers of the mind, and at least equal to him in virtue; he shone bright in every company, and put a lustre upon all his religion; he was the wonder and love of his friends while he lived. He was summoned away from the world in the bloom of life, deep lamentations were made at his grave, but in a few years time he was forgotten.

How came this to pass, that what blazed so bright should vanish so soon, and be lost at once? The reason is not far to seek. Gravonius kept his hours and his rounds as constant as the sun, and his track of life was drawn to a great length, and was well known to the world: He said over his apophthegms and lessons of prudence, till his acquaintance had learnt them by heart. Lycidas was active and ready in all the varieties of life, but never tied himself down to rules, and forms, and sentences, nor could he teach another to act as he did: He always entertained his friends with a rich profusion of new sentiments. Neither his wit nor his wisdom had any common places: His manner and his way was like an eagle in the air, that leaves no track behind. His conversation and his life had a thousand beauties in them, but they were neither to be imitated, or scarce rehearsed by another.

If I were to live always, surely I would wish to be Lycidas, that I might have my heart ever at my right-hand, in the phrase of Solomon; that I might know on the sudden how to speak pertinently, and what course to take in every new occurrence of a world that is in perpetual change: I would have an understanding ever ready to suggest the thing that is proper in every time and place. It must be allowed, that Lycidas was much the more useful man on earth, though his name was soon forgotten. But Gravonius hath this to compensate his slowness, that in some sense he lives the longer for it: His regular conduct was learned and copied by his family: His sentences are often rehearsed among his friends; he speaks while he is under ground, and gives advice to the living twenty years after he is dead.

There is nothing on earth excellent on all sides: there must be something wanting in the best of creatures, to shew how far they are from perfection: God has wisely ordained it, that excellencies and defects should be mingled amongst men; advantage and disadvantage are thrown into the balance, the one is set over against the other, that no man might be supremely exalted, and none utterly contemptible.

XLI.—*Envy discovered.*

ENVY is a malignant vice; of so hateful an aspect, and so black a character, that every man abhors it, when appearing in its own colours; and whosoever is accused, renounces the charge with indignation.

When Athon was a boy, and read the description of this foul fury in the books of the Greek and Roman poets, he imagined it was some beldam that infested heathen countries; but he could not believe that she should dwell among christians, and have a temple in their very bosoms.

Could one ever suppose that envy should mix itself with the blood and spirits of a good man, or find any room in the same heart where there is a savour of true religion? Religion consists in an intercourse of divine and human love.

> "But Envy smiles at sorrows not her own,
> "And laughs to hear a nation groan:
> "But Envy feeds on infamy and blood,
> "And grieves at all that's great and good:
> "But Envy pines, because her neighbours thrive,
> "And dies to see a brother live."

Yet this very malignant vice, this fury of hell, makes her way sometimes into the very soul that is born of God, and that hopes to be an inhabitant of heaven; but it generally takes care to conceal its name, and to disguise its odious appearance, that it may not be known in the heart where it dwells. It too often

eaks out indeed before the eyes of the world, to the shame and ndal of religion, and appears in its own most hateful form, oicing in mischief; but it much more frequently sits brooding thin, fretting at the peace and welfare of others, and spreads nelancholy gloom and painful horror round all the chambers of e soul, if the sun but shine upon a neighbour's house.

There is many a christian indulges this secret iniquity, and actises this vice without the reproaches of conscience, because cannot believe his conduct deserves this name. And whither n I send such a one to learn the nature of this sin better than his bible?

The holy psalmist was once overtaken with a fit of envy, d after he had been divinely convinced and ashamed of it, e way wherein he confesses and describes it is this: That he larged his ideas of the prosperity of the wicked, he spread road all their honours and their riches before the eyes of his agination, and magnified every circumstance of their health, eir strength, and all their comforts of life; but he conceals or isens all their troubles, as though they had nothing to complain : While, at the same time, his mouth was filled with comaints of his own sorrows, he painted his own grievances upon s fancy in the darkest colours, and the most dismal shapes, and the comparison of their condition and his own, his soul grew uch more uneasy.

"As for my wicked neighbours, says he, they thrive in the orld, they encrease in riches, they are not in trouble like other en, nor are they plagued as I am; their eyes stand out with tness; they have more than heart can wish; they oppress and osper, they are encompassed with pride and honours, they are ay and wanton in their garments of oppression and violence; life their strength is firm, and they die easy, for they have no inful agonies in their death: But as for me, the waters of a ll cup are wrung out to me; all the day long have I been agued, and chastened every morning;" Ps. lxxiii.

The good man, when he felt this evil temper working in m, indulged it too much at first; but upon a just review he id himself, and submitted to call it by its proper name; "I was rvious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked."

O that it had been found only among the Jews and Heaens, and never broke into Christendom! But this is a fruitless ish.—

Thonillo has an affluence of all the blessings of life, except erfect health and public honour. He is sometimes confined to is chamber by small indispositions, while his next neighbour, 'hiron, is half gone in a dangerous consumption, and Thonillo nows it too; but Thiron walks about the fields, and rides daily the country, if possible to preserve his life; in the mean time

he receives his friends with a becoming degree of cheerfulness and pleasure, and is much honoured and esteemed by all his acquaintance, nor yet beyond his merit.

Go visit Thonillo, and he entertains you with nothing but long tiresome complaints of his own pains and ailments; and with a sensible anguish at heart tells you, that he hears Thiron laugh aloud with his companions; that Thiron rides about at his ease, while he himself is a prisoner; and while he enlarges upon all the topics that make his own life any way uncomfortable, he takes as much pains to expatiate upon all the better circumstances of his neighbour; he spreads them abroad in their most ample forms, and with an inward resentment paints out Thiron's happiness in glaring colours: he magnifies it to a vast excess in his own fancy, and before his friends, that he may seem to have some reason to support his uneasy comparison, and his inward disquietude of soul.

Some of those that visit him, happen to speak well of Thiron; and while they pity his dying circumstances, they mention his virtues with praise. Ah! says Thonillo, my neighbour walks at his pleasure, he is courted and caressed, and he loves those that caress him; but if they knew all that I have heard of him, they would change their opinion, and regret his honours.

Thus Thonillo grows peevish with all around him, and frets away a good part of his own health, because his neighbours are not confined to their chamber too. He loses all his good character, by endeavouring to sully that of his neighbour; nor can you ever please him, unless you find fault with some of his acquaintance, and sink their names a little, and diminish their praise.

Yet Thonillo thinks himself a very good christian, and thanks God he has no envy belonging to him. Thonillo read the seventy-third psalm this morning, and could not see any thing of his own temper or features there. Who will help Thonillo to a pair of spectacles, and assist his eye-sight.

I had scarce written this, when Sibylla entered the room, and when she had read the paper, "Surely," said she, "you have drawn the picture of Thonillo to the life; for though I never saw the gentleman, yet I have heard much of him: I know a brother and sister of his, Thonerus and Thonerina, and am acquainted with many others of his near relations."

XLII.—*The rough Man softened.*

EGRIDIA was of a sickly constitution, but she was born of quality; and having condescended to marry a private gentleman, she assumed a right to be imperious while her distempers made her peevish. She was yoked with a partner of a tall and firm stature, robust and healthy, a man of great courage and rough-

ery Samson; yet his soul had a tender part in it, and eep and bleed, if touched in the right vein.

never knew indeed what sickness meant, and therefore, e was continually entertained with complaints, new and ie shewed very little sympathy with his suffering friends eir various pains of nature. But he met with many roaches for want of it, and had daily severe lectures im at home on that occasion.

evening he was attacked with more fury than usual, akened him to make this short reply :—

ithee, Egridia, do not labour in vain. Beef or stock- be beaten till it be tender, but the soul of a man is neither fish; it is not to be buffeted into softness, nor teized or ito compassion."

a took the hint, and changed her artillery in order to a In a few days she found that Samson's heart was not of iron, but there were some kinder materials in his on. She dropt a few tears on him, and the clay grew e practised upon him with the arts of kindness, and he ke wax into compassion before the gentle fire, and began e sincerely upon all her complaints.

roaches, like needles, may make uneasy impressions ugh temper, and awaken it to fury; but every surgeon s, that a callous or hard flesh, is to be cured by suppling not by the incision knife. Perpetual rhetoric of the kind, may at last force the countenance of a Samson imitate pity, for the sake of his own peace; but it can h his soul to practise the tender passion. Persecution times produce a hypocrite, but it is soft persuasion and only, can make a real convert to sympathy, and turn a one into sincere tenderness.

is the same thing still, as he was in the days of Solo- l human nature in Great Britain is to be managed the as it was in Judea above two thousand years ago. ims of that philosopher are everlasting truths, and his ls will stand the test in all ages. "A soft answer way wrath, but grievous words stir up strife. By long , even a prince is persuaded, and a soft tongue break- ne." *Prov.* xv. 1. and xxv. 15.

XLIII.—*Ignorance of ourselves.*

strangely are we situated in this mortal state! We eyes, we employ our senses, and take notice of a thou- gs around us; but we see and know almost nothing of We are conscious indeed of our being, and therefore re that we are; but what we are, lies deep in darkness. id feel these limbs, and this flesh of ours; we are ac-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

on the follies of our acquaintance, perhaps approve the very same things in ourselves, by the influence of the same native principle of flattery and self-fondness. So different is our judgment of the same weaknesses when we find them in ourselves, from the sentence we pronounce upon them if we see them in our neighbour.

Thus we begin to learn and practise early this art of self-deceiving; we grow up in disguise and self-flattery, and we live unknown to ourselves. Happy for us, if our eyes are opened to behold the imposture before we go off the stage; for such gross mistakes will then be fatal, or at least extremely dangerous, when it is too late to correct them.

Teach me, O my Maker, the knowledge of myself; this moral or divine knowledge, which is necessary to correct my errors, and to reduce my feet to the sacred paths of virtue. Let me see so much of my folly, vice and vanity, as to be fond of this wretched self no longer. Let me grow so far out of love with myself, as to fly from myself to the arms and mercy of my God. There mould and fashion me after thine image in all the moral qualities of my soul, and let me find in myself those divine features which will be ever beautiful in thy eyes! Grant me this blessing, O Father of spirits; for I cannot rest till I see and know myself made like thee. When this is done, I can bear the rest of my ignorance with humble patience, till I put off this veil and disguise of flesh: I can wait to learn what sort of being my soul is, till I arrive at the world of souls.

XLIV.—*Absence from God who is our All.*

My God, my Maker, I have called thee my all-satisfying portion, and my eternal good. When I contemplate thee, I stand amazed at thy grandeur; thy wisdom, thy power, thy fulness of blessing, wrap my soul up in astonishment and devout silence. In that happy moment my soul cries out, What are creatures when compared with thee, but mere shadows of being, and faint reflections of thy light and beauty! And yet, stupid as I am, I soon lose my sight of God, and stand gazing upon thy creatures all the day, as if beauty and light were theirs in the original.

What are they all, O my God, but empty cisterns that can give no relief to a thirsty soul, unless thou supply them with rivulets from on high? And yet we croud about these cisterns and are attached to them, as though they were the unfailing springs and fountains of our blessedness. Every breath we draw is a new and unmerited gift from heaven; God our life, and the length of our days; and yet we are contented to spend that life far from heaven and from God, and to dwell afar off from him, *amidst the regions of mortality* and death: We are ever grovel-

ling in this land of graves, as though immortal blessings were to be drawn from the clods of it.

Our real and eternal interest depends more on thy single favour, than on the united friendship of the whole creation; and yet, foolish wanderers that we are! we absent ourselves from our God, and rove far and wide to seek interests and friendships among creatures whose character is weakness, vanity and disappointing vexation. How fond are we of a word or a look from a worm in a high station? How do we caress them and court their love, at the expence of virtue and truth, and the favour of God our Maker? And yet they are nothing without God, but he is our all, without their leave.

Should my father and my mother, and every mortal friend forsake me, and every good angel take his flight; should these heavens and this earth, with all their innumerable inhabitants, disappear at once, and vanish into their first nothing; thy presence with me is all-sufficient; thy hand would support my being, and thy love would furnish out an eternity of life and coeval happiness. Why then do I tie myself so fast to my mortal friends, as though my separation from them were certain misery? Why do I lean upon creatures with my whole weight, as though nothing else could support me?

O my God! I am convinced that I have more affairs, and of far higher importance, to transact with thee, than with all thy creatures, and yet I am ever chattering with thy creatures, and say little to my God; or at best give him a morning or an evening salutation, and perhaps too with indolence and formality. Whom have I in heaven or in earth but thee, that can supply all my wants, and fill up all the vacancies of my heart? And yet how are my thoughts and hours busily employed in quest of satisfaction among the shining snares, or at best among the flattering impertinencies of the world; though every new experiment shews me they are all unsatisfying? If I happen to find any thing here below made a channel to convey some blessing to me from thy hand, how prone am I to make an idol of it, and place it in the room of my God?

How much, alas? do I trust to my food to nourish, and physic to heal me! but it is thou alone canst bless me with ease, nourishment and health, while I dwell in this cottage of flesh and blood. Let medicines and physicians pronounce despair and death upon me, a word of thine can shut the mouth of the grave, can renew the vigour and bloom of youth, and repair the decays of nature. If thou withhold thy vital influence, my flesh languishes and expires, even among the luxurious provisions of the table, and the recipes of the learned; and it is thou only canst provide me a blissful habitation, when this cottage has fallen to the ground. Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit,

when it is dislodged from this mortal tabernacle; and why should I not keep my spirit ever near thee, since every moment I am liable to be turned out of this dwelling, and sent a naked stranger into the unknown world of spirits?

It is but a few days and nights more that I can have to do with sun, moon and stars; a little time will finish all my commerce with this visible world; but I have affairs of infinite and everlasting moment to transact with the great God. It is before thy tribunal I must stand as the final Judge of all my conduct, from whose decisive sentence there is no appeal; and yet how fond am I, and wretchedly solicitous, to approve myself rather to creatures, whose opinion and sentence is but empty air. It is by thy judgment that I must stand or fall for ever; the words of thy lips will be my eternal bliss, or my everlasting woe; why then should I, a little insect, or atom of being, be concerned about the smiles or frowns of my fellow insects, my equal atoms? Can all their applauses, or their reproaches, weigh a grain in the divine balance, that sacred and tremendous balance of justice, in which all my actions and my soul itself must be weighed? Let all the creatures above and below frown and scowl upon me; if my Creator smile, I am happy; nor can all their frownings diminish my complete joy.

Forgive, gracious God, forgive the past follies and wanderings of a sinful worm, from thee the highest and the best of beings. I am even amazed at my own stupidity, that I could live so much absent from thee, when my eternal all depends upon thee.

And how much more inexcusable is my forgetfulness of my God, since he has sent his own Son, his fairest image into flesh and blood, to put me in mind of my Maker, and to teach me what my God is? "He that has seen me, says he, has seen the Father; I and the Father are one." We happen to be born indeed too late for the sight of his face, but we have the transcript of his heart, the true copy of his life, and the very features of his soul, conveyed down to us in his ever-living gospels. There we may read Jesus, there we may learn the Father. O may the little remnant of my days be spent in the presence of my God; and when I am constrained to converse with creatures, let me ever remember that I have infinitely more to do with my Creator, and thus shorten my talk and traffic with them, that I may have leisure to converse the longer with thee. Let me see thee in every thing; let me read thy name every where; sounds, shapes, colours, motions and all visible things, let them all teach me an invisible God. Let creatures be nothing to me, but as the books which thou hast lent me to instruct me in the lessons of thy power, wisdom and love; above all, let me derive this science by converse with the blessed Jesus; and may I be so wise

It is a felicity in human life to have a good degree of courage in-wrought into our very frame, and mingled with our blood and spirits. Virtue itself, even where it has a great ascendant in the soul, has not power to exert itself, and shine out to the world, if animal nature want this brave and hardy temperament. How much do I feel myself stand in need of this fortitude of constitution? What shall I do to acquire it? Methinks I should be ready to part with a few ornaments of the mind, and make an exchange of some of the more showy and glittering sciences for this bodily virtue, if I may so express it, this complexional bravery.

I confess there are some other and worse principles than a mere defect of natural courage which tempt a man sometimes to comply with the fashion, and to fall in roundly with the errors and vices of the times. Some persons have so little love to truth and virtue, and such an excessive fondness for the thing called self, that they will never expose themselves to the least inconveniency, in order to support the honour of wisdom and religion among men. Such an one was Crispus in the fourth satire of Juvenal, who ever flattered the court, and soothed the successive emperors in all their vices, and by this means drew out his age to fourscore years.

" Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
" Torrentem; nec civis erat, qui libera posset
" Verba animi proferre, & vitam impendere vero.
" Sic multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
" Solstitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ."

Paraphrased thus.

He never was the man that dar'd to swim
Against the rolling tide, or cross the stream;
He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
Bravely to speak his sense, and venture death.
Thus he spun out his supple soul, and drew,
A length of life amidst a vicious crew,
Full fourscore years he saw the sun arise,
Guarded by flattery, and intrench'd in lies;
For 'twas his settl'd judgment from his youth,
One grain of ease was worth a world of truth.

But this wretched self-love is so vile a principle, that it will not only constrain a man to avoid his duty, but it will oftentimes push him upon most inhuman practices, and make him sacrifice his friends, his parents, or his country to his own ease and safety.

O cursed idol self!
The wretch that worships thee would dare to tread
With impious feet on his own father's head,
To 'scape a rising wave when seas the land invade.
To gain the safety of some higher ground,
He'd trample down the dikes that fence his country round
Amidst a general flood, and leave the nation drown'd.

Well, though my natural courage run very low, yet I hate characters which have been now described, and abominate principles whence they proceed. I confess, a feeble man diffident, had need to pray daily, Lord, lead us not into tation: But if ever I should be called to bear witness to uth, and to do public honour to religion and virtue, at xpence of all my mortal interests, I trust the God of nature grace to furnish me with every necessary talent, and to up-me with divine fortitude. And O may I never dare to do e or unworthy action, to the injury of my friend or my ry, or to the unjust detriment of the meanest figure among ind, in order to save life itself, or to acquire the richest ntages that can belong to it?

XLVII.—*Sickness and Recovery.*

IT was the custom of David, as appears by several of his s, and it was the practice of Hezekiah and Jonah, kings rophets, to rehearse the agonies of their distress, when offered to heaven their songs of deliverance. They recol-l their hours and days of bitterness, and the workings of soul amidst their sharp and grievous sorrows, to make the mbrance of their salvation the sweeter, and so kindle the of their gratitude to a higher flame. Is it a matter of e to imitate such examples? Doth not the reason hold good r age, and to all generations? Why should a christian be nore afraid to tell the world of his afflictions or distresses a Jew? Or why should he be ashamed to let them know, amidst those sinkings of life and nature, christianity and ospel were his support? Amidst all the violence of my mper, and the tiresome months of it, I thank God I never ight of reason or religion, though sometimes I had much o preserve the machine of animal nature in such order as arly to exercise either the man or the christian, especially I shut my eyes to seek sleep and repose, and had not their fence against the disorderly ferments of natural spirits. hese conflicts are described in the following lines. Blessed od for preserving and healing mercy!

ghts and Meditations in a long Sickness. 1712 *and* 1713.

The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever and Nervous Disorders.

MY frame of nature is a ruffled sea,
And my disease the tempest. Nature feels
A strange commotion to her inmost centre;
The throne of reason shakes. 'Be still my thoughts;
'Peace and be still.' In vain my reason gives
The peaceful word, my spirit strives in vain
To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal powers
Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.

Unhappy change! When nature's meaner springs
Fir'd to impetuous ferments, break all order;
When little restless atoms rise and reign
Tyrants in sov'reign sway, and impose
Ideas on the mind; confus'd ideas
Of non-existents and impossibles.
Who can describe them? Fragments of old dreams,
Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,
Abrupt, ill-sorted. O 'tis all confusion!
If I but close my eyes, strange images
In thousand forms and thousand colours rise;
Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears and ghosts,
In endless medley rush upon the stage,
And dance and riot wild in reason's court
Above control. I'm in a raging storm
Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul
Like some light worthless chip of floating cork
Is tost from wave to wave: Now overwhelm'd
With breaking floods, I drown, and seem to lose
All being: Now high-mounted on the ridge
Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once
Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,
The whistling wind: unmanageable steed,
And feeble rider! Hurried many a league
Over the rising hills of roaring brine,
Thro' airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed
And infinite surprise; till some few minutes
Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow
Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest:
Short rest I find; for the next rolling wave
Snatches me back again; then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to sea,
Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,
Beyond the ken of shore.

Ah, when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?
When shall this weary spirit, tost with tempests,
Harrass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,
And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh
With all th' irregular springs of vital movement
Ungovernable, return to sacred order,
And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

Peace of Conscience, and Prayer for Health.

YET gracious God, amidst the storms of nature,
Thine eyes beheld a sweet and sacred calm
Reign thro' the realms of conscience: All within
Lies peaceful and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,
Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and chearful hope,
Sprinkl'd and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light

Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience and a God! A friend at home,
And better friend on high! This is my rock
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
Put on thy courage: Here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
"A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven."

My God, permit a creeping worm to say,
"Thy spirit knows I love thee." Worthless wretch,
To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
And grace accepts. Thou seest my labouring soul:
Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,
"I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine."

O thou all-powerful word, at whose first call
Nature arose; this earth, these shining heavens,
These stars in all their ranks came forth, and said,
"We are thy servants:" Didst thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creatnre
Who faints before thy face? Did not thy pity
Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive soul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Immanuel, say,
Have not thy eyelids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confusions of my shatter'd powers,
And broken fluttering thoughts? Hast thou not seen
Each restless atom that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mass of man? Each noxious juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge disquietude
And spreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and must obey
Thy sovereign touch: Thy touch is health and life,
And harmony to nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight-sighs and morning-groans
Rise thro' the heights of heaven, and reach thy ear
Propitious? See, my spirits' feeble powers
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne,
Like early incense climbing thro' the sky
From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace
Descend with blessings, like an evening shower
On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?
Or must thy creature breathe his soul away
In fruitless groans, and die?
Come, blest physician, come, attend the moan

Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,
Crush'd in the dust and helpless. O descend,
Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.
Incarnate goodness, send thy influence down
To these low regions of mortality
Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds,
Learnt sympathetic sorrows; send and heal
My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises
Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung
For the Messiah's * name: A winged flight
Of songs harmonious, and new honours wait
The steps of moving mercy.

Encouraged to hope for Health in May. December 1712.

CONFIN'D to sit in silence, here I waste
The golden hours of youth. If once I stir,
And reach at active life, what sudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
Lies fluttering? What strange wild convulsive force
O'erpowers at once the members and the will;
Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat
That bears these limbs, a borderer on the grave.
Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim,
The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with every blast.

Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope;
Love would forbid despair: "Look out, they cry
"Beyond these glooming damps, while winter hangs
"Heavy on nature, and congeals her powers:
"Look chearful forward to the vital influence
"Of the returning spring?" I rouse my thoughts
At friendship's sacred voice, I send my soul
To distant expectation, and support
The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion
Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch
Hangs by; and with a short repeated sound
Beats like the pulse of time, and numbers off
My woes, a long succession; while the finger
Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving minutes;
The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine,
Thou little brass accomptant of my life—
Would but the mighty wheels of heaven and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centre
With more than ten-fold flight, and whirl away
These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,
These midnights; every star should speed its race
And the slow bears precipitate their way

* At this time my imitation of David's Psalms in Christian language was not half done: As fast as I recovered strength after this long illness, I applied myself by degrees to finish it.

Around the frozen pole: Then promis'd health
That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
On a May sun-beam should attend me here
Before to-morrow sheds its evening-dew.

Ah! foolish ravings of a fruitless wish,
And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
My soul, the power that made thee? He alone
Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destin'd rounds
Unchangeable. Adore, and trust, and fear him:
He is the Lord of life. Address his throne,
And wait before his foot, with awful hope
Submissive; at his touch distemper flies;
His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
Thro' heaven's bright regions. His all-powerful word
Can health create, and bid the blessing come
Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
Congeal'd in death; or with a sovereign frown
(Tho' nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
To pains, and maladies, and grievous bondage,
Thro' all the circling seasons:

The Wearisome Weeks of Sickness. 1712, *or* 1713.

THUS pass my days away. The chearful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams,
Alas, in vain to me; cut off alike
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life:
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train
Serve but to number out my heavy sorrows.
By night I count the clock; perhaps eleven,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, "Come two, come five:
When will the day-light come?" Make haste, ye mornings,
Ye evening shadows haste; wear out these days,
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude
The weary week for ever——
Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,
Sweet day of rest, devote to God and heaven,
And heav'nly business, purposes divine,
Angelic work; but not to me returns
Rest with the day: Ten thousand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heaven
And heavenly work. In vain I heave and toil,
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain,
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still. They drag me down
From things celestial, and confine my sense
To present maladies. Unhappy state,
Where the poor spirit is subdu'd t' endure
Unholy idleness, a painful absence,
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
From God, and heaven, and angel's blessed work,
That sickly flesh on shatter'd nerves impose:
How long, O Lord, how long?

A Hymn of Praise for Recovery.

HAPPY for man, that the slow circling moons
And long revolving seasons measure out

The tiresome paint of nature! Present woes
Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health
With slow approach (so Providence ordains)
Revisit their forsaken mansions here,
And days of useful life diffuse their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.
My vital powers resume their vigour now,
My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,
Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,
Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought
Grasps her ideas; while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand can render to my God
The tribute due! What altars shall I raise?
What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines? Where shall I find a victim
Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,
And solemnize the worship and the joy?

Search well, my soul, thro' all the dark recesses
Of nature and self-love; the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flattery hides our sins; search out the foes
Of thy almighty Friend; what lawless passions,
What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought
Lark there unheeded: Bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mould'ring fabric, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.

Almighty power, I love thee; blissful name,
My healer, God; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
Tho' painful to the suff'rer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and shew the effective skill
Of the divine Physician; bear away
This tottering body to his sacred threshold:
There laden with his honours, let me bow
Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation thro' his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.
Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes
Tow'rd his high throne; awake, my choicest songs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The solemn vows of my distressful hours,
A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

Jesus, great Advocate, whose pitying eye
Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart
And powerful intercession spread'st my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense
Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,
And bring these accents grateful to his ear.
My heart and life, my lips and every power,
Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote
By thy blest hands an offering to his name.
Amen, Hallelujah.

XLVIII.—*The Deist and the Christian.*

PISTUS went into a church one morning, because he not how to employ the hour, and heard the text read out m. xii. 1. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the s of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." l, said he to himself, I like this period; I hope I shall now piece of divine service that has something reasonable in is my opinion, as well as Paul's, that we should employ iving bodies of ours to the service of that God that made d the mercies of God oblige us to it."

'he preacher pursued his subject with much beauty and ıs of thought and style; he expatiated on the various en- ıents we lie under to the great God to present our whole s and all our active powers as a living sacrifice to him. far Apistus was charmed with the performance. But after ɜntion of many of those mercies of God which oblige us to life, he came at last to name that illustrious instance of mercy, in sending his own Son Christ Jesus to redeem us ıin and hell; then he shewed that the only ground and ıtion upon which God would accept this living sacrifice of odies, was the dying sacrifice of his own Son, who bore ıs in his body on the tree. Here Apistus began to be ruffled ɜ, and as the sermon went on with some life and spirit on ɜlorious subject, he was so much displeased with the ıer, that he rose up and went out of the church, and with of mingled indignation and contempt, he told his neigh- Pithon the whole story on the Monday.

'ome, sit down a little, said Pithon, and let us examine the of this cause. Our bible obliges us to give to the great ıur Creator all that reasonable service which you pretend teaches us to present our bodies, and our souls too, as a ɜe to our God: The soul must be there, or the body can be a living sacrifice. Thus far we agree. Now if your ın be right, the christian is in a very safe and secure state; endeavours to perform all that reasonable duty and service ıe light of nature requires of him as well as you.

But we christians are taught further to believe, that all men are sinners; and surely you yourself must acknowledge you have been guilty of many violations of the law of God and nature, and you have not always performed that reasonable service to God which your own conscience requires. Have you not too often been tempted to alienate some of those very powers of body or mind from the service of God, which you had before devoted to him as your living sacrifice? Have your soul, your lips, and your hands been always employed in their duty to this God? Have you never indulged a criminal wish, never spoken an evil word, or committed an action which your own conscience condemns? Think of this, Apistus, and your conscience may tell you that you are a sinner too.

We believe also, that without a sacrifice for sin, there is no acceptance with God, and we have reason to think that God has told us so. But this God in his infinite mercy has provided such a sacrifice; he has made the body and soul of his own Son a dying sacrifice of atonement: this is the only ground of our hope, and it is a glorious ground indeed! Now if our religion be true, what will become of Apistus, who confesses he hath been a sinner, and yet renounces at once this only hope and this atonement?

Heb. x. 26, 27, 31. "For if we sin wilfully, that is, by renouncing the christian sacrifice, after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries. And it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

XLIX.—*To Pocyon.*

The Mischief of warm Disputes and Declamations on the Controverted Points of Christianity.

My dear P.

I GAVE your last letter a joyful entertainment; methought it talked so pleasingly and so long with me, as if it meant to make amends for its tedious delay: One of the chief subjects of its discourse was the extensive design of divine love to men. I have been debating with myself, whether I should return my friend an answer to his proposed thoughts on a point so abstruse and difficult: I have not yet decided the cause for myself for want of sufficient study and thoughtfulness, though you know I have been no stranger to diligence in academical studies these several years past: It seems to require larger time, and a vast and more comprehensive survey of things, in order to fix my opinions in these controversies, or pronounce any thing certain in doctrines so much disputed; unless it please God himself by a divine ray to strike a powerful light upon any particular truth, and convey it in that light to the understanding and the conscience

the enquirer. I am persuaded this is his frequent method th humble and tractable spirits, who have not capacity nor vantages for a long train of reasonings, and years of susnce and enquiry. In the mean time I would pursue knowledge th honesty and diligence iu the ordinary methods which are ited to attain it.

When I am in doubt about any point, and set my thoughts work in a search after truth, I think I ought to retire more an hitherto I have done, from the noisy and furious contests ich the several factions and parties of christians are engaged I am very unwilling to contend in a dispute, or to flourish a declamation upon the subject into which I am enquiring. phistry and oratory throw so much paint upon the question dispute, or raise so much dust about it, as to conceal the truth m the eye of the mind, and hide the merits of the cause from son.

In matters of the christian faith, I would make the scrip- e my guide, and enter into a calm conference with myself in urvey of the oracles of God, in order to a decision of the se and meaning of them; not neglecting the assistance of us and learned authors, but conversing very little with the gry and supercilious. I would with daily and hourly impor- ity address the Father of lights, to shine upon his own word, l to discover his intent therein. I would humbly implore the irit of wisdom and revelation to take the things of Christ, and w them to my understanding in a most convincing light, and lead me as it were by the hand into all needful truths. My son should be used as a necessary instrument to compare the eral parts of revelation together, to discover their mutual ex- cation, as well as to judge whether they run counter to any tates of natural light. But if an inquisitive mind overleap bounds of faith, and give the reins to all our reasonings upon ine themes in so wide and open a field as that of possibles l probables, it is no easy matter to guess where they will stop ir career. I have made experiment of this in my own medi- ions; when I have given my thoughts a loose, and let them e without confinement, sometimes I seem to have carried son with me even to the camp of Socinus; but then St. John es my soul a twitch, and St. Paul bears me back again (if nistake not his meaning) almost to the tents of John Calvin. r even then do I leave my reason behind me. So difficult a ng is it to determine by mere reasoning those points which can learnt by scripture only.

But you would urge me further perhaps to inform u, why am I so cold and backward to enter into a debate the subject you propose, and upon which you flourish th such a force of similes, and in language so bright and thetic? I am too sensible, dear Pocyon, and that by reading

an uncultivated world; but if this world be so mad and savage as never to be tamed, then I do but teach an ass Latin, and wash an Æthiop.

> "Union of hearts, and impotence to bear
> "Thy sorrows, friend, transported me thus far
> "With sympathetic fury, not my own;
> "But now my reason re-assumes the throne,
> "And strikes my passion dumb."

Were I a heathen philosopher, perhaps I might thus loosely philosophise; if I were a mere orator, or a poet, I would chide and flourish at this rate; but as I pretend to be a christian, I must recant it all, and put these cooler thoughts in the place of it.

When our sovereign Creator formed our souls, and sent them to inhabit these two engines of flesh, which were then a framing for you and me, he knew well what a world he sent us into, and designed our converse to be with men, shall I say, of like infirmities with ourselves: For if they are perverse and untractable, perhaps we are proud, imperious and disdainful; and perhaps too, we are seldom so much in the right as we think ourselves to be; it is probable that minds released from flesh, and the Genii of a higher region, may smile at some of the fooleries and airy shapes of reason which we hug and embrace, as much as we do at the senseless notions and obstinate practices of our fellow-mortals, whom we have the vanity to think so much beneath ourselves. Poor weak reasoners are we and they, when compared with the worlds above us!

But to drop this thought: I say still, God designed us to dwell here in such a wretched world, and I grant it is no small part of our state of trial; but to alleviate our unhappiness, he has mingled in the mass of mankind some finer veins, some more intellectual and unprejudiced spirits, in whose conversation we may find suitable delight, and pleasures worthy of the rational nature. Why should not we suppose there are many other minds as happily turned as our own, and of superior size and more divine temper? All men have not been blessed with our advantages, yet their native felicity of thought may transcend ours. And as for the rest, God has ordained it our duty to associate with them for valuable ends and purposes in his providence, with regard both to them and us. It is our business to endeavour to persuade them to lay aside their mistaken notions, to remove all the biasses of error from their judgment, to quench their indignation against men of different opinions, and to enlarge their narrow souls, though we find it a difficult work. I have often seen what you complain of, and have been ready to conclude that when we have to do with vulgar souls, we should not lavish away our labour to convince them of innocent mistakes in matters of small importance, but only lay out our thoughts to

ctify their notions in things that regard their present or future elfare. And when we reflect how very impotent and low are e capacities of some ignorant creatures that we have to do with, w short their reasonings, how few their advantages to improve eir minds, how incapable their judgments are of growing up a solid and mature state by our utmost cultivation, and how able their minds are in many cases to discern and distinguish ith; I have been tempted to persuade myself, it is not dishonest licy to engage their affection a little. I know well, that the ssions were never made to judge of truth; but if we find persons who will never judge by any other rule, I would make quiry whether we might not in some cases honestly make use this. If we find that affection is the great gate of entrance to the judgments of the multitude, and reason is but like the ck-door, or some meaner avenue, and seldom opened to let in y doctrine; may we not thence infer, that the softer arts winning upon men, are to be studied by us as well as hard guments?

How have I mourned inwardly, to consider that even pious d holy souls have been so over-run with ignorance and zeal at is, with fire and darkness) and have been so possessed with rrow thoughts and uncharitable notions, that it must be the ork of an age, or the power of a God, to correct their errors. et I reflect again, that my Maker in his wise providence dispo- l my lot amongst persons of this constitution, and expects at I should carry it amongst them, as it becomes one to whom has indulged higher favours; that I should strive with con- ancy to reduce my neighbours to thoughtfulness, virtue and ligion, and not be tired and desist, though I find but little ccess. It is a coward soldier, that declines the fight, because cannot every day gain a new victory.

When I recount how many weary months my Saviour spent preaching divine doctrines to a wild multitude, and to their ore conceited leaders, and how little, very little fruit he found hilst he was upon earth; I persuade myself it was with a design encourage his followers in the gospel, and become a pattern patience to such as should meet with the same disappointments. Though Israel be not gathered, yet surely my judgment is th the Lord, and my reward with my God. If I cannot bring acob again to his duty, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the ord, and my God shall be my strength;" Is. xlix. 4, 5.— hese were the encouragements of the Son of God himself, hen dwelling in feeble flesh, and contending with an obstinate d vicious age; and St. Paul, the next in dignity to the man esus, expected to be "a sweet savour unto God in them that rish, as well as in those that were saved;" 2 Cor. ii. 15. If e cannot turn stupid and head-strong sinners from the errors

of their way, we must not suffer ourselves to swim with the tide, nor fall into a compliance with their mistaken notions and practices. It is our business to move right onward towards heaven, through the midst of a multitude that are travelling another way. The greater the exercise of our patience is, the weightier will be our crown; and if we have broke through a multitude of difficulties in our journey toward paradise, our rewards will not be few. "He that overcomes, shall eat of the tree of life." Large and shining, and durable glories, in a rich and pleasing variety, are made over by promise to those that overcome, if we can but read the second and third chapters of the Revelation and believe them.

Farewel, my Pocyon, and presevere in patience to teach mankind, nor forget to continue your heartiest love and instructions to

Your affectionate Lover and willing Disciple.

Newington, 1697-8.

LI.—*Public Disputations.*

SINCE the true design of philosophy is to learn and know the truth, and to render that knowledge subservient to our practice and happiness here and hereafter, how absurd and impertinent are the methods of the Aristotelian schools, who have changed this design into mere sophistry and the art of disputation? They make logic and prime philosophy to be no longer the shop or work-house to form proper instruments to search out truth, or to teach virtue, for they turn it into a seminary of altercations. When they speak of a young philosopher, there is no enquiry how wise or how good a man he is, but how skilful a disputer. He that knows how to attack and foil his adversary, to stand his ground and defend himself and his thesis against all opposition; this is the man of merit and honour. Then they imagine they have attained the most plentiful fruits of philosophy, when they can bravely oppose and defend any themes whatsoever in public arguments in form and figure.

I will not deny but some private conversations in the manner of dispute may have a tendency to discover truth, when they are carried on without spectators, without passion or party-spirit; and that on this condition, that on which side soever probability and truth appear, each of the disputants shall be ready to give up his own opinion, and surrender it to the force and evidence of reason. But when contests are so managed, that disputations are become public spectacles, and each of the combatants aims at nothing so much as always to conquer, and never to yield, it is impossible that truth should ever be sought or found in this manner. It is much more likely that if she were present, she would withdraw herself from so profane and ill-deserving a rout of men.

Truth is lost in such disputing. The genuine study of truth, which is true philosophy, is a serene and gentle thing, and may be compared to the river Nile, that though it flows with a soft and placid stream, yet it renders the whole country fruitful, and carries more profit and plenty with it, than all the torrents and rapid rivers that pour down with noise and violence.

But what a ridiculous scene is a scholastic disputation! a mere stage-play! where two combatants meet, and with rounds and flourishes, with many feints and approachings and retirings, with distinctions heaped upon distinctions, to exclude from the question what no man ever could doubt or dispute, they come at last to the point in hand; and their grand design is, that each of them may escape safe, without being forced to yield up this point. Thus when they are put to a plunge, they talk whatsoever comes uppermost; they raise mutual scoffs and clamours and loud reproaches, and scarce withhold themselves from manual conflict, when their tongues have done their utmost. And if one of them happens to silence and overwhelm his adversary, how vain he grows! how he swells and exalts himself! What airs of arrogance he assumes! as though like Hercules he had destroyed an Hydra, or like Atlas he had supported a world; when perhaps the truth lies bleeding on the ground, and by his sophistic subtleties and his brawling battle he has supported some gross error, and established falsehood in triumph. The great Gassendus was deeply sensible of this folly fourscore years ago, and declaims against the professors of Aristotelian logic and philosophy in his day upon this account.

Yet perhaps it is possible that academic disputations may be reduced to such a form, and put under such regulations, as to render them serviceable for some good purposes among students in the schools. But I have discoursed more largely on this subject in some papers relating to the various methods of improving the mind.

LII.—*Devotional Writings.*

PERHAPS it is a wish too glorious and happy to be ever fulfilled in this state of mortality, to see all the disciples of Christ grown up into such a catholic spirit, as to be ready to worship God their common Father, through Jesus their common Mediator, in the same assembly, and to join in the same holy fellowship. There are so many punctilios of difference to be adjusted, and so many party-prejudices to be overcome, that such a union of hearts and sentiments lies beyond our present hope. Yet methinks every step towards such a union, carries a blessing in it, and every christian should desire to promote it. Bohemus was a German divine, of various knowledge and sedate judgment, of admirable temper and uncommon piety: He had observed long the disputes

posed form. And I am well assured the blessed Spirit of God neither confines his sacred influences to those who worship without forms, nor withholds it from those who use them. Both have need of this aid, and I am persuaded both do partake of it.

Indeed in the use of forms, there is no need of binding ourselves to a whole page together, as it stands in the book. In the name of God, let us stand fast in our christian liberty, and maintain a just freedom of soul in our addresses to heaven; let us change, enlarge or contract, let us add or omit, according to our peculiar sentiments, or our present frame of spirit. Mr. Jenks, a pious divine of the church of England, has written an excellent treatise of the liberty of prayer, which I dare recommend to every sort of reader. But when we find the temper, the wants and the wishes of our hearts so happily expressed in the words of the composer, as that we know not how to frame other words so suitable and so expressive of our own present state and case, why should we not address our God and our Saviour in this borrowed language? I confess indeed, when long custom has induced a sort of flatness into these sounds, how happily soever the words might be at first chosen, then perhaps we shall want something new and various to keep nature awake to the devotion. Or if we still confine ourselves entirely to the forms we read, and forbid our spirits to exert their own pious sentiments, we turn these engines of holy elevation into clogs and fetters. But when christians make a prudent use of them, they have frequently experienced unknown advantage and delight. A dull and heavy hour in the closet has been relieved by the use of such devout composures of mingled meditation and prayer; and many a dry and barren heart has been enabled to offer up the first-fruits of a sweet sacrifice to God in the words of another man.

The fire of devotion has been kindled by the help of some serious and pathetic forms, and the spirit of the worshipper, which has been straitened and bound up in itself, has found a blessed release by the pen of some pious writer. The wings of the soul have been first expanded towards God and heaven by some happy turn of fervent and holy language; she has been lifted up by this assistance above the earth and mortality; then she has given herself a more unconfined and various flight in the upper regions, she has traversed the heavenly world, she has felt herself within the circle of divine attraction, and has dwelt an hour with God.

The good man Bohemus had warmed his imagination a little by this vivid manner of representing the argument. His soul catched fire, was seized with a sacred enthusiasm, and broke out in the following transport.

Hail, hebrew psalmist king! hail happy hour!
I see, I hear, I feel the sovereign pow'r
Of language so devout. Th' immortal sound
Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleasing wound,
And mortal passions die. Devotion reigns,
Earth disappears, her mountains and her plains;
I soar, I pray, I praise in David's heavenly strains.
Here thoughts divine in living words exprest,
Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breast,
Spread o'er the sacred page; what eye, what heart,
Can read the rapture, and not bear its part
In holy elevation?
Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
Gives the same passions, spreads the fire divine,
And kindles all the reader. See him rise
On wings of extasy, shoot thro' the skies,
And mix with angels: Hail, ye choirs above,
Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.

If sins review'd in trickling sorrows flow;
The page conveys the penitential woe,
And strikes the inmost spirit. Conscience hears
The words of anguish, and dissolves in tears.
Ev'n iron souls relent, and hearts of stone
Burst at these mournings, and repeat the groan:
God and his power are there.

Formistes and Libero were present while Bohemus was carried away in this surprising rapture. The last had been educated in too great an aversion to forms of prayer, and the first never thought of addressing God without them; but both were deeply struck with conviction at this speech of Bohemus: They confessed that they had lived all their days in extremes, and begun to confess their mistake.

Surely, says Libero, written prayers are not such formidable things as I once imagined them, especially since we are not pinned down to every sentence, but maintain a just liberty to alter as we please. And yet further, now I think of it, christians of every party find it no hindrance to the devout melody and praise which they offer to God, that they have the words of a sacred song provided for them before-hand; and it is as certain that composed forms of prayer are evidently useful, if not necessary, for the assistance of children, to train them up to this part of worship, and lead them in the way to private devotion in their younger years; and why should they not be happy expedients to relieve the weakness of the bulk of christians? Certainly they are so, replied Bohemus; for if we consider mankind in the various ranks, conditions and circumstances of life, and take a just survey of the many infirmities that surround human nature, and the numerous weights that hang upon the soul; if we observe the perpetual diversion from the things of God, to which the mind is exposed by constant business in the world; if we think of the low capacity, scanty furniture and poor invention of

many serious persons whose hearts have a sincere tendency toward God, and their want of words to express even the pious thoughts that arise within them; may we not suppose that they would be thankful for some such assistances in this work of inward religion, if they were but once furnished with them by their friends, and encouraged to make use of them: and even the wisest and the best of men might be glad of them at some seasons.

And let me add also, said he, there is many a family which would have lived to this day without paying homage to the God of nature and grace in social worship, which has been enabled by the help of pious forms to maintain daily religion in the house, and the children and the servants of the family have been trained up to constant devotion and daily acknowledgement of God, by these assistances, borrowed from holy and skilful writers. And God forbid that any house among christians should be prayerless, since these devout compositions are so easy to be had.

This is well known and abundantly practised amongst the christians of the established church, and they rejoice in it as their privilege and their constant blessing; whereas I fear there are some among the protestant dissenters have been educated with such an unreasonable and superstitious aversion to all pre-composed prayers, that a few of them, even to this day, are hardly willing that children and ignorant persons should use them. And there are but few, I doubt, who give themselves leave to make a full and proper use of such advantages with which our nation and our age are furnished. Dr. Patrick, Dr. Innet, Dr. Meriton, and Mr. Jenks, with several other worthy divines, have done much this way; some of the dissenters themselves have given assistance in this affair, and have composed forms of address to God upon the common occasions of life, as well as upon the various themes of the christian religion. Mr. Baxter in the last age, and Mr. Howe, and in this century Mr. Murray, Mr. Bourne, and others; and I wish this sort of devotional writings were multiplied among them.

I acknowledge, says Libero, this is the case; we have some unhappy prejudices still hanging about our spirits, in making a religious use of written or printed prayers, either in our retirements, or in the family; and I am now sensible this has bereaved us of those advantages for the religion of the closet and the household, which our neighbours partake of, and which we might enjoy with great liberty of soul, and rejoice in with rich improvement. I thank you from my heart, dear Bohemus, for the lesson I have learnt of you this day, and I will endeavour that many of my friends shall learn it too, that they may no more renounce that spiritual assistance and relief which may be borrowed from pious composures; and especially that masters of families

ıay begin to make a happy use of them in their household, and ·orship God by these helps, when they want them, without the ·ast restraint laid either upon the just freedom of their own pirits, or the hopes of divine influences.

And I, for my part, saith Formistes, return you my sincere hanks, good Bohemus, that you have marked out so happy a nedium between an utter rejection of all forms of prayer, and an ıbsolute confinement of ourselves to them. I cannot but acknowedge I have sometimes found inward motions of repentance for ›articular sins, of humble desires towards God, and wishes for ıssistance against particular temptations and snares, while I have ›een reading my written devotions; and yet I was unwilling to express them with my tongue, lest I should utter any thing rashly before God. But upon what you have said, I now give myself leave to think, that the sincere workings of a man's heart towards virtue and religion, and things of the upper world, are best known to himself, and may be expressed by himself, when they arise in his heart, in such language as a gracious God will accept. I shall never more therefore suppress these good desires for want of courage to utter them; but while I make use of forms of worship composed by pious and learned men, I shall remember that they were designed only as assistances to my devotion, and not impose them on my conscience as restraints upon all the good motions of the blessed Spirit, which our church teaches us humbly to pray for, and to expect according to the divine promise. And since the holy scripture often requires us to pray to God, but never prescribes to us whether we should use our own words, or the words of other men, I will learn for the future to look upon that as a matter of greater indifference than I once thought it, and not make that a duty for myself, which God has not made so, nor charge my neighbour Libero with sin, for praying in such a free manner as God has never forbid.

LIII.—*An Elegy on Sophronia, who died of the Small-Pox*, 1711.

Sophron is introduced Speaking.

1 FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,
Where all my cheerful airs are fled?
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er,
My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.

2 Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,
Hear the long groans that waste my breath,
And read the mighty sorrows in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death.

3 Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face
With tumours of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with with their dismal grace
And double horror spot the veil.

4 Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please?
And beauty spread her ensigns there?

5 I was all love, and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days, when first she
charm'd my sight!
But roses, will not always last.

6 Yet still Sophronia pleas'd. Nor time,
nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom
away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can
impair;
Beauty like hers could ne'er decay.

7 Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly
birth:
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on
earth,
And blooms with life, and joy and
love.

8 Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial
dew,
And angels food were her repast:
Devotion was her work; and thence
she drew
Delights which strangers never
taste.

9 Not the gay splendors of a flatt'ring
court
Could tempt her to appear and
shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's re-
sort.
But I was blest and she was mine.

10 Safe on her welfare all my pleasures
hung;
Her smiles could all my pains con-
troul;
Her soul was made of softness, and
her tongue
Was soft and gentle as her soul.

11 She was my guide, my friend, my
earthly all;
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon:
Had heav'n a length of years delay'd
its call,
Still I had thought it call'd too soon.

12 But peace, my sorrows! nor with
murmuring voice
Dare to accuse heav'n's high decree:
She was first ripe for everlasting joys;
Sophron, she waits above for thee.

LIV.—*An Elegy on the much lamented Death of Mrs Elizabeth Bury, late Wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Bury of Bristol, annexed to some Memoirs of her Life, drawn up by him; but collected out of her own Papers.*

SHE must ascend; her treasure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her thro' the sky
On wings of harmony, ye sons of light,
And with surrounding shields protect her flight.
Teach her the wond'rous songs yourselves compose
For yon bright world; she'll learn 'em as she goes;
The sense was known before: Those sacred themes,
The God, the Saviour, and the flowing streams
That ting'd the cursed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heav'n, and wash'd a world from sin;
The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face
Where the whole godhead shines in mildest grace;
These are the notes for which your harps are strung.
These were the joy and labour of her tongue
In our dark regions. These exalted strains
Brought paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.
"Souls made of pious harmony and love,
"Can be no strangers to their work above."

But must we lose her hence? The muse in pain
Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.
Stay, gentle spirit, say, Can nature find
No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?
Must all those virtues, all those graces soar
Far from our sight, and bless the earth no more?
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
For ever lost to all the sons of time?
O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!

The features of her soul, without disguise,
Drawn by her own bless'd pen: A sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears,
Dres'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.

Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heav'nly lines,
Feel with what power the bright example shines;
She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb;
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free; the chearful, yet sedate:
Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
And rich in solid learning more than show,
With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human graces and divine,
Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife
Thro' every shifting scene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.
Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules,
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conquering suasion, or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul,
That could our passions, and her own controul:
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope and pain,
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above.
"Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
"And nature feels it painful not to rise."

Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew
To make life happy, and resign it too,
The soul that oft had walk'd the ethereal road,
Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewel flight to God.
But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint

Th' immortal passions of th' expiring Saint,
What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle thro' her eyes
In that dark hour! how all serene she lay
Beneath the openings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within;
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in death.

O may some pious friend who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,

Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul; and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles are seen!

September 29, 1720.

LV.—*An Elegiac Ode on the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London, February 6, 1721-2, in the 83d year of his age. Affixed to some Memoirs of his life, and inscribed to the Lady Abney.*

MADAM,

"YOUR grief is great and just. It is not in the power of verse to charm it: your comforts must arise from a diviner spring. My residence in your family hath made me a witness to the lustre of Sir Thomas Abney's character, and to the years of your felicity; and I bear a sensible share in the sorrows that are shed on his tomb."

"The nation mourns a good man lost from the midst of us, a public blessing vanished from the earth. The city mourns the loss of a most excellent magistrate, a sure friend to virtue, and a guardian to the public peace. The church of Christ mourns a beautiful pillar taken from the support and ornament of the temple. All these are public sorrows; but your loss, madam, carries a pain in it, that must be unknown to all but such as knew the domestic virtues of the deceased."

"Those who have the honour of your ladyship's acquaintance, can tell whence you derive your daily consolations; even from that world where your departed relative drinks them at the fountain-head. O may those streams descend in full measure hourly, and refresh yourself and your mourning house!"

"But if a verse cannot give comfort to the living, yet it may do honour to the dead: and it is for this reason that your ladyship desires a verse to attend these few memorials of Sir Thomas Abney's life. His modesty hath concealed a thousand things from the world which might have stood as witnesses of his piety and goodness, but he thought it sufficient that his record was on high: yet your unfeigned love follows him to the grave, and would do every thing that might adorn his name and memory. Since you have called me to this piece of service, the obligations that your ladyship hath laid upon me are strong enough to summon up my youthful powers and talents, even when I look upon them as buried and almost forgotten."

"Besides, madam, there are some occurrences that can of themselves rouse the muse from the deepest sleep. Poesy is not always under the command of the will. As there have been occasions heretofore when I have wished to write, but the ima-

ination has refused to attend the wish; so there are seasons hen verse comes almost without a call, and the will might rest in vain. A few such seasons have I met with in the course f my life, and some of them have found me even in the chamers of death. When I have spent days in the midst of mourng, and the whole soul hath been turned to sorrow, the harp ıath sounded of its own accord, and awakened all the doleful trings. Such was the hour when your dear and honoured ırother, Mr. Thomas Gunston departed this life: and such is he present providence. Uncommon worth forsaking our world, ıtrikes all the powers of nature with sentiments of honour and ;rief, and the hand and the heart consent to raise a monument of ove and sorrow."

"Accept then, honoured madam, these lines of elegy, as ı sincere pledge of the greatest veneration which my heart pays o the memory of Sir Thomas Abney. How far so ever the verse may fall below the theme, yet now it must always live, ıince it is joined to these memoirs, and attached to a character hat cannot die. And while succeeding ages shall read the ıonours due to the deceased, let them know also the gratitude I ›ay to your ladyship, for the signal benefits of many years conerred on

Your Ladyship's most obliged, and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

At the Death of that excellent Man Sir Thomas Abney.

A Soliloquy, or Mourning Meditation.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
"Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
"Cantus, Melpomene.

"Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
"Urget? Cui pudor & justitiæ soror
"Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
"Quando ullum invenient parem?" *Hor.*

PART I.

His private Life,

1 ABNEY expires. A general groan
Sounds thro' the house. How must a friend behave
Where death and grief have rais'd a throne,
And the sad chambers seem th' apartments of the grave?

2 Shall I appear amongst the chief
Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?

3 I mourn by turns, and comfort too;
He that can feel can ease another's smart:
The drops of sympathetic woe
Convey the heav'nly cordial warmer to the heart.

4 We mourn a thousand joys deceas'd,
We name the husband with a mournful tongue;
He, when the pow'rs of life decreas'd,
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

5 Thrice happy man! Thrice happy pair!
If love could bid approaching death remove,

The painful name of widow here
Had ever been unknown: But death is deaf to love.

6 * Albina mourns, she mourns alone,
Her grief unrival'd in a house of tears,
The partner of her soul is gone,
Who doubled all her joys, and half sustained her cares.

7 See the fair offspring of the dead,
With their young griefs Albina they inclose,
Beside the father's dying bed:
And as her woes increase, their love and duty grows.

8 The children feel the mother's pain,
Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll;
The mother sees and weeps again,
With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

9 The tender passions reign and spread
Thro' the whole house, and to the courts descend:
We mourn the best of brothers dead;
We mourn the kindest master, and the firmest friend.

10 We mourn; but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy;
A falling tear is nature's due;
But hope climbs high and borders on celestial joy.

11 There sits the late departed saint; †
There dwells the husband, father, brother, friend;
Then let us cease the sore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans let notes of praise ascend.

12 Great God, to thee we raise our song,
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind:
We bless thee, that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

PART II.

His public Character and Death.

1 BUT can domestic sorrow shew
A nation's loss? Can private tears suffice
To mourn the saint and ruler too,
Great names, so rarely join'd below the blisful skies?

2 Could Abney in our world be born,
Could Abney live, and not Britannia smile?
Or die, and not Britannia mourn, ‡
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

3 'Twas heav'nly wisdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the sword to hold:
His looks with sacred justice shine
Beyond the scarlet honours, or the wreathen gold.

4 Truth, freedom, courage, prudence stood
Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair;
He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals where there ||

5 He sign'd their doom with steady hand?
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll:
§ He punish'd to reform the land,
With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

6 His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet;
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and reverence greet him thro' the crouded street.

* The Lady Abney.

† Justum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.
Hac arte—Enixus arces attigit igneas. *Hor.*

‡ Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit. *Hor.*

|| —— Est animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.
—— Bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dono nocentium
Vultu——— *Hor.*

§ Qui quærit Pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civium.——*Hor.*

7 Godlike he lived and acted here,
Moving unseen, and still sublimely great;
Yet when his country claim'd his care,
Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.

8 He more than once oblig'd the throne,
And sav'd the nation; yet he shunn'd the fame,
Careless to make his merit known,
The christian hath enough, that heav'n records his name.

9 His humble soul convers'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his rest, his native home:
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to come.

10 With silent steps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode;
Nor would he ask a moment's stay,
Nor make the convoy wait, that call'd his soul to God.

11 See the good man with head reclin'd,
And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath:
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind;
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

12 Laden with honours and with years,
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray,
And while he ends his race, appears
Bright as the setting-sun of a long cloudless day.

13 Spent with the toil of busy hours,
Nature retir'd and life sunk down to sleep;
Come, dress the bed with fadeless flow'rs,
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

14 The heart of every Briton rears
A monument to Abney's spotless fame;
The pencil faints, the muse despairs;
His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,
Inter mœrores domesticos,
Et patriæ suæ luctus.

I. W.

LVI.—*Entrance upon the World.*

CURINO was a young man brought up to a reputable trade; the term of his apprenticeship was almost expired, and he was contriving how he might venture into the world with safety, and pursue business with innocence and success. Among his near kindred, Serenus was one, a gentleman of considerable character in the sacred profession; and after he had consulted with his father, who was a merchant of great esteem and experience, he also thought fit to seek a word of advice from the divine. Serenus had such a respect for his young kinsman, that he set his thoughts at work on this subject, and with some tender expressions, which melted the youth into tears, he put into his hand a paper of his best counsels. Curino entered upon business, pursued his employment with uncommon advantage, and under the blessing of heaven advanced himself to a considerable estate. He lived with honour in the world, and gave a lustre to the religion which he professed; and after a long life of piety and usefulness, he died with a sacred composure of soul, under the influences of the christian hope. Some of his neighbours wondered at his felicity in this world, joined with so much innocence, and such severe virtue. But after his death this paper was found in his closet, which was drawn up by his kinsman in holy orders, and was supposed to have a large share in procuring his happiness.

Advices to a Young Man.

I. KINSMAN, I presume you desire to be happy here, and hereafter: you know there are a thousand difficulties which attend this pursuit; some of them perhaps you foresee, but there are multitudes which you could never think of. Never trust therefore to your own understanding in the things of this world, where you can have the advice of a wise and faithful friend; nor dare venture the more important concerns of your soul, and your eternal interests in the world to come, upon the mere light of nature, and the dictates of your own reason; since the word of God, and the advice of heaven, lies in your hands. Vain and thoughtless indeed are those children of pride, who choose to turn heathens in the midst of Great Britain; who live upon the mere religion of nature and their own stock, when they have been trained up among all the superior advantages of christianity, and the blessings of divine revelation and grace.

II. Whatsoever your circumstances may be in this world, still value your bible as your best treasure; and whatsoever be your employment here, still look upon religion as your best business. Your bible contains eternal life in it, and all the riches of the upper world; and religion is the only way to become a possessor of them.

III. To direct your carriage towards God, converse particularly with the book of Psalms; David was a man of sincere and eminent devotion. To behave aright among men, acquaint yourself with the whole book of Proverbs: Solomon was a man of large experience and wisdom. And to perfect your directions in both these, read the gospels and the epistles; you will find the best of rules and the best of examples there, and those more immediately suited to the christian life.

IV. As a man, maintain strict temperance and sobriety, by a wise government of your appetites and passions; as a neighbour, influence and engage all around you to be your friends, by a temper and carriage made up of prudence and goodness; and let the poor have a certain share in all your yearly profits. As a trader, keep that golden sentence of our Saviour's ever before you, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them."

V. While you make the precepts of scripture the constant rule of your duty, you may with courage rest upon the promises of scripture as the springs of your encouragement. All divine assistances and divine recompences are contained in them. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it. Heaven and glory are promised to reward the faithful and the obedient.

VI. In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all *your blessings* and all your hopes, as your best friend and your

eternal portion. Meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him entirely, that you serve him with sincere delight, and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

VII. You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature and a sinner, and you profess to be a christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus: but never think you know Christ nor yourself as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification; and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words; John xiv. 6. "No man cometh to the Father but by me."

VIII. Make prayer a pleasure and not a task, and then you will not forget nor omit it. If ever you have lived in a praying family, never let it be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretences would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the church, the certain and constant duties of the closet, or any necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world; and every day of the week is exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

IX. See that you watch and labour, as well as pray. Diligence and dependence must be united in the practice of every christian. It is the same wise man acquaints us, "that the hand of the diligent and the blessing of the Lord join together to make us rich;" Prov. x. 4—22. rich in the treasures of body or mind, of time or eternity.

It is your duty indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin; but if you would effectually avoid it, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous opportunity. Set a double guard wheresoever you feel or suspect an enemy at hand. The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are trapt into mischief between them.

X. Honour, profit, and pleasure have been sometimes called the world's trinity; they are its three chief idols; each of them is sufficient to draw a soul off from God, and ruin it for ever. Beware of them therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent or happy.

Remember that the honour which comes from God, the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely *more valuable than* all the esteem or applause of men. Dare *not venture one step* out of the road of heaven, for fear of being

laughed at for walking strictly in it. It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest.

Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that indulges himself in wine and oil, that is, in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, shall not be rich." It is one of St. Paul's characters of almost degenerate age, when men become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. And that fleshly lusts war against the soul, is St. Peter's caveat to the christians of his time.

XI. Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin forces its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed that under any scruple, doubt or temptation whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient answer or apology to the great Judge at the last day.

XII. Keep this thought ever in your mind, it is a world of vanity and vexation in which you live; the flatteries and promises of it are vain and deceitful; prepare therefore to meet disappointments. Many of its occurrences are teazing and vexatious. In every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

XIII. Since in many things we offend all, and there is not a day passes which is perfectly free from sin, let repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, be your daily work. A frequent renewal of these exercises which make a christian at first, will be a constant evidence of your sincere christianity, and give you peace in life, and hope in death.

XIV. Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise and hurry in every thing that belongs to them: the time is come, and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your trade and your religion, lie always in such order, as far as possible, that death at a short warning may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you may escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. Farewell.

Phronimus, a considerable East-land merchant, happened on a copy of these advices about the time when he permitted s son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he anscribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, oung man, said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. ead it over once a month, till it is wrought in your very soul id temper. Walk by these Rules, and I can trust my estate your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life, and you ill make me and yourself easy and happy.

LVII.—*Souls in Fetters.*

WHAT a sore unhappiness is it to the christian world, that en are confined in parties! There are some noble souls imprined from their infancy within the pales of a particular clan, or rrow tribe, and they must never dare to think beyond those nits. What shameful bars are laid in the way to obstruct the ogress of knowledge, and the growth of the intellectual orld! Generous sentiments are stifled and forbid to be born, st the parent of them, who belongs perhaps to one sect, should suspected of too much intimacy with another: and a thousand ave and free thoughts are crushed to death in the very bud, st they should look like the offspring of a foreign tribe, when ey appear in open light. What a wretched influence, names, d sects, and parties have upon the commonwealth of chriatity! We hardly dare believe ourselves when we have found t a truth, if our ancestors did not believe it too.

A few days ago Aleutherus told me, that when he was a y, he firmly believed the mystery of the mass, and thought the iest could turn bread into flesh and blood, for all his relations ere of that mind; but when I began to think for myself a little, d he, my faith staggered, the falsehood seemed too big for my lief; and yet I know not what strange secret attachment to the ligion of my fathers forbid me to deny what they had prosed. So I shut my eyes, and laid all my rising doubts to ep; I stretched my faith to its former size, and swallowed s old doctrine again. Without thinking whether it were posle, I called it divine; for I could not bear the thoughts of ing a heretic.

Clerico would gladly have heard Euphonus preach, if he rst have ventured the censure of his friends, and been seen in meeting-house. He could willingly have let his soul loose from human forms and inventions, if he had notlately subscribed the entieth article of the church among the rest, and declared that s has power to ordain rites and ceremonies. But since he has bscribed, he does not dare to indulge his thoughts in so much edom.

Phileuchus happened to lodge a week at the house of

Sebastes, where he heard Mr. Jenks's prayers read daily in the family with great devotion; he prevailed with himself to join in the worship, and felt his soul refreshed by it; yet his own house continued prayerless still; for though he loved religion at his heart, yet he could not express himself with any tolerable decency, propriety or courage in family-worship, and he was ashamed to let his friends know that he made use of forms.

What a poor foolish thing is man! Human nature in all ages is too much like itself. What is now practised among christians, to the reproach and injury of revealed truth, has been a bar to the profession and improvement of natural religion, in the days and the nations of ancient heathenism.

Socrates is famous in history for his belief of the one true God, in opposition to the polytheism of the world, and the numerous idols of the priest and the people: But he is reported by this means to have exposed himself to the resentment and popular fury of some of his countrymen, so that he is counted a sort of martyr for that cause. Yet, as some report, he was scarce able to support his courage in the public profession of that one true God in a dying hour; for it is said that he ordered a cock to be offered as a sacrifice to Esculapius the god of physic. I confess it is so mean and servile a compliance, that I can hardly believe it concerning Socrates.

But if the soul of the noble Grecian was bound in these fetters of a popular religion, which forbid his bold and final profession of his diviner sentiments; it is not Greece only, but Rome also has produced examples of the same weakness among some of its heroes. It must be acknowledged, they had some heavenly flights of thought, and courage enough to let their notions just start into light, and give broad hints of their faith; but they were forced to cramp and discourage the progress and growth of it, for fear of the national idolatry which reigned in their age. They had not strength of soul and bravery enough to become martyrs for the truth.

Cicero was a great man, but he was afraid to speak what he knew of the unity of the eternal God, the Maker of all.—"It is hard, says he, to find out him who is the parent of this universe; and when you have found him, it is not lawful to shew him to the vulgar world. Illum quasi parentem hujus universitatis invenire difficile: & cum inveneris, indicare in vulgus nefas;" *Lib. de Univers.* p. 2. And the same he saith again, *Lib.* II. *de Nat Deor.* Let not our men of heathenism then, or British infidels, charge all this folly upon christians, alone, since their pagan predecessors were guilty of it as well as we.

O where shall that city stand, whose inhabitants shall traffic in intellectual treasures, and set forth all their new improvements

and acquisitions in open day-light, without the danger of public penalties or reproach? Where shall that happy race of men be born, who shall see truth with an unbiassed soul; and shall speak it freely to mankind, without the fear of parties, or the odium of singularity? When shall that golden age arise in Great Britain, in which every rich genius shall produce his brightest sentiments to the honour of God, and to the general profit of men, and yet stand exempted from common slander! When shall the sacred mines of scripture be digged yet deeper than ever, and the hidden riches thereof be brought out of their long obscurity, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour? O that these dark and stormy days of party and prejudice were rolled away; that men would once give leave to their fellow christians to spell out and read some ancient and unknown glories of the person of Christ, which are contained in scripture, and to unfold some hidden wonders of his gospel! The wisest of men know yet but in part; and it is always possible to grow wiser, at least on this side heaven: but public prejudice is a friend to darkness; nor could ignorance and error, without this shield, have defended their thrones so long among creatures of reason, under the light of divine sun-beams.

LVIII.—*To Lucius, on the Death of Serena.*

DEAR SIR,

SOME of these verses I attempted to sooth your sorrows in a melancholy and distressing hour: They were all finished near the same time, and united in this form, though they have thus long lain in silence, nor ventured to present themselves to you. I am almost in pain already, lest they should awake your heart-ache by a recollection of some dear mournful images, and vanished scenes of grief. Let these lines rather call your views upward to the better mansions of your absent kindred, and awaken you to aim every step of life toward those regions of holiness and joy. Adieu, and be happy. I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

Death and Heaven. In Five Lyric Odes.

ODE I.

The Spirit's farewell to the Body, after long Sickness.

HOW am I held a prisoner now,
Far from my God! This mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow: All below
Is short liv'd ease or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God!

3 Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind;
My God; nor let this frame arise
Till every dust be well refin'd.

4 Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own:

Then shall it better serve my soul
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

ODE II.

The Departing Moment: Or, absent from the Body.

1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought;
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin hath wrought,
From pains, and tears, and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! Illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke!

3 Absent from flesh! Then rise, my soul,
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day.
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Uriel waits and points my way.

ODE III.

Entrance into Paradise: Or, present with the Lord.

1 AND is this heav'n? And am I there?
How short the road! how swift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
'Jesus is here,—my soul's delight.

2 Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

3 How fair thou offspring of my God!
Thou first-born image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4 Lo, he presents me at the throne
All spotless; there the godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly strains.

ODE IV.

The Sight of God in Heaven.

1 CREATOR-GOD, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous power,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!
Beauty and love unknown before!

2 Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon dark region whence I came;
Where languid glimpses from thy throne
And feeble whispers touch thy name.

3 I'm in a world where all is new;
Myself, my God; O blest amaze!
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.

4 Fix'd on my God, my heart, adieu:
My restless thoughts, forbear to rove:
Ye meaner passions, stir no more;
But all my powers be joy and love.

ODE V.

A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body, supposed to be sung by the Mourners.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
And angels watch her soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Past through the grave, and blest the bed.
Rest here, fair Saint; till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form;
She must ascend to meet her Lord.

LIX.—*Divine Conduct disputed and justified.*

WHEN we meet with any thing in the conduct of men which appears strange and unaccountable to us, if at the same time it seems to carry in it the aspect of something low and tri-

fling, we are too ready to think ourselves such sons of wisdom as to pronounce puerility and contempt upon the persons and their practice. So hasty are we to pass sudden and rash judgments on the present appearances of things, and to imagine every thing is unreasonable when we do not immediately see the reason of it; as if all reason were ingressed in our bosoms, and wisdom had no other abode. Gelotes to shew his own superior genius, treats of the rites of Moses, and the ceremonies of the Jewish religion, in the same manner; he cannot devise what all these bells and pomegranates, and twenty other little fineries, were made for upon the garments of the high-priest; nor can he guess the reason of all the petty punctilios about lambs, and rams, and red heifers, about pigeons, hyssop, and scarlet, sprinklings and washings. He is utterly at a loss what they were designed for; and therefore he roundly declares his opinion, that Moses had little to do, who could employ his mind in contriving such trifles. It is unaccountable says he, that a person who seems in other things to be a man of sense, should prescribe such an endless ritual with minute directions about a hundred little matters relating to the pins and tacks, the boards and curtains of the tabernacle, and all that scenery of puerile worship, which a wise man would neither command nor practise. And thus he goes on to shoot his bolts of blasphemy at divine wisdom over the shoulders of Moses, and through his sides to smite the God of Israel with ridicule and reproaches. How often does such a sudden and rash censure discover its own folly when it is passed on the actions of men, by a further insight into their wise designs; and the man who poured out his laughter and contempt upon others, how justly does he become the object of contempt and ridicule himself, on account of his pride and rashness? But when the counsels and appointments of the blessed God, when the works of his wisdom, which is vast and deep, beyond our ken and fathom, are thus taken to task by silly mortals, and derided because they do not understand the purpose and intent of them, what flagrant impiety is this? What impudence added to their rashness? And how much does it deserve the divine indignation?

This very man, this Gelotes, a few days ago was carried by his neighbour Typiger, to see a gentleman of his acquaintance; they found him standing at the window of his chamber, moving and turning round a glass prism, near a round hole which he had made in the window-shutter, and casting all the colours of the rainbow upon the wall of the room; they were unwilling to disturb him, though he amused himself at this rate for half an hour together, merely to please and entertain his eye-sight, as Gelotes imagined, with the brightness and strength of the reds and the blues, the greens and the purples, in many shifting forms of situation; while several little implements lay about

him of white paper and shreds of coloured silk, pieces of tin with holes in them, spectacles and burning-glasses. When the gentleman at last spied his company, he came down and entertained them agreeably enough upon other subjects, and dismissed them.

At another time Gelotes beheld the same gentleman blowing up large bubbles with a tobacco-pipe out of a bowl of water, well impregnated with soap, which is a common diversion of boys. As the bubbles rose, he marked the little changeable colours on the surface of them with great attention, till they broke and vanished into air and water. He seemed to be very grave and solemn in this sort of recreation, and now and then smiled to see the little appearances and disappearances of colours, as the bubble grew thinner toward the top, while the watry particles of it ran down along the side to the bottom, and the surface grew too thin and feeble to include the air, then it burst to pieces, and was lost.

Well, says Gelotes to his friend, I did not think you would have carried me into the acquaintance of a madman: surely he can never be right in his senses who wastes his hours in such fooleries as these. Whatsoever good opinion I had conceived of a gentleman of your intimacy, I am amazed now that you should keep up any degree of acquaintance with him, when his reason is gone, and he is become a mere child. What are all these little scenes of sport and amusement, but proofs of the absence of his understanding? Poor gentleman! I pity him in his unhappy circumstances; but I hope he has friends to take care of him under this degree of distraction.

Typiger was not a little pleased to see that his project, with regard to his neighbour Gelotes, had succeeded so well; and when he had suffered him to run on at this rate for some minutes, he interrupted him with a surprising word; this very gentleman, says he, is the great Sir Isaac Newton, the first of philosophers, the glory of Great Britain, and renowned among the nations. You have beheld him now making these experiments over again by which he first found out the nature of light and colours, and penetrated deeper into the mysteries of them, than all mankind ever knew before him. This is the man, and these his contrivances, upon which you so freely cast your contempt, and pronounce him distracted. You know not the depth of his designs, and therefore you censured them all as fooleries; whereas the learned world has esteemed them the utmost reach of human sagacity.

Gelotes was all confusion and silence. Whereupon Typiger proceeded thus; Go now and ridicule the lawgiver of Israel, and the ceremonies of the Jewish church, which Moses taught them: Go, repeat your folly and your slanders, and laugh at these

divine ceremonies, merely because you know not the meaning of them: Go and affront the God of Israel, and reproach him for sending Moses to teach such forms of worship to the Jews. There is not the least of them but was appointed by the greatest of beings, and has some special design and purpose in the eye of divine wisdom. Many of them were explained by the apostle Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews, as types and emblems of the glories and blessings of the New Testament; and the rest of them, whose reason has not been discovered to us, remain perhaps to be made known at the conversion of the Jews, when divine light shall be spread over all the ancient dispensations, and a brighter glory diffused over all the rites and forms of religion, which God ever instituted among the race of Adam.

Thus far Typiger; while Gelotes was still silent, being pierced to the heart with a conviction of his rashness and folly, and stung inwardly with bitter remorse at the thoughts of his impious and profane raillery. He went home mournful, and set himself with a sincere and humble enquiry to learn all the successive religions of the bible, which he had ridiculed, and found so much reason in a great part of them, that he submitted to believe the dignity of them all, and professed himself a hearty christian.

The book of nature and the book of providence have some obscure pages in them, as well as the book of religion and grace. There are many appearances in the creation of God, and many more in his government of the world, which are thus impudently arraigned by thoughtless mortals. They discover not the symmetry and exact proportion between the several parts of them, and therefore they pronounce them the works of chance, and mere caprices of nature. They cannot penetrate into the distant designs of the all-wise Creator and Ruler of the universe, and they are ready to conclude that there is no design, no wisdom in them. But he was a much wiser man who tells us, "that God has made every thing beautiful in its season, but man has this world in his heart," that is, he is so intent upon the present little spot of ground on which he stands, and the little incidents of that inch of time in which he appears, that he cannot discern the work that God does from the beginning to the end thereof; and therefore men are not able to comprehend the admirable beauty of his works, and they are resolved to believe no farther than they can see. Vain animals of flesh and blood! Proud swelling reptiles of the earth! As if a company of worms who are just crept out of their native glebe, and retiring into it again after a few moments, should pretend to arraign and censure the motions and phases of the moon, and all the rules and movements of the planetary worlds. That man surely should have a stretch of thought equal to deity, and with one single survey

grasp all the atoms of created matter, and all the world of minds with all their ideas, he should view at once all their infinite relations to each other, with all the scenes and appearances in the upper and lower regions of creation, from the beginning of time far into eternity; who would dare to contest the wisdom of providence, or of any of the works or the appointments of his Maker? "How manifold are thy works, O Lord? In wisdom hast thou made them all. How unsearchable are thy ways, and thy judgment untraceable by all the sons of men! Who has known the mind of the Lord, and who has been his counsellor? Of him, and by him, and for him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever." *Amen.*

LX.—*Sinful Anger for God's Sake.*

IT is a very possible thing for us to be sinfully angry with our neighbour, even upon the account of sin: we have hearts of unsearchable subtlety and unfathomable deceit. The best of us are too often tempted to follow the violence of our own carnal affections, under an appearance of zeal and duty, and screen our own wrath to man, under the covert of love to God. And when the angry powers of our nature are set at work under the colour of so divine a principle, they are impatient of all restraint, and know no bounds; for we cannot do too much for God and his honour.

Deirus is ready to think, that if he let fly all his wrath against a man for a sinful action, that wrath cannot rise to excess; he persuades himself that it is rather a work of righteousness than a fault, and puts it amongst his virtues and his honours. I wish Deirus would take heed, lest he mingle the heat of corrupt flesh and blood with holy zeal, and offer iniquity for a sacrifice. In order to manage well in this matter, I would admonish him to take notice of these things:

First, When an action offends both God and ourselves at the same time, we must watch with the utmost diligence, lest self-love disguise itself in the form of zeal, and command our passions entirely into our own service, while we think they are at work for God. Suppose I have often instructed young Pravo, as to his morals; suppose I have earnestly persuaded him to any duty, or cautioned him often against some evil practice, and I see him nevertheless obstinately proceed in his own way; perhaps I shall be ready to indulge my anger against him, because he disobeys me, more than because he displeases God. Or, suppose my neighbour Calumnio rails at me as a puritan and a madman, because I am seen often at public prayers, and upbraid and reproach me with odious charges for the sake of my religion; I am tempted to kindle perhaps into sudden indignation, chiefly because self is reviled, and not because God is dishonoured.

In such instances as these, there is an easy way to find whether our zeal be more selfish or divine. Let me ask my own heart, "Should I have been so angry with this youth, if he had neglected another friend's pious advice in the same case wherein he has neglected mine?" and yet the sin against God would have been the same. Again, "Should I have grown so warm against Calumnio for reproaching my fellow-christian on account of his devotions, as I am for reproaching me?" and yet his offence against the gospel had been the same still. Thus by putting self out of the case, we guard against the deceit of self-love, and pass a juster sentence on our own actions.

Now if upon due search we find that our wrath is awakened rather because an action offends us, than because it offends God, this is a work of the flesh, and must be mortified; our passions should all be pure. Our blessed Lord Jesus bore a load of personal reproaches falling heavy upon himself, and opened not his mouth; but when the Jewish buyers and sellers profaned his Father's house of prayer, then indeed he assumed an extraordinary character, and gave an instance of severe zeal by scourging them out of the temple; John ii. 17.

Secondly, Take care of giving up the reins entirely to any passion, though it pretend sin for its object, lest it run to an ungovernable excess. It is St. Paul's counsel, "Be angry and sin not;" Eph. iv. 26. so hard it is to be angry upon any account without sinning. It was a happy comparison, whosoever first invented it, that the passions of our Saviour were like pure water in a clear glass: shake it never so much, and it is pure still; there was no defilement in his holy soul by the warmest agitation of all those powers of his animal nature; but ours are like water with mud at the bottom, and we can scarce shake the glass with the gentlest motion, but the mud arises, and diffuses itself abroad, polluting both the water and the vessel. Our irascible passions can scarce be indulged a moment, but they are ready to defile the whole man.

We may find whether our anger arise to a sinful excess or no, by such enquiries as these:

Does it fire my blood into rage, and kindle my spirits into a sudden blaze, like a train of gunpowder? Then it looks too much like a work of the flesh, and may create a just suspicion of the pious purity of it; for this has not the appearance of a christian virtue. Our holy religion is a more reasonable, a more gentle thing, and never teaches us to act with a thoughtless violence, though it sometimes calls the active powers of flesh and blood in to the assistance of sincere zeal.

Does it transport us away to the practice of any thing unbecoming our character? Does it arm our tongues with vile and scandalous names, or our hands with hasty weapons of outrage

and cruelty? This sort of conduct carries in it more of the resemblance of the evil spirit that seeks revenge and mischief. I confess there have been some examples of severe and terrible zeal among the pious Jews; but we must remember that the meek and peaceful religion of the gospel was not then established; and we must consider too, that most of these examples had a divine commission, and were immediately inspired by God himself. Such was the case of Phineas, when he slew the two offenders in the camp of Israel: So Elijah called for fire from heaven, to destroy the two captains and their companies; and our Lord Jesus Christ, under the same divine influence, scourged the merchants out of the temple. But our Lord himself reproved his own disciples when they had a mind to imitate the wrath of Elijah, and taught them, that under this dispensation, which was shortly to be set up, zeal was a gentler virtue, and more of apiece with the rest of that religion which he designed to institute.

Another question we should put to ourselves to find whether our anger be excessive or no, is this: Does it throw us off from our guard, dispossess us of our temper, and darken our judgment? Does it make us fierce and positive? Does it rob us of our patience, and render us deaf to all sober remonstrances and excuses? Then it can never be from God, though it pretend to be for him: for self-government is an eternal duty; and the wisdom which is from above is swift to hear, and slow to speak; it is easy to be entreated, and full of forgiveness.

Finally, let us ask, Does the passion render us unfit for any duty to God, tempt us to omit any duty to man, or hinder us in the performance of either? We may then assure ourselves it rises to excess, and becomes in some measure criminal.

It is a certain rule of prudence, that all these animal powers, be they never so justly employed, deserve a watchful and severe guard upon them, lest they grow unruly and extravagant.

The last piece of advice that I would give to my friends, and learn to take myself, is this, That where the mere appearance of an angry passion will attain the same end, I will not choose to give myself the trouble and disquietude of feeling a real one. Why should I suffer my blood and spirits to rise into disorder, if the picture of anger in my countenance, and the sound of it imitated in my voice, will effectually discourage and reprove the voice I would forbid? If I am but wise enough to raise an appearance of resentment, I need not be at the pains to throw myself into this uneasy ferment. Is it not better for me, as a man and a christian, to maintain a calm, sedate aversion to the sin, and express my dislike of it, sometimes at least, rather by a counterfeit than real anger? If hypocrisy be lawful any where, surely it may be allowed in this case to dissemble a little.

And to carry the matter yet further, I think I may assert, there are several such occurrences in life, wherein it is better not so much as to imitate anger, and to express nothing like it, though the sin may be heinous: Anorgus, an excellent man, and an exemplary christian, would not only suppress all wrath, but conceal all appearance of it, lest the offending person, by seeing him discomposed or resenting, might be kindled into the same passion, and thus be rendered unfit to receive a reproof from him, and grow deaf to all his divine reasonings.

It is a certain and shameful truth, that in this frail and sinful state, we love ourselves so much, and God so little, that we seldom begin to grow angry for God's sake, but we soon grow more angry for our own: Therefore upon almost all accounts it may be given as a piece of general and safe advice, That let the occasion be never so provoking, yet the less fury the better. "The wrath of man never works the righteousness of God."

LXI.—*On the* Coronation *of their Majesties King* George II. *and Queen* Caroline. *October* 11, 1727.

" ERGO armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
" Ensem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram
" Dum regis, & leges molli clementer acerbas.
" Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympi
" Diligit, & læto vultum exhiliravit olivo;
" Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,
" Transmittetque tuam longeva in sæcula famam.

" En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,
" Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos;
" Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis & auro:
" At facies cultum illustrat, faciequo decorâ
" Pulchrior est animus,——*Buchan.*

The Coronation-Day. An Ode.

1 RISE happy morn; fair sun arise;
Shed radiant gold around the skies,
And rich in beams and blessings shine
Profuse on George and Caroline.

2 Illustrious pair! no tear to-day
Bedew the royal parents clay
'Tis George the blest remounts the throne,
With double vigour in his son.

3 Lo, the majestic form appears,
Sparkling in life and manly years:
The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,
And heaven approves Britannia's voice.

4 Monarch, assume thy pow'rs, and stand
The guardian-hero of our land:
Let Albion's sons thy stile proclaim,
And distant realms revere thy name.

5 Bear on thy brows th'imperial crown;
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their lights and honours round thy head.

6 Lift up thy rod of majesty*,
The foes of God and man shall flee:
Vice with her execrable band
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

7 Law, justice, valour, mercy ride
In arms of triumph at his side;
And each celestial grace is seen
In milder glories round the Queen.

* The sceptre.

8 Hail, royal fair! divinely wise!
Not Austrian crowns† could tempt thy eyes.
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,
When Cæsar sigh'd, and lov'd in vain.

9 But heav'n provides a rich reward:
George is thy lover and thy lord:
The British lion bears thy fame,
Where Austrian eagles have no name.

10 See the fair train of princes near:
Come, Frederic, royal youth, appear,
And grace the day. Shall foreign‡ charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms.

11 Britain, thy country‡? Prince arise,
The morning-star to gild our skies;
(O may no cloud thy lustre stain!)
Come, lead along the shining train.

12 Each in parental virtues dress'd,
Each born to make a nation bless'd:
What kings, what heroes yet unsown,
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne!

13 Mark that young branch § of rising fame,
Proud of our great deliverer's name:
He promises in infant-bloom,
To scourge some tyrant-power of Rome.

14 Bloom on, fair stem! Each flow'r that blows,
Adds new despair to Albion's foes,
And kills their hearts. O glorious view
Of joys for Albion, ever new!

15 Religion, duty, truth and love,
In ranks of honours shine and move;
Pale envy, slander, fraud and spite,
Retire, and hide in caves of night,

16 Europe behold th' amazing scene:
Empire and liberty convene
To join their joys and wishes here,
While Rome and hell consent to fear.

17 Eternal God, whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest favours down,
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

18 Come, light divine, and grace unknown,
Come aid the labours of the throne:
Let Britain's golden ages run:
In circles lasting as the sun.

19 Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity:
Ye hosts, that wait on favourite kings,
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings.

20 Then rise and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day:
Great William shall rejoice to know,
That George the second reigns below.

LXII.—*A Loyal Wish on her Majesty's Birth-Day, March 1, commonly called St. David's-Day.*

Borrowed from *Ps.* cxxxii. 10, 11.

1 SILENCE ye nations; Israel hear:
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
"Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
"And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn;
"Theirs by the royal honours thou hast won,
"Long as the starry wheels of nature run:
"Nature, be thou my pledge; my witness be the sun."

2 Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies,
To put the favourite name in David's room:
Fair Carolina, join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the British crown with endless honours theirs.

†Archducal and Imperial.

‡ That ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the protestant religion attending her majesty on her coronation medal, with the motto, "Hic amor, hæc patria," may support and justify these expressions.

§ Prince William.

LXIII.—*Piety in a Court.—To Philomela.*

Madam,

KNOW not by what train of ideas I was led this morning to e on these four lines which I read some where many yearsago:

" The court's a golden but a fatal circle,
" Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
" In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
" And beckon early virtue from its centre."

s description of a court gave occasion to the following enquiries

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treach'rous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind;
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn?

Is there a soul at court that seeks the grove
Or lonely hill to muse on heav'nly love;
And when to crowds and state her hour descends,
She keeps her conscience and her God her friends?

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion, thro' meridian night,
Near heav'ns, high portal? Angels, speak her name,
Consign Eusebia to celestial fame:
While Philomel, in language like your own,
To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing,
And triumphs daily new. With friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her thro' the field
Of sacred war, and mercy be her shield,
While with unsully'd charms she makes her way
Thro' scenes of dangerous life, to realms of endless day.

I persuade myself, Madam, you will acknowledge that these ries are determined with much truth and justice, and centre name that answers every enquiry. Eusebia has such a guard nodesty ever attending, as forbids these lines to appear before from my hand.—

Alethina happened to sit among a few intimate friends while letter was read thus far; and here she interrupted the ling with a friendly impatience to confirm it. " I know ebia's modesty, said she, and a blush will be easily raised in face of so much virtue; yet I do not think the writer hath ook her character. In my opinion it is just and sincere; whole conversation is of a piece: Her public and her pri- hours are of the same colour and hue: She is much a

christian in the family and the closet, nor doth she put off any part of that glorious profession at court. I have been favoured with some of the fruits of her retired meditations, and as I have long had the happiness of her acquaintance, I dare pronounce that she lives what she writes. It so happens at present, that I can give you a taste of her piety and her acquaintance with the muses together, for I have had leave to transcribe three or four copies with which I have been much entertained, and I am persuaded you will thank me for the entertainment they give you."

1.—*A Rural Meditation.*

HERE in the tuneful groves and flow'ry fields,
Nature a thousand various beauties yields:
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold
Array'd in snowy white, or freckled gold.
The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix'd, and calm delight;
The forest-walks and venerable shade,
Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glade,
With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aspire,
To him who sits in majesty on high,
Who turn'd the starry arches of the sky;
Whose word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,
Rais'd all the hills, and laid the vallies low;
Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
And bid the sky-lark warble on the wing;
Makes the young steer, obedient, till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand;
Calms the rough sea, and stills the raging wind,
And rules the passions of the human mind.

2.—*A Penitential Thought.*

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's woe,
And weep if I but hear a tale of sorrow?
Say, Can I share in ev'ry one's affliction,
Yet still remain thus stupid to my own?
Is then my heart to all the world beside
Softer than melting wax or summer snow,
But to myself harder than adamant?
Can I behold the ruin sin has made,
And feel God's image in my soul defac'd,
Nor heave a sigh, nor drop a pitying tear,
At my sad fate, nor lift my eyes to heav'n
For aid against the flatt'ries of the world,
The wiles of Satan, and the joys of sense?
Give me, ye springs, O give me all your streams
That I may weep; nor thus with stupid gaze
Behold my ruin, like a wretch inchanted,
Whose faculties are bound with pow'rful charms,
To some accursed spot of earth confin'd.
Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
To heave my bosom with continued sighs.—
Teach me, ye wood-doves, your complaining note,
To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,

My headstrong will, and every sinful thought.
In silent shades retir'd I long to dwell,
Far from the tumults of the busy world,
And all the sounds of mirth and clamorous joy,
'Till every stormy passion is subdu'd,
And God has full possession of my soul;
'Till all my wishes centre in his will,
And I no more am fetter'd to the world;
'Till all the business of my life is praise,
And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love
While all created beauties lose their charms,
And God is all in all.

3.—*A Midnight Hymn.*

TO thee, all glorious, ever-blessed pow'r,
I consecrate this silent midnight hour,
While solemn darkness covers o'er the sky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle slumbers lie;
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
And ev'ry thought with gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
Health to my flesh, and comfort to my heart.
O may my prayers before thy throne arise,
An humble but accepted sacrifice!
And when thou shalt my weary eyelids close,
And to my body grant a soft repose,
May my etherial Guardian kindly spread
His wings, and from the tempter screen my head!
Grant of celestial light some piercing beams,
To bless my sleep and sanctify my dreams.

4.—*The dying Christian's Hope.*

WHEN faint, and sinking to the shades of death,
I gasp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O may my soul by some blest foretaste know
That she's deliver'd from eternal woe!
May hope in Christ dispel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like these my drooping spirits chear.
What tho' my sins are of a crimson stain,
My Saviour's blood can wash me white again:
Tho' numerous as the twinkling stars they be,
Or sands along the margin of the sea;
Or as smooth pebbles on some beachy shore,
The mercies of th' Almighty still are more:
He looks upon my soul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears, and listens to my cries:
He knows the frailty of each human breast,
What passions our unguarded hearts molest,
And for the sake of his dear dying Son,
Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
Arm'd with so bright a hope, I shall not fear
To see my death hourly approach more near;
But my faith strength'ning as my life decays,
My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

The company was not a little charmed with the unaffected f piety and devotion which runs through all these Odes, and ounced the pen which wrote Eusebia's character guiltless of

flattery, where the life corresponds with such sacred poesy as this and makes the most tuneful harmony in the ears of the blessed God, and of all the inhabitants of heaven.

LXIV.—*The Courteous and the Peevish.*

THERE are two evident reasons why a creature who is proud and angry in youth, generally grows old in these vices, and never corrects them. Some who were born near neighbours to Vespus, and have known his conduct from the cradle, have named him to me as a very remarkable example, in whom these two reasons prevail, to keep him an everlasting slave to these passions; for in the first place he had always such an unchangeable good opinion of himself and his own conduct, that he could never spy out his own blemishes, nor could he find any occasion to charge himself with these iniquities, and therefore he indulged them without self-reproof; and then also he is of so very waspish a temper, that he will not bear any friend to give him the gentlest notice of his own follies. He kindles at once, upon the softest syllables of remonstrances, into a sudden fit of indignation; his spirits rise into a blaze all in a moment, and with fire and thunder he silences the most friendly admonisher. The peevish and the furious boy by this means is become a man of peevishness and fury. He wears his native crimes to old age: Growing years and decaying nature increase these unhappy passions, these inward uneasy ferments; and while vegetables lose their sour juices, and are mellowed by time, this animal grows sourer still by age; he appears daily more fretful and more imperious. Though he will bear no admonition himself, yet he deals out his rebukes to others with a sovereign air; and while many fear him, there are few or none that love him.

He has passed through several indispositions in the course of life, and been often confined to his chamber by sickness; but at such seasons the whole family is in terror, for the peevish humour grows intolerable. No person or thing can please him; whether things, or persons, or circumstances, all offend. Not a motion, not a step, not a word is right. He is ever teizing his attendants with sharp and insolent language, though they do all that nature and art can do to comport with his will. He has lived uneasy in the midst of health and ease, and no wonder that he is all chagrin and impatience when pain attacks him; and he seems to fret then with some colour or pretence. In short, he inwardly murmurs at providence which has smitten him; and while he resents the conduct of heaven, he makes all who are near him on earth feel his resentment. He is now in the last stage of life, and the same man still. "The leopard cannot put off his spots, nor the Ethiopian change his skin:" And he that has indulged his vices throughout his whole life against all admonitions, has little reason to expect that he shall be delivered from these iniquities at death.

The sins of his nature seem to go down with him to the dust, and they cleave so close to the whole man, that it is well if they do not rise again with him, and attend him for ever.

Not so Placentia, the wise and the courteous. Though she has been surrounded with temptations to pride and anger, yet she had but little of those vices in her original constitution, and has almost nullified that little by rules of virtue, by the labours of piety, and the aids of divine grace. She was educated from her cradle in all the forms of grandeur; she has been surrounded with complaisance of every kind, and the civilities due to the sex have less exposed her to rudeness and contradiction; yet she has learnt to bear an opposition, both to her sentiments and her will, without awakening an angry passion, or feeling an uneasy ferment within. She receives the sentiments of her companions, when they are different from her own, with all the serene airs of a philosopher, who has nothing in pursuit but reason and truth; and if she happens to take a step amiss, the admonition of a friend is numbered amongst her benefits and her obligations.

Her nature is not robust, but rather of a sickly make; yet neither pain nor sickness provoke a peevish word from her. She has learnt to receive the affliction as an awakening stroke from heaven, designed to loosen her heart from all that is mortal: She is all submission to the hand of a heavenly Father, and weans herself daily from every thing beneath and beside God. She knows, or believes at least, that her friends and her attendants seek her ease, and she accepts all they do with a grateful pleasure. She had rather bear an inconvenience herself, than give an uneasiness even to the meaner figures of mankind. Every one loves to do kind offices for Placentia, and happy are they who can administer any relief to her in all her painful hours.

If she ever finds occasion to give a reproof, it is with so much address, with such freedom and such sweetness, that the person reproved is convinced and pleased at once, and his reformation is effectually begun. A few days ago she made this appear with peculiar happiness.

Critillo happened to pay his morning attendance, and heard divine service at the same church which Placentia frequented. When prayers were done, the preacher begun; he spoke many substantial truths, agreeable enough to the text whence he derived his discourse, and he drew some practical inferences at the close, with justice, and with some degree of fervency. But, alas! said Critillo, there were so many old-fashioned similitudes and awkward flourishes with which he seemed to garnish his sermon; sometimes the language was so mean and creeping, some of the phrases appeared so antiquated, others so vulgar, and many of them carried such an affected air of the sublime and magnificent,

that all my devotion was spoiled. I think I went to church with a good heart and desires of improvement, but I had no appetite even to spiritual food, when it was dressed and dished out in so disagreeable a manner. I must confess I came home much out of humour, and found no profit at all. Placentia made but few and gentle replies; but in order to obtain more conversation on the subject, she invited Critillo to dinner last Wednesday. She provided wholesome and proper food in a becoming variety, but the dishes were of a very antique mold, the disposition of them quite out of fashion, and while the garnish of some was profusely rich and gay, that of others was very coarse and poor. Critillo knowing his sincere welcome, sat down, and confessed he eat very heartily; but after dinner he took the freedom to ask the lady whether this was the newest mode of entertainment, or what she meant by such an odd sort of elegance in the economy of her table. I meant, said Placentia, to try whether your stomach was not in a more healthful state than your soul and conscience. You complained last Sunday, that the sermon was so dished and dressed, that you could not relish it; and though you confessed that there was much truth and duty contained in it, yet you were so disgusted with the style of the preacher and his aukward manner, that you went away fretting at the discourse, and received no profit at all; but you own you fed heartily upon the provisions of my table to-day, nor was your stomach so sqeamish as to keep your fast, though the dishes and garniture were inelegant enough, and very much a-kin to the sermon you described. Critillo took the hint, and was convinced of his folly, begged pardon of Placentia, and learnt for the future to attend with a better spirit on public worship: "For you have now taught me, says he, to make this observation, that if the soul of a christian be found in a healthy state, it will not grow peevish and refuse all spiritual food, because it is not surrounded with every proper and modish elegance in the dispensing of it."

But this is but one instance of her prudence and address in reclaiming mankind from their follies; those who have the happiness of her intimate acquaintance, have been witnesses to many such pieces of gentle and effectual reproof. A pleasing serenity of soul has run through her whole course: But some years ago, when she was verging towards the decline of life, she happened for several months together to be ruffled and teized with two or three unhappy occurrences, which came upon herat once, and gave her so much disquietude, as made her carriage to those round about her savour a little of the inward vexation. She was soon conscious of the inroad which was made upon her gentle virtues; she found the angry ferment arise too often, and work too near her heart; she gave herself many silent rebukes, and by repeated prayer and religious watchfulness, she suppressed the growing evil and reco-

vered her native serenity. Happy those, who in such an hour of temptation do not lose their temper entirely beyond all recovery.

She is now far advanced in years, and the infirmities which tend to put a period to life are growing upon her; yet she is not ever loading the company with her complaints, nor repeating to them the history of her daily pains and aches, nor does she often speak of them even amongst her friends, but when it seems necessary to excuse her inactivity, or the omission of any of the duties of her place, or to prevent too much expectation from her under her present incapacity and weakness. "What can I get, says she, by buzzing all my ails into the ears of my friends? I shall but render myself disagreeable to the world, and my company more unpleasant to those whom I love; and when I have talked my diseases all over to them, they cannot relieve me; therefore I choose to complain in secret, only to him who can send relief, or give me a complete and joyful release."

In the long series of her life she met with few enemies, and those have chiefly sprung from envy at her happiness. Even while she has been scattering her blessings among mankind, she has now and then met a very unmerited reproach; yet Placentia has never ceased her kind offices to them, but travelled on still in the paths of virtue and goodness with a sublime disregard of their malice.

"So glides the moon along th' ethereal plains,
"Bright'ning the midnight world with silver blaze,
"And, great in silent majesty, disdains
"The clamorous envy of the barking race;
"Yet shines upon them still with generous light,
"While brutes abuse her beams but to direct their spite."

Philagatha, a lady of six and twenty years old, was present while this bright character was rehearsed; she had been the mother of three children, and was still proceeding; she was so charmed with the many agreeable parts of such a life, that she resolved, if ever she had another daughter, it should be named Placentia.

LXIV.—*Common Occurrences moralized.*

AS Theophron one evening was sitting solitary by the fire, which was sunk low, and glimmering in ashes, he mused on the sorrows that surrounded human nature, and beset the spirits that dwell in flesh. By chance he cast his eye on a worm which was lodged on the safer end of a short firebrand; it seemed very uneasy at its warm station, writhing and stretching itself every way for relief. He watched the creeping creature in all its motions. I saw it, said he, when he told this incident to Philemus, I saw it reach forward, and there it met the living coal; backward, and on each side, and then it touched the burning embers: still starting from the present torment, it retreated and shunk away from

every place where it had just before sought a refuge, and still met with new disquietude and pain.

At last I observed, said he, that having turned on all sides in vain, it lifted its head upward, and raised its length as high as possible in the air, where it found nothing to annoy it; but the chief part of the body still lay prone on the wood; its lower or worser half hung heavy on the aspiring animal, and forbid its ascent. How happy would the worm have been, could it then have put on wings and become a flying insect!

Such, said he, is the case of every holy soul on earth; it is out of its proper element, like the worm lodged amongst hot embers. The uneasy spirit is sometimes ready to stretch its powers, its desires, and wishes, on every side, to find rest and happiness amongst sensible goods; but these things instead of satisfying its nobler appetites, rather give some new pain, variety of vexation, and everlasting disappointment. The soul finding every experiment vain, retires and shrinks back from all mortal objects, and being touched with divine influence, it raises itself up towards heaven to seek its God: but the flesh, the body, the meaner and worser half of the man, hangs heavy, and drags it down again, that it cannot ascend thither, where rest and ease are only to be found.

What should such a soul do now, but pant and long hourly for a flight to the upper world, and breathe after the moment of its release? What should be more joyful to such a spirit, than the divine and almighty summons to depart from flesh? O blessed voice from heaven that shall say to it, "Come up hither?" and in the same instant shall break off all its fetters, give it the wings of an angel, and inspire it with double zeal to ascend.

At another time, said Philemus, I happened to be with this good man when he was walking through a grove, and we unperched a squirrel and a lark. The squirrel leaped nimbly from bough to bough, and ran round half the trees of the grove to secure itself; but the lark, after it had just tried a bough or two, took wing upward, and we saw it no more. Just such is the difference, said Theophron, between a christian and a man of this world. When the sons of earth are beat off from one mortal hope, they run still to others, they search round among all the creatures to find relief, and dwell upon earthly comforts still; but the soul of a christian, unperched from his rest on earth, flies immediately towards heaven, and takes its relief in the upper world among things that are invisible.

When Philemus told these little occurrences of Theophron, together with his pious remarks upon them, Ridelio sat simpering with an air of contempt till the story was done, and then burst out into a loud laugh. "What, says he, is the old puritanical age returned again? Must we spiritualize the affairs of larks, and

, and squirrels, and learn religion from all the trifles in
? At church let us be grave, and mind the business of the
; but let us not fill our chimney with lessons of godliness,
iden our fire-side with devotion; let us never be so exces-
religious as to make temples of the fields and the groves,
k of God and heaven there."

ıilemus could hold no longer, but, with a solemn and se-
untenance, gave Ridelio a just rebuke. Must we never
f heaven but at church? I fear we shall then banish reli-
ıt of the world. Hath not the blessed God given us notices
self among all the creatures, and must we never dare to
ıtice of him in any of them, lest we be out of the mode,
liculed as unfashionable? Perish all these fashions of an
y world, which would thrust heaven from our thoughts!
: fashion of our Saviour obtain among us, who, when he
own from God and dwelt among men, from every occur-
f life took occasion to raise the thoughts of his hearers to
divine and heavenly. He drew the lessons of his gospel
e fig-tree and the mustard-seed, from a lost sheep and a
sky, and there was scarce any occurrence of the meanest
hich he did not improve to holy purposes; nor does it be-
ny man who wears the face of a christian, to laugh at the
: of his Saviour, or to forbid his followers the imitation of
ed an example.

: follow several *Epigrams, Inscriptions,* and *Fragments of Poesy.*

ERHAPS there is no person who hath amused himself
rse, from fifteen years old to fifty, but hath sometimes writ
w and common themes, or mingled fragments of poesy on
nportant subjects in prose; and when friends have been
tly entertained with those little things, and copies are once
ıroad into the world, they are in danger of being published
y imperfect and mangled manner. To avoid this, it is
hey should appear as they are, and if they can give any
innocent amusement to young persons who delight in verse,
y serve for an apology for their publication, though they
ritten in the early parts of life, and especially since most
bear some divine or moral sentiment.

LXV.—*Fragments of Verse.*

1. The Preface of a Letter, written August 1692.

E'ER since the morning of that day
Which bid my dearest friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away
Far from my native town and you;
E'er since I lost, through distant place,
The pleasures of a parent's face,

This is the first whose language sues
For your release from waxen bands;
Laden with humble love it bows
To kiss a welcome from your hands;
Accept the duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying wings.

2. *The Sun in Eclipse.—To Horatio.*

Dear *H.*

THE first thought which I glanced upon after I had set pen to paper, was the approach of the solar eclipse, and it impressed me with such force, that I was constrained to spend a few lines to dress up a sudden thought on that subject, in the strain which we learnt not many years ago among the heathen poets.

Now, now 'tis just at hand——
Now the bright sun leaves his meridian stage,
Rolls down the hill, and meets his sister's rage;
Her gloomy wheels fall at his chariot run,
And join fierce combat with her brother sun.
The gentle monarch of the azure plain
Still prints and silvers her rebellious wain,
And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires in vain.
Th' ungrateful planet does as fast requite
Th' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light
With an impetuous deluge of her resistless night.
His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,
And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades;
Their eyeballs flash, their brazen bellows puff,
And belch ethereal fire to keep the darkness off;
In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
Night spreads her banners o'er the wond'ring skies.

Say, peaceful muse, what fury did excite
The kindred stars to this prodigious fight?
Are these the rules of nature? Will the skies
Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise?
What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth?
Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears;
Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs;
Monarchs grow pale and tremble for their crowns:
Vain dreams of mortal weakness!

Awake, philosophy, with radiant eye,
Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high:
Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws
Of heav'n, and bring to light the eternal cause.
Of present darkness, &c.

Southampton, June 1695.

3. *In a Letter to Marinda, speaking concerning our blessed Saviour.*

LET your immortal thoughts arise,
Survey him crown'd with every grace,

Jesus, the wonder of the skies,
The great, the meek, the lovely and the wise,
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing sight,
Here saints, releas'd from earth and sin,
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intense delight,
And with advancing lustre shine.

LXVI.—*The inscriptions on several small French Pictures, translated.*

Angelica singing.

What, music and devotion too?
This is the business angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices join,
It makes the pleasant work divine

Chloris stringing of Pearls.

Virtue and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck.

Phyllis playing with a Parrot.

If women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind,
Believe me, Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you.

Claudina the Cook Maid.

The cook, who in her humble post
Provides the family with food,
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood,

Florella singing to her Harp.

Florella sings and plays so well,
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 'tis a poor account to say,
All she can do is sing and play.

Amaryllis spinning.

O what a pretty spinner's here!
How sweet her looks! how neat her linen!
If love and youth came both to see her,
Youth wou'd at once set love a spinning.

Dorinda sewing.

We stand expos'd to every sin
While idle, and without employ;
But business holds our passions in,
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

Iris suckling three Lap-Dogs.

Fond foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast,
Your name and credit fares the worse
For every drop they taste.
Iris, for shame, those brutes remove.
And better learn to place your love.

Pomona the Market-Maid.

Virtue adorns her soul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean;
Such innocence, disdaining art,
Gives love an honourable dart.

LXVII. *Inscriptions on Dials.*

Written on a Sun-dial in a Circle.

" Sic petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,
" Dum sensim tacita volvitur hora rota;
" Secula sic fugient, sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum
" Donec stelligerum clauserit una dies.

Afterwards turned into English.

Thus steal the silent hours away,
The sun thus hastes to reach the sea,
And men to mingle with their clay.
Thus light and shade divide the year;
Thus, till the last great day appear,
And shut the starry theatre.

Another.

So slide the hours, so wears the day
These moments measure life away,
With all its trains of hope and fear.
Till shifting scenes of shade and light
Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,
Where all is joy or all despair.

On a Ceiling-Dial, usually called a Spot-Dial, made at the Western Window at Theobald's.

Litttle sun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving, ever stealing

Moments, minutes, hours away;
May no shade forbid thy shining,
While the heav'nly sun declining,
Calls us to improve the day.

Another for a Spot-Dial.

Shining spot, but ever sliding!
Brightest hours have no abiding:
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting;
Death consigns to heav'n or hell.

Another.

See the little day-star moving;
Life and time are worth improving,
Seize the moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted day.

Other Mottos on Dials.

" Festinat suprema.
" Proxima hon nostra est.
" Vehimur properantibus horis
" Ad cœlum aut erebum.
" Sic ipsos ad atria lucis
Aut umbras erebi.

LXVIII.—*Inscriptions on Portraits.*

The Lines under Dr. Owen's Picture, written by himself.

" UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque
" Reliquias, studis assiduusque labor.
" Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri
" Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt."

Englished thus.

Behold the shade, the frail remains
Of sickness, cares, and studious pains;
The mind in humble posture waits
At sacred truth's celestial gates,
And keeps those bounds with holy fear.
While he who gave it, sees it there.

Various Mottos for an Effigy.

1.

" DO tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra
" Quod modò pulvis erat, quod cito pulvis erit.
" Mens donata Deo cupit immortali, cœlum
" Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.
" Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: Amor adjicit alas:
" Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
" Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
" Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia CHRISTUS erit.

2.

" In Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:
" Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago tacebit.
In uno Jesu omnia.

3.

Τα ανω ζητουμεν Ἀληθευοντες εν αγαπη.

Seeking the things above, And speaking truth and love.

4.

" Est mihi Christus vivere, & lucrum mori.

5.

Χριστος εμοι το ζην. Κερδος εμοι το θανειν.

6.

" Sic levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum.
" Sequitur, non assequitur.

LXIX.—*Epigrams.*

1. In mirum maris meridionalis thesauri incrementum, Anno 1720.

" EXORTA e medio jam fortiter aura popello
" Spirat in Australes fructus: Argentea spuma
" Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
" Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit unque turba
" Mercantum, in cœlum aspirans: Summa sequora nautæ
" Certatim scandunt, & se mirantur in astris:
" Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
" Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,
" Nec tumidæ, credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,
" Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,
" Rex brevis. Heu! simulac subsiderit aura popelli.
" Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
" Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina * vorago."

2. *On the wondrous Rise of the South-sea Stock,* 1720.

'Tis said the citizens have sold
Faith, truth and trade, for South-sea gold:
'Tis false; for those that know can swear
" All is not gold that glisters there."

Inscribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, sive officinæ.

" QUISQUIS es, hic intra, cui crescere nummulus ardet,
" Cuive crumena gravis nimis est: Hic gaza paratur
" Ampla magis, sed onustra minus; centena talenta
" Australi videas citò ter triplicata sub undâ;
" Quod gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis,
" Hic bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,
" Nix æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti.
" Prædia in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,
" Aeriæq; arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.

Vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridit:

——" Non omne quod hic micat aurum est.

April 6, 1720.

Sabina *and her Companions travelling together to see fine Buildings and Gardens.*

WHILE round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy roves,
With still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit,
Let every tree yield knowledge too,
Safer than that in Eden grew,
Where your own mother Eve found poison in the fruit.

5. *The same.*

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
The spacious court, the tow'ring seat,
The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bight tap'stry scenes, and say,
Will these make wrinkled age delay,

* Alii legendum vellent mortimerina.

Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay;
When death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale and cold?

6. *The same.*

In vain to search the verdant scenes,
The shaded walks, the flow'ry greens,
The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be found:
You search for bliss where 'twill not grow;
There is no paradise below,
Since life's immortal tree is perish'd from the ground.

7. *Ratio, Fides, Charitas.*

" RECTA fidem ratio juvat: alma fides rationem:
" Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.

Idem.

" Et ratio fidei est, & amica fides rationi:
" At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor.

LXX.—*Epitaphs.*

1. An Inscription on a Monumental Stone in Chessunt Church in Hertfordshire. In memory of Thomas Pickard, Esq; Citizen of London, who died suddenly, Jan. 29, A. D. 1719, Æt. 50.

A SOUL prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons come, the saint obeys:
Swift was his flight, and short the road,
He clos'd his eyes, and saw his God.
The flesh rests here till Jesus come,
And claims the treasure from the tomb.

2. On the Grave-stone of Mr. John May, a young Student in Divinity, who died after a lingering and painful Sickness, and was buried in Chessunt Churchyard, in Hertfordshire.

So sleep the saints, and cease to groan,
When sin and death hath done their worst,
Christ hath a glory like his own,
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

3. *Written for a Grave-stone of a near Relation.*

IN faith she died; in dust she lies;
But faith foresees that dust shall rise
When Jesus calls, while hope assumes
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

Or thus.

Beneath this stone death's prisoner lies;
The stone shall move, the prisoner rise,
When Jesus with almighty word
Calls his dead saints to meet their Lord.

4. To *the pious memory of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Harvey of London, who died April* 17, 1729. *Æt.* 30.

" He was a person of a very low stature, but of an excellent spirit, adorned with " all the graces of a minister and a christian in a most uncommon degree. His " sickness was a slow fever; but while the disorder was upon him, he ven- " tured abroad, according to a promise made some time before, and his zeal " exhausted all his spirits in pious and profitable conversation with some " younger persons who greatly valued his ministry; in a few days the distem- " per prevailed beyond the power of medicine."

An Epitaph.

HERE lie the ruins of a lowly tent,
Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent
Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,
Like heav'n's bright envoy, clad in powers divine!
When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke,
'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.
What worlds of love lay crowded in that breast!
Too strait the mansion for th' illustrious guest.
Zeal, like a flame shot from the realms of day,
Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,
And bears the saint up through the starry road
Triumphant. So Elijah went to God.
What happy prophet shall his mantle find,
Heir to the double portion of the mind?

Sic musa jam veterascenti
Inter justissimos amicorum & ecclesiæ
Fletus Harvæo suo gementat. I. W.

5. *An Epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Matthew Clarke.*

M. S.

" In hoc sepulchro conditur
" MATTHÆUS CLARKE,
" Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
" nec ipse minus venerandus:
" Literis sacris & humanis
" a prima ætate innutritus:
" Linguarum scientissimus:
" In munere concionatorio
" eximius, operosus & felix:
" In officio pastorali
" fidelis & vigilans:
" Inter theologorum dissidia,
" moderatus & pacificus:
" Ad omnia pietatis munia
" promptus semper & alacris:
" Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
" inter præstantissimos:
" Erga omnes hominum ordines
" egregie benevolus.
" Quas vero innumeras invicta modestia dotes
" Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi
" Est tumulo concessa: Sed olim marmore rupto
" Ostendet ventura dies; præconia cœli
" Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, & omnia plaudent.
" Abi, viator, ubicunq; terrarum fueris,
" hæc audies.
Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.
Obiit Londini, 27o die Martii, 1726.
Ætat. suæ 62.
Multum dilectus, multum desideratus.

In English thus.

Sacred to memory.
In this sepulchre lies buried
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A son bearing the name

of his venerable father,
nor less venerable himself:
Train'd up from his youngest years
in sacred and human learning:
Very skilful in the languages:
In the gift of preaching
excellent, laborious and successful:
In the pastoral office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the controversies of divines
moderate always and pacific:
Ever ready for all the duties of piety:
Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
he had few equals:
And his carriage toward all mankind was
eminently benevolent.
But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind
The veil or modesty, no human mind
Can search; no friend declare, nor fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful marble power to tell.
Yet there's a hast'ning hour, it comes, it comes,
To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs,
And set the saint in view. All eyes behold:
While the vast records of the skies unroll'd,
Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad;
The judge approves, and heav'n and earth applaud
Go, traveller; and wheresoe'er
Thy wand'ring feet shall rest
In distant lands, thy ear shall hear
His name pronounc'd and blest.
He was born in Leicestershire, in the year 1664.
He died at London, March 27, 1726,
Aged sixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented.

6. *An Epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Edward Brodhurst.*

" Hoc marmore commemoratur
" Vir in sacris supra socios peritus,
" Nec in literis humanis minùs sciens:
" Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,
" Veritatis liberè studiosus,
" Fidei christianæ strenuus assertor,
" Et pietate nulli secundus,
" Concionator eximius,
" Ratione, suadelâ eloquio potens:
" Pastor erga gregem sibi commissum
" Vigil, & sollicitus pene supra modum:
" Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,
" Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar:
" Mille virtutibus instructus
" Quas sacra celavit modestia;
" Sed non usque celabuntur:
" I lector, & expecta diem
" Quâ cœlo terrisque simul innotescet
" Qualis & quantus fuit
" EDVARDUS BRODHURST
Agro Derbiensi natus est, A. D. 1691.
Birmingamiæ defunctus Julii die 21, 1730.

Animam ad superos avolantem
Ecclesia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suscipit Christus, agnoscit Deus.
"Euge, fidelis serve."

Done into English by another hand.

This marble calls to our remembrance
A person of superior skill in divinity,
Nor less acquainted with human literature:
Inclined from his infancy to things sacred,
An impartial enquirer after truth,
An able defender of the christian faith,
A truly pious and devout man.
A preacher that excelled
In force of reason and art of persuasion:
A pastor vigilant beyond his strength
Over the flock committed to his charge:
Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life:
A pattern of charity in all its branches:
A man adorn'd with many virtues,
Conceal'd under a veil of modesty;
But shall not for ever be conceal'd.
Go, reader, expect the day,
Which heaven and earth at once shall know
How deserving a person
Mr. EDWARD BRODHURST was.
He was born in Derbyshire, 1691.
Died at Birmingham, July 21, 1730.
His soul ascending to the blest above,
The church on earth bemoans,
The church triumphant congratulates,
Is received by Christ, approved of God;
"Well done, good and faithful servant."

The following Epitaph *on Sir* Isaac Newton, *was composed by my worthy Friend, Mr.* John Eames, *with a few Decorations added at his Request.*

"Hic sepultus est
"ISAIGUS NEWTONUS,
"Eques auratus,
"Moribus vere antiquis, sanctissimis;
"Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultum,
"Nec inter philosophos Christi fidem
"Erubuit.
"Ingenio supra hominum sortem sagaci,
"Mathesin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque;
"Qua juvante
"Naturæ, quaqua patet, motus & vires
"Cœlo, terrâ, mariquè, examussim dimensus est:
"Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
"Strictis cancellis solus coercuit.
"Oceani fluentis refluique leges æthereas
"Tertricolis notas fecit:
"Temporisque metas
"A multis retro seculis vagas & erroneas

" Certis astrorum periodis alligavit, fixitque:
" Qualis in semitas
" Vi gravitatis flectuntur cometæ,
" Advenæ, profugi, reducesve, monstravit.
" Pallidumque eorum jubar
" Beneficum potius quam ferale,
" Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
" Lucis simplicis ortum multiformem,
" Variegate simplicem,
" Colorum ac. miram theoriam
" Primus & penitus explorsvit.
" Fidis experimentis non fictis hypothesibus, innixus
" Scientiæ humanæ limites,
" Ultra quam fas erat mortalibus sperare,
" Proprio marte promovit,
" Posterisque ulterius promovendos
" Nostrum super æthera scandens
" Monuit & indigitavit.
" Vale, cœlestis anima,
" Seculi gentisque tuæ lumen ingens
Ac inges desiderium,
" Generis humani decus, vale."

LXXII.—*The Cadence of Verse.*

IN writings of every kind, an author should be solicitous so to compose his work, that the ear may be able to take in all the ideas, as well as the eye, and to convey his complete sense to the mind with ease and pleasure. Since every sentence has some words in it which are more emphatical than the rest, and upon which the meaning, the beauty, the force, and the pleasure of the sentence depend, the writer should take great care that the hearer may have a distinguishing perception of all these, as well as the person who reads. All the parts of a sentence from one end to the other, are not to be pronounced with the same tone of voice; such a constant uniformity would not only be heavy and tiresome, but the hearer would never be impressed with the true sense of the period, unless the voice of the reader were changed agreeably, as the sense of words require. This is properly called cadence.

A good cadence in verse, is much the same thing as the proper and graceful sound of a period in prose. This arises partly from the harshness or softness of the words, and the happy disposition of them, in a sort of harmony with the ideas which are represented, partly from the long and short accents which belong to the syllables well mingled, and partly also from the length and shortness of the sentences, and a proper situation of the pauses or stops, as well as from putting the emphatical words in their due places. All this might be made evident in a variety of instances, by shewing how obscure or how languid the sense sometimes would be found, if the proper cadences be not observed by the writer or reader; how ungraceful, how unmusical, and even offensive would some sentences appear in

, or some lines in verse, if harsh-sounding words were put the softer are required, if syllables of a short accent were l in the room of long, if the emphatical words or pauses disposed in improper places? The most skilful and melodi- ader, with his utmost labour and art of pronunciation, can entertain a judicious auditory agreeably, if the writer has one his part in this respect. And though these matters are less importance in poesy, than the propriety, grandeur, y, and force of the ideas, and the elegant disposition of them, e late Duke of B. in his famous Essay on Poetry, supposes to be of some necessity to make good verse.

> " Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
> " Which never does the ear with harshness wound,
> " Are necessary, tho' but vulgar arts."

This theme would furnish sufficient matter for many pages; pon occasion of a question put to me a few days ago upon ubject, I shall here take notice only of those vicious caden- verse, which arise from long or short syllables ill-placed, om colons, commas and periods ill-disposed, as far as my ements in poesy have given me any knowledge of this kind.

It has been an old and just observation, that English verse ally consists of iambic feet: An iambic foot has two sylla- whereof the first is short, and the latter long. An English of the heroic kind, consists of five such feet; so that in ng it, the accent is usually laid upon the second, fourth, , eighth, and tenth syllables.

Mr. Dryden, who was counted the best versifier of the last is generally very true to this iambic measure, and observes haps with too constant a regularity. So in his Virgil he ibes two serpents in ten lines, with scarce one foot of any kind, or the alteration of a single syllable.

> " Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
> " And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
> " Their flaming crest above the waves they show,
> " Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
> " Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
> " And on the sounding shore the flowing billows force,
> " And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
> " Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
> " Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
> " And lick'd their hissing jaws, that spatter'd flame."

Though all these ten lines glide on so smoothly, and seem ess the ear, yet perhaps this is too long an uniformity to be grateful, unless we excuse it by supposing the poet to imi- he smoothness of the serpents, swift, easy and uniform mo- ver the sea and land, without the least stop or interruption.

In the lines of heroic measure, there are some parts of the which will admit a spondee, that is, a foot made of two long

syllables; or a trochee, where the first syllable is long, and the latter short: A happy intermixture of these will prevent that sameness of tone and cadence, which is tedious and painful to a judicious reader, and will please the ear with a greater variety of notes; provided still that the iambic sound prevails. And here, according to the best observation I can make, a spondee may be placed in the first, second, third, fourth, or fifth place. But a trochee usually finds no room, except in the first or third, where they are sometimes placed with much elegance of sound.

That a spondee may be used in any part of the verse, appears from this consideration, that ten single words, which are all of long accents, will make a verse, though not a very graceful one:

"Blue skies look fair, while stars shoot beams like gold."

So that ingenious mimic line of Mr. Pope, in his Art of Criticism:

"Where ten low words creep on in one dull line."

In such verse every foot may be a spondee, or every syllable in the verse long.

Trochees are frequently used for the first foot. This sounds very agreeably, as in the first line of the famous poem called the Splendid Shilling, by Mr. Philips:

"Happy the man who void of care and strife."

And sometimes, though not often, for the third foot as well as the first: Milton describes the devils:

"Hovering on wing, under the cope of hell."

The words *happy* in Philips, and *under* in Milton, are both trochees; but scarce any other place in the verse, besides the first and the third, will well endure a trochee, without endangering the harmony, spoiling the cadence of the verse, and offending the ear.

There are some lines in our old poets faulty in this particular; as,

"None think rewards render'd worthy their worth."
And—"Both lovers, both thy disciples were."——*Davenant*

Where *worthy* in the fourth place, and *lovers* in the second, are very unharmonious, and turn the line into perfect prose. Perhaps there may be some places found in Milton's works, where he has not been so nice an observer of this matter*; but it is granted, even by his admirers, that his numbers are not always so accurate and tuneful as they should be. He has indeed too much neglected this part of poesy, though he has in many places recompensed the pains of the reader's ear by the pleasure he gives in the dignity and sublimity of the sense, as

* Yet it may be allowed, that upon a special occasion, a trochee is found in the fourth place not utterly disagreeable in Milton's poem.

is by the rich variety of his cadences, which are most times nd graceful.

Here let it be observed, that where double rhymes are used, indeed a trochee comes last; but it is not designed there to oot of the verse, for it stands only in the place of the last le, which is always long; and the short syllable following a sort of superfluous turn or flourish added to the last long le, as in Dryden's Absalom, &c.

"Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
"Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking."

Note, These trochees, instead of the last long syllable, are seldom admitted in grave poems in rhyme, but only for bur- and ridicule, as in the lines now cited; nor doth Milton use them in his blank verse, though they are frequently n blank verse by more modern writers, and especially in tic poesy.

Mr. Pope, as well as Mr. Dryden, are more careful in their ers, and never indulge such irregular licence, except where lesign something comical; yet there is one instance in Mr. translation of Homer, wherein he has introduced a tro- or the fourth foot, but it is with a beautiful intent, and with success, when he represents a chariot's uneven motion in a d way, by the abrupt cadences and rugged sound of his :—

"Jumping high o'er the routs of the rough ground,
"Rattled the clatt'ring cars, and the shock'd axles bound."

n the first of these lines there is but one iambic, namely, outs;' the rest are spondees and trochees: and particularly o trochees, namely, 'jumping,' and 'of the' are inserted first and fourth places, to make the verse the rougher. ransposition of the 'clattering cars,' which is the nominative fter the verb 'rattled' adds something farther to the grace- sfusion which arises in the verse from the jumbling idea the poet describes.

Thus much for the cadence of verse, as it depends upon nd short syllables.

"Thus much indeed (says Censorio, who read these five or ges) and a great deal too much for any man to write upon. trifles, whose profession calls him to sacred studies."

Iranio, who delighted to read divine poems, took up the and forbid the reprover. Are all verses, said he, pro- hings? If so, how will the royal Psalmist escape? But if may lawfully be written, there must be some knowledge of ules of it, and some acquaintance with the elegance of as well as sense. The chearful and pious half-hours which been spent in the closet as well as in the church, by the

help of devout poesy, give too much encouragement to this art, to have it for ever forbidden to christians.

Besides, if verse were but a mere recreation, may not a life devoted to divine offices be indulged in some sort of amusements in this animal and feeble state, to divert a heavy hour, and relieve the mind a little, when fatigued with intense labours of a superior kind? Was the character of that spiritual man, the Archbishop of Cambray, ever thought to be tarnished by his epistolary converse with De la Motte the French poet, on such subjects as these? Go home, Censorio, and subdue your snarling humour; or learn to employ your reproofs with more justice. For my part, I will proceed to gratify myself in reading the next four or five pages too; though I find by the title, that the argument is much the same.

LXXII.—*Of the different Stops and Cadences in Blank Verse.*

Mr. Milton is esteemed the parent and author of blank verse among us: he has given us a noble example of it in his incomparable poem called Paradise Lost, and has recommended it to the world in his preface. There he assures us, "that true musical delight does not consist in rhyme, or the jingling sound of like endings, but only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another." Yet however the sentence be often prolonged beyond the end of the line, this does by no means imply that no verse should have a period at the end of it, for that would be running out of one extreme into another, and by avoiding one error to fall into a worse; as I shall make appear in what follows:

Where rhyme is used, there has too generally been placed a colon or a period at the end of every couplet, though without necessity; and thus the whole poem usually runs on in the same pace, with such a perpetual return of the same sort of numbers and the same cadences and pauses, that the constant uniformity has grown tiresome and offensive to every musical ear, and is contrary to the rules of true harmony; according to that known remark of Horace,

"Ridetur chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem."

But it does not follow from this observation, that blank verse should abandon all colons and periods at the end of the lines; but only that they should be disposed of with care and judgment in a greater variety through several parts of the line, as well as at the end of it. This will assist the poet in forming true harmony, and in making his different numbers, and the different cadences of the verse, appear more various and grateful: It will constrain the reader to give different rests to his voice; and thus take away that dull uniformity of sound which too often overspreads a poem writ in rhyme.

Now these pauses in the sense, and consequently these rests in the voice, should be judiciously fixed through all the parts of the verse or line in such a manner, that no one sort of pause or cadence should return too often and offend the ear; and this may be happily performed in some measure in verse with rhyme, though not so well as where there is none.* To render blank verse more perfect in this kind, what if one should propose the following rules?

1. Since there are ten syllables in a line of heroic measure, it follows that there are ten places where the sense may be finished, and a stop may be placed; and therefore if we would observe any thing of proportion, there should be at least a colon or period at the end of one line in ten; but perhaps the ease and rest of the ear, the proper partition of the verses one from another, and the distinction of poesy from prose, would require it rather a little more frequent. This Milton himself has by no means observed, but has sometimes drawn out his sense from one verse into another, as he expresses it, to such a length, as to run on for sixteen or twenty lines together, without so large a stop as a semicolon at the end of a line; and in many places there is not so much as a comma for four or five lines successively, or sometimes for six or seven. There are so many instances of this in his work, that I need not point to any particular page.

2. Though there are ten places in a line wherein the sense may end, or a strong stop may be fixed, yet I think a very strong stop should scarce ever be placed at the first syllable, or the ninth, without some very extraordinary reason for it; the gracefulness of sound will hardly admit it: it seems too abrupt, unless some peculiar beauty in the sense is supposed to be expressed thereby.

3. Two lines should not very often come together, where the stop is placed at the same syllable of the line, whether it be comma, colon, or period; three lines very seldom, and four never; for this would bring in that unpleasing uniformity, which it is the design and glory of blank verse to avoid. This Milton seems to have observed almost every where with great care.

4. Where there is a very strong period, or the end of a paragraph, there the line should generally end with the sense; and an entire new scene, or episode, ought generally to begin a new line.

5. The end of a line demands always some small pause of half a comma in the reading, whether there be any in the sense or no, that hereby the ear of the hearer may obtain a plain and

* In verse with rhyme, custom has almost made it necessary that there should be more colons and periods disposed at the end of couplets, than blank verse stands in need of, which knows no distinction of couplets, nor any sort of stanzas.

distinct idea of the several verses, which the eye of the reader receives by looking on the book: And for this reason a line should never end with a word which is so closely connected in grammar with the word following, that it requires a continued voice to unite them; therefore an adjective ought scarce ever to be divided from its substantive; yet may I venture to say Milton has done it too often: As Book VIII. Line 5, 6. in two verses together.

" What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
" Equal have I to render thee, divine
" Historian?"

And in Book IX. Line 44.

" ——— unless an age too late, or cold
" Climate, or years damp my intended wing."

Book VII. Line 373, speaking of the sun,

" Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
" His longitude thro' heav'ns high road: the grey
" Dawn and the pleiades before him danc'd."

It must be confessed, where some important adjective of two or more syllables follows the substantive, they may be much better separated, as Book VII. Line 194.

" Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd,
" Of majesty divine, sapience and love
" Immense, and all his father in him shone."

And book IV. Line 844.

" So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
" Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
" Invincible."

Where the adjective has any thing dependent upon it, then it may be very elegantly divided from the substantive, and begin a new line; as in the midmost of the three last cited, 'Severe in youthful beauty.'

Milton has sometimes separated other words at the end of a line, which nature, and grammar, and music seem to unite too nearly for such a separation; as Book IV. Line 25.

" Now conscience wakes the bitter memory
" Of what he was, what is, and what must be
" Worse; of worse deed, worse suffering must ensue."

Book VIII. Line 419.

" ——— No need that thou
" Should'st propagate, already infinite."

Book VI. Line 452.

" ——— yet hard
" For gods, and too unequal work we find."

Again Verse 462.

" But pain is perfect misery, the worst
" Of evils."

And you may find a number of instances of this kind in this great poet, whereby he has sometimes reduced his verse too much

into a prosaic form. Whether this was negligence or design in the poet, is hard to say, but it is evident that by this unreasonable run of the sense out of one line into another, and by his too frequent avoiding not only colons and periods, but even commas at the end of the line, it becomes hardly possible for the ear to distinguish all the ends and beginnings of his verses; nor is the reader able to observe such accents and such pauses as may give and maintain sufficient distinction. Now if the beginning and ending of every verse is not distinguished by the hearer, it differs too little from a sort of poetical prose.

LXXIII.—*A dying World, and a durable Heaven.*

WOULD one think it possible for the sons and daughters of Adam, who see all things round them upon the face of the earth in perishing and dying circumstances, to speak, and act, and live as though they should never die? The vegetable world with all its beauties seems to pass under a spreading death every year; the glory of the field, the forest, and the garden perish. Animal nature is born to die and mingle with its original dust; not the strength of beasts, the ox, or the lion, can resist their fate; nor the fowl of the swiftest wing escape it; nor can the nations of insects hide from it in their dark holes and caverns, where they seek to prolong their little beings, and keep the vital atoms together through the changing seasons. Our own flesh and blood is much of the same make, it is borrowed from the same materials as theirs, it has a similar composition, and sin has mingled many more diseases in our frame, than are known to the vegetable or brutal kinds. We see our ancestors go before us to the grave, and yet we live as though we should never follow them. We behold our neighbours carried away from the midst of us daily to their beds of earth, and yet we are as thoughtless of this awful and important hour, as though our own turn would never come. Let us survey mankind a little: How are all their tribes employed? What is the grand business of life? Are not all their powers of flesh and mind devoted to the purposes of this poor, short, mortal period, as though there were nothing to succeed it? And yet if we ask those who dwell around us in our nation, Do you not believe a heaven and an eternity of happiness for those who seek it sincerely, and labour for it? they confess this divine truth by the force of reason and conscience, and by the light of scripture; but they forget it in a few moments, and return to their follies again, and with a greedy and incessant desire they repeat the pursuit of perishing vanities.

O that we could but keep ourselves awake awhile from the intoxicating pleasures and cares of this life, and shake off all these golden dreams that perpetually surround our fancy! we should then surely employ our nobler powers to a diviner pur-

pose: If we did but dwell a little with a fixation of thought upon the scenes of death all around us here on earth, and if we now and then surveyed the visible heavens, their brightness and their duration, we might perhaps be put in mind of those momentous truths which might direct our conduct, might wean us from our fondness of these sensible and perishing trifles, and animate us in good earnest to pursue the durable glories of heaven. A walk through a church-yard by sun or star light, would afford such a meditation as this:

All born on earth must die. Destruction reigns
Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.
Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:
But heav'n defies its power. There angels sing
Immortal. To that world direct thy sight,
My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,
Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies,
Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.
The sun still travels his illustrious round,
While ages bury ages under ground:
While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phosphor * glitters, and still Syrius * burns.
Light reigns through worlds above, and life with all her springs:
Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth,
The soul forgets its heav'nly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her wings.

Thus far with regard to the bulk of mankind, whose souls are immersed in flesh and blood, who mind none but earthly things, whose God is this world, and whose end is destruction: But it is a melancholy thing also to consider, that where a divine ray from above has penetrated the heart, has begun to operate a heavenly temper, to kindle a new life in the soul, and set it a breathing after eternal things, it is still ashamed to make this new life appear, and this divine ray discover itself; it is ashamed to shine like a Son of God in such a dark and vicious world, amongst men of degenerate minds, who have an aversion to all that is holy and heavenly. We would fain be always in the mode, and are afraid to be looked at in the dress of piety among thousands whose neglect of God have stamped the fashion. Are there not several such christians amongst us, who dare not open their lips in the language of paradise, nor let the world know they belong to heaven, till death and the invisible state are brought near them, and set in full view by some severe sickness or some terrible accident which threatens their removal hence? It is a near view of the grave and eternity, that subdues all other passions into devotion, that makes them begin to speak and act publicly like the children of God, and gives them a sacred fortitude, a blessed superiority of soul over all their foolish fears, and all the reproaches of sinful men.

* The morning-star, and the dog-star.

WHEN death and everlasting things
Approach and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.

The silent christian speaks for God,
With courage owns his name,
And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad:
The zeal subdues the shame.

3 Lord, shall my soul again conceal
Her faith, if death retire?
Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,
And quench th' ethereal fire?

4 O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heav'n in view
Lest, if my zeal and courage sleep,
My lips grow silent too!

LXXIV.—*The Rewards of Poesy.*

Damon, Thalia, Uranio.

Damon.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in the fairy bow'rs
My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours,
Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit
Of painted blossoms or inchanted fruit.
Forbear to tease my riper age: 'Tis hard
To be a slave so long, and find no small reward.

Thalia.

Man, 'tis enough that in the books of fame
On brazen leaves the muse shall write thy name,
Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the same.
Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound
Of Damon's verse, wide as the distant bound
Of British empire, or the world's vast round.
I see, I see from far the falling oars,
And flying sails that bear to western shores
Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea;
Envy pursues, but faints amidst the way.
In vision my prophetic tube descries
Behind five hundred years new ages rise,
Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes.
Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard.
O glorious memory! O immense reward!

Damon.

Ah flatt'ring muse! how fruitless and how fair
These visionary scenes and sounding air!
Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath
Or fame's loud trumpet reach the courts of death?
I shall be stretch'd upon my earthy bed,
Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid
To my surviving song. Thalia, say
Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to pay?

Thalia.

Say, what had Horace, what had Homer more,
My favourite sons, whom men almost adore;
And youth in learned ranks for ever sings,
While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings
Have lost their names? 'Tis sov'reign wit has bought
This deathless glory: This the wise have thought
Prodigious recompence——

Damon.

——————— Prodigious fools,
To think the hum and bux of paltry schools,
And aukward tones of boys, are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Rise from thy long repose, old Homer's ghost!
Hence cries? Are these the palms you boast
For your victorious verse? Great poets, tell,
Can echoes of a name reward you well,
For labours so sublime? Or have you found
Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

Thalia.

Yes, their sweet slumbers, guarded by my wing,
Are lull'd and soften'd by th' eternal spring
Of bubbling praises from th' Aonian hill,
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill
To every kindred urn: And thine shall share
These purling blessings under hallow'd air:
The poets, dreams in death are still the muses care.

Damon.

Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth,
Once and by chance thy tropes have hit the truth;
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream,
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead?
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

Thalia.

Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep,
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,
And chear thy silent tomb: The glow-worm shine
With evening lamp, to mark which earth is thine:
While midnight fairies, tripping round thy bed,
Collect a moon-beam glory for thy head.
Fair hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,
And living ivy creep about thy urn:
Sweet violets scent the ground, while laurels throw
Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,
And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's brow.

Damon.

Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;
Ah wretched triffer! To array my dust
In thy green flow'ry forms, and think the payment just!
Poor is my gain should nations join to praise;
And now must chirping birds reward my lays?
What! shall the travels of my soul be paid
With glow-worm light, and with a leafy shade,
Violets and creeping ivies? Is this all
The muse can promise, or the poet call
His glorious hope and joy?——————
Are these the honours of thy favourite sons,
To have their flesh, their limbs, their mould'ring bones
Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,

Which the foul carcase of a dog might do,
Or any vile manure? Away, be gone;
Tempt me no more: I now renounce thy throne:
My indignation swells. Here, fetch me fire,
Bring me my odes, the labours of the lyre;
I doom them all to ashes.——————

Urania.

Rash man, restrain thy wrath, these odes are mine;
Small is thy right in gifts so much divine.
Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name
Strung David's harp, and drew th' illustrious theme
From smoking altars and a bleeding Lamb?
Who form'd thy sounding shell? Who fix'd the strings,
Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes so high?
And they must live till time and nature die.
Here heav'n and virtue reign: Here joy and love
Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove,
And train up mortals for the thrones above.
Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,
Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line;
Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past;
Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste
The sweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood
Flows in the verse, and seals the pardon good.
Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart
Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.
Youth shall learn temp'rance from these hallow'd strains,
Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains;
And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
Not virtue needs her guard of blushes here.
Matrons, grown reverend in their silver hairs,
Sooth the sad memory of their ancient cares
With these soft hymns; while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With list'ning wonder, till their infant tongue
Stammers and lisps, and learns th' immortal song,
And lays up the fair lesson to repeat
To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their feet.

Each heav'n-born heart shall choose a favourite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes
Inspire the pillow with ethereal dreams;
And oft amidst the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the soul away,
Forgetful of this globe: Adieu, the cares
Of mortal life! Adieu, the sins, the snares!
She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars.
Amidst th' exalted raptures of the lyre
O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,
And mix their notes at once with some celestial choir.

Damon.

What holy sounds are these? What strains divine?
Is it thy voice, O blest Urania, thine?

prevent the rewards of the righteous, nor to convey himself out of the reach of his Maker's vengeance.

And may it not be hence inferred, in the first place, that the soul of man is so immortal, that it is not in the power of any mere creature to kill it? For it doth not seem fit that the great Lord of the universe should give the prerogative of rewards and punishments so far out of his own hand, as to put it entirely into the power of a creature, to defraud the righteous of their reward, or secure the wicked from due punishment. It is fit that God only, who gave life, and being, and consciousness, to the soul, should be able to destroy it, or take away its consciousness, or make it cease to be.

May we not also infer yet farther, in the second place, that there is no such thing as the sleep of the soul; or at least that neither the soul itself, nor any other creature, can put the soul into a sleeping state? For this is a state without perception or consciousness; and if this could be done, then the designed rewards and punishments of divine justice might be as effectually disappointed by creatures as if they could kill or annihilate the soul.

Perhaps you will here say also, that the soul may be awakened again by divine power to receive punishments or rewards. To this I answer, that if the soul is laid to sleep, or sinks into an insensible state when the animal body dies, will it ever awake again of itself naturally to be punished or rewarded; or can any creature awaken it? If not, then God alone, who works supernaturally, can awaken it. And thus, in the order of nature, there is no capacity in this soul to be punished or rewarded, nor can it be done without a miracle.

I think therefore we may draw this conclusion, namely, that every intelligent being, as it is made capable of virtue and vice, of rewards and punishments, so it must necessarily be made immortal in its own nature, and hath such an essential and perpetual consciousness belonging to it, as is not in the power of creatures either to stupify or destroy, lest the recompences of vice and virtue be wrested out of the hands of God, as the God of nature, the wise Creator, and the righteous Governor of all intelligent creatures.

And may we not draw a third inference also, namely, that the mere death of the body is not the only punishment of the sin of man against the God of nature, and against the natural law? for then the worst of criminals, by a dose of opium, or a halter, might finish his punishment at once, he might convey himself away from the reach of punishing justice, and the crimes of men could not be punished in proportion to their aggravations. It is the immortality of the soul that lays the foundation of different degrees of punishment according to crimes.

After all, perhaps some persons may raise another objection

gainst my argument, namely, if there be sufficient provision
ı the very nature of man after death, to receive the due rewards
f virtue or vice in his immortal part, or his soul, what necessity
ı there of a resurrection of the body? And yet we find that in
ıe New Testament, where the invisible world and future state
f rewards and punishments is most particularly discovered, the
oly writers generally represent those rewards and punishments
ı consequents of this resurrection.

To this I think there is a full answer given in the last pages
' a late "Essay towards the Proof of a separate State of Souls,"
ı which I refer the reader. But in this place I think it sufficient
ı say, that the soul only is the moral agent, and the God of na-
re can effectually reward or punish the virtues or the vices of
an in his immortal part, or his soul, which naturally survives
e body; but the God of grace having introduced a gospel for
e recovery of sinful mankind from ruin, whereby the resur-
ction of the body is promised to those who comply with it, for
ı increase of happiness, he thought it proper also and just, that
e rejection of this gospel, or the utter impenitence of men,
ould be punished with a resurrection of the body, for an in-
ease of misery. It is the gospel only which introduces the re-
rrection of the body; the original law of God knows nothing
it. "As by man, that is Adam, came in death, so by man,
at is Christ, came in the resurrection of the dead;" 1 *Cor.* xv. 21.

And thence may I not take occasion to infer, that the gospel,
the covenant of grace, which is founded in the undertaking of
hrist, hath been some way or other made known to all mankind,
least by some obscure and general notices of it; and that the
eat God doth actually deal with all men now upon terms of
ace, from this very argument, because "all mankind are to be
ised again from the dead, who have done good or evil!" *John*
28, 29. Whereas those who never sinned against a gos-
l, or against the grace or mercy of God, but only against God
the God of nature, would perhaps only lie exposed to such a
ntence as the light of nature might find out, or as might be exe-
ted according to the course of nature, without the miracle of a
surrection, that is, by the death of the body, and the punishment
the surviving spirit in a separate state.

If this last inference should be found to run counter to the
nse of any one text of scripture, I renounce it upon the spot:
ut if by venturing to step out of the common tract of the schools,
e may find any little beam of light shed upon the conduct of
od toward man, and be thereby enabled the better to vindicate
e wisdom and righteousness of the God of nature and the God
grace; let not that little beam be quenched, merely because it
ıs not the support of vulgar opinion, nor been consecrated by
eeds or councils.

LXXVI.—*Three modern Absurdities.*

SENSE, consciousness and reason are three of the chief principles or mediums of our knowledge of things. This, I suppose, will be acknowledged by men of all religions, and of none. Sense informs us chiefly of the things that are without us, even all that we know by sight or hearing, by smell, taste, or feeling. Consciousness acquaints us with all that passes within us, and particularly the ideas we have in our mind, the inclination of our hearts, the consent, the choice, or any action of our wills. And then reason assures us of the truth of a conclusion which is evidently derived from other propositions which we know to be true before. Now the deists, the papists, and the fatalists among them do really renounce all these; they run on blindly and resolutely in their opinions, and maintain several articles of their own belief, in direct contradiction to these three principles of knowledge, how much soever they may profess to be led by them.

First, The papist tells you, that in all the instances of common life he believes the dictates of his senses about things which are near to him, and which he hath all proper advantages to examine; but in the business of transubstantiation he begs your excuse, for he believes a piece of bread to be real flesh and blood, and gives the lie grossly and obstinately to his eye-sight and his feeling, his smell and his taste at once, and his religion requires him to contradict all his senses.

Crucifer, a man of this profession, believes the resurrection of the body of Christ from the dead, and confesses that it could not be known nor proved without giving credit to our senses, our seeing and feeling; and yet he renounces the dictates of these senses utterly, when they tell him that the bread of the sacrament is not the body of the risen Saviour: And thus he chooses to overthrow the foundation on which he believes the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ, (which doctrine is the foundation of all his christianity) rather than believe what his senses tell him, when they assure him the body of Christ is not a wafer-cake. Monstrous victory and dominion of the church of Rome over all the powers of sense and reason at once, and the very principles of our faith

In the next place, Hylander, a young fatalist, will acknowledge in general, that though he cannot assent to any of the religions of men, nor believe a word of what they preach about vice and virtue, a heaven and a hell, yet he believes what he himself feels, and what he is conscious of within himself. But if you ask him presently, Whether man be a free creature? Whether he himself hath a liberty of choice in any motion of his will, or in any action of his life? he denies it. No; he is necessarily moved by a train of other causes to every particular volition and action, and has not, nor ever had, any free choice. Ask him, whether he is

ɔt conscious in himself, that he can walk or stand still, rise or ;, move his finger to the north or to the south? No, he can ı none of these; he is but a mere machine, acted by certain visible springs, and that when two things are offered him, he nnot choose or refuse this or that, but is necessarily impelled to ery thing that he thinks, or wills, or acts.* Enquire of him yet ther, when he shuns the church, when he dwells at the tavern till dnight, when he seeks out the partners of his vices, and pur- es forbidden pleasures, whether he does not feel his own self, his own inward powers choosing and acting all this with free- m? He will own that he seems to choose and act these things; t he still persists in direct contradiction to his own feeling and nsciousness, that it is God acts all this in him and by him; and ile he feels himself so wilful and vile a criminal, blasphemes e blessed God, and makes him the author of all his crimes.

Contrary to all the dictates of his conscience, he affirms there no virtue or vice, no such things as good or evil actions in a ɔral sense; and consequently that God hath provided no hea- n or hell, no rewards or punishments for any thing which is ne by us in this life: for whatsoever we seem to do, it is all really ected by the will of God putting the train of causes in motion at ıt, and none of us could ever act otherwise than we do. And t after all this mechanical account of themselves, and this denial all freedom, these men of matter and motion have the impu- nce, in opposition to common sense, reason, and grammar, to ıse language so far as to call themselves free-thinkers. Strange d prodigious! that men should ever hope for the honours of ıt title which their own opinions constantly disclaim! That they ɔuld with such a steady effrontery deny what they feel conti- ally in themselves, and what they practise ten times in an hour; gratify a humour, and support a most absurd opinion, which es away all virtue, order and peace from this world, and all ɔe and happiness from the next!

The third sort of men of this odd composition, are the deists ong us. Apistus professes he is a friend to reason above all ngs, and he is led by nothing so much as reason; it is by ıson that he believes there is a God who made, and who go- ns all things; that he is bound to honour this God, and obey will; that he must make it his business to love God and his ghbour, that there is an eternal difference between vice and tue: that man is an intelligent and free agent; and by reason he onvinced that there are rewards and punishments provided for n in a future state, according to his behaviour here. He be- ves also by the force of reason, according to ancient history, l the secure conveyance of it by writing, that there was such a n as Jesus Christ, as well as he believes there was such a man Julius Cæsar; and as he confesses that this Julius was a Roman

* See the true liberty of choice explained and proved in a late Essay of the edom of Will in God and Man.

and a General, and fought many battles, he cannot but confess by the same reasonings, that this Jesus lived in Judea and Galilee; that he was the son of a carpenter, and that he taught many excellent rules about vice and virtue, and the love of God and our neighbour; and by the same exercise of his reason on the historical account of the facts of past ages, he is persuaded that there were several men of mean education and circumstances who followed this Jesus, and without the help of arms or bribery, carried his doctrine afterward through the world. And yet, contrary to all reason, this very Apistus believes, that this obscure young man, Jesus of Nazareth, this son of a country carpenter, who was brought up to his father's trade, gave a better set of rules for the honour of God, for the love of our neighbour, and the conduct of our lives, than ever any philosopher did in Greece or Rome, and that he did all this without human literature, without any divine assistance, without any inspiration from God.

He believes farther, contrary to all reason, that this poor carpenter had art and cunning enough to impose false miracles on thousands of people in Judea and Galilee, and even in Jeruralem itself; that he made them believe that he cured the blind, that he gave hearing to the deaf, and feet to the lame, that he healed all manner of diseases by his word or his touch, and raised several who were dead to life again, without doing one real miracle, or having any extraordinary power given him by God.

He believes yet farther still, and in opposition to all the principles of true reasoning, that the disciples of this Jesus, poor illiterate creatures and fishermen as they generally were, except one Paul, who was a scholar; I say, he believes that these men went about the world, and persuaded mankind to believe that this Jesus Christ arose from the dead after he had been crucified and buried some days, and made multitudes of his own countrymen and strangers, rich and poor, wise men and philosophers, and whole countries, believe it, though there was not a syllable of truth in it, says he, and it is scarce possible that it should be true. He believes yet again that these silly men were sometimes cheats and impostors, who practised the greatest subtleties and artifice to deceive the world; that sometimes they were wild enthusiasts, and half mad with devotion, though reason might assure him, that imposture and enthusiasm cannot long reside together in the same breast, but one will betray or destroy the other.

He believes on still, that these impostors or enthusiasts, be they what they will, engaged mankind to receive all the doctrines of this Jesus, and his religion, either by their tricks of art, or their fooleries of honest zeal, beyond what any of the wisest men of the world with all their skill and learning could ever do in the like case, and went on successfully to propagate his doctrine, and foretold it should stand and continue to the world's end, without any extraordinary commission from heaven, or presence of

God with them. He believes also very unreasonably, that such a band of knaves, as he supposes them generally to be, carried on this imposture with such unanimity and faithfulness for many years, even to the end of their lives, that not any one of them ever discovered the cheat, though they could expect to get nothing by it here in this world, but poverty, shame, persecution, imprisonments, stripes, and a bloody death; and in the other world, the wrath of God, for such knavery.

His belief goes further yet, contrary to all reasonable grounds; for he believes these followers of this Jesus Christ, by mere false pretences to miracles and gifts of tongues, spread his religion through the nations, though he knows that they appealed in a public manner to whole societies of men concerning the truth of these miraculous gifts conferred upon themselves and other christians, and concerning this power of miracles, which displayed itself with such evidence and glory particularly in Corinth, where St. Paul must have been confuted with shame, and utterly confounded, if these things had not been true, because that was a city of great learning and knowledge; and yet Apistus obstinately believes still that neither these men, nor Paul himself, nor any of his followers, ever wrought one real miracle, nor spoke one tongue but what they learnt before in the common way: And that they spread this religion so widely among the nations, and so effectually, without any commission or help from God, though this religion contained in it doctrines contrary to the fashions and customs of the world, to the idolatrous religions of the nations, to the vicious inclinations of mankind and their corrupt appetites and passions. And though he cannot but see evidently that these men, and their successors in this opinion, have turned many thousands of persons to more virtue and piety than all the philosophers could do with all their learning; yet he believes still that these men had no divine power attending them, nor any assistance from heaven.

In short, he believes contrary to all reason, these things which are far harder to believe than any of the peculiar articles of the christian faith! and yet Apistus pretends he cannot believe those articles, because they do not carry reason with them.

My God, deliver me from the blinding and stupifying prejudices of these three sorts of men, who contradict the plainest evidences of truth, and to maintain their absurd peculiarities, renounce the chief springs of all our knowledge; and let me be led honestly and sincerely by these faculties of sensation and consciousness which thou hast given me, in conjunction and harmony with each other, and under the guard and improvement of right reason. The exercise of these powers, under thy holy influence, will effectually bring me to faith in the gospel of my blessed Saviour, and in compliance with the rules of that gospel I trust I shall find eternal life. *Amen.*

REMNANTS OF TIME

EMPLOYED IN

PROSE AND VERSE:

OR,

Short Essays and Composures on Various Subjects.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Dr. Watts's Opinion about publishing these Papers, appears in the following Advertisement prefixed to them by himself.

THESE papers were written at several seasons and intervals of leisure, and on various occasions arising through the greatest part of my life. Many of them were designed to be published among the Reliquiæ Juveniles, but for some reason or other, not worth present notice, were laid by at that time. Whether I shall ever publish them I know not, though far the greatest part of them have long stood corrected among my manuscripts; nor do I suppose many of them inferior to those Essays and remarks of this kind which have before appeared in the world with some acceptance. If they are not published in my life-time, my worthy friends, who have the care of my papers, may leave out what they please. I. W.

JULY 3, 1740.

1.—*Justice and Grace.*

NEVER was there any hour since the creation of all things, nor ever will be till the last conflagration, wherein the holy God so remarkably displayed his justice and his grace, as that hour that saw our Lord Jesus Christ hanging upon the cross, forsaken of his Father and expiring. What a dreadful glory was given to vindictive justice when the great and terrible God made the soul of his own Son a painful sacrifice for sin! What an amazing instance of grace that he should redeem such worthless sinners as we are from the vengeance by exposing his beloved Son to it! When I view the severity or the compassion of that hour, my thoughts are lost in astonishment: It is not for me, it is not for Paul or Apollos, it is not for the tongue of men or angels to say which was greatest, the compassion or the severity. Humble adoration becomes us best, and a thankful acceptance of the pardon that was purchased at so dear a rate.

Next to this I know not a more eminent display of terror and mercy, than the dying hour of a pious but desponding christian under the tumultuous and disquieting temptations of the devil.

See within those curtains a person of faith and serious piety, but of a melancholy constitution and expecting death. While his flesh is tortured with sharp agonies and terribly convulsed, a

ghastly horror sits on his countenance, and he groans under extreme anguish. Behold the man a favourite of heaven, a child of light, assaulted with the darts of hell, and his soul surrounded with thick darkness: All his sins stand in dreadful array before him, and threaten him with the execution of all the curses in the bible. Though he loves God with all his heart, he is in the dark, he knows it not, nor can he believe that God has any love for him; and though he cannot utterly let go his hold of his Saviour and the gospel, yet in his own apprehension he is abandoned both of the Father and the Son. In every new pang that he feels his own fears persuade him that the gates of hell are now opening upon him: He hangs hovering over the burning pit, and at the last gasp of life, when he seems to be sinking into eternal death, he quits the body with all its sad circumstances, and feels himself safe in the arms of his Saviour, and in the presence of his God.

What amazing transport! What agreeable surprise! Not to be utterred by the words of our scanty mortal language, nor conceived but by the person who feels it. The body indeed, which was the habitation of so pious a spirit, is demonstrated at once: Behold the lifeless carcase; it makes haste to putrefaction. The released soul in extasy feels and surveys its own happiness, appears before the throne, is acknowledged there as one of the sons of God, and invested with the glories of the upper world. Sorrows and sins, guilt, fetters and darkness vanish for ever: It exults in liberty and light, and dwells for ever under the smiles of God.

What was it could provoke the wise and gracious God to permit the wicked spirit to vex one of his own children at this rate, and to deal so severely with the man whom he loves? To expose that soul to exquisite anguish in the flesh, which he designed the same day to make a partner with blessed spirits? To express in one hour so much terror and so much mercy?

St. Paul will give a short and plain answer to this enquiry; *Rom.* viii. 10. "The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." Hence that anguish, those agonies and convulsions in the sinful flesh that must die, and these will be felt in some measure by the partner-spirit; though that spirit being vested with divine righteousness, or justified in the sight of God, shall survive these agonies in a peaceful immortality. Though the sufferings of the Son of God have redeemed it from an everlasting hell, yet it becomes the offended Majesty of heaven sometimes to give sensible instances what misery the pardoned sinner has deserved; and the moment that he receives him into full blessedness, may, on some accounts, be the fittest to make a display of all his terror, that the soul may have the full taste of felicity, and pay the igher honours to recovering grace. The demolition of the earthly abernacle with all the pangs and

the groans that attend it, are a shadow of that vengeance which was due even to the best of saints: It is fit we should see the picture of vindictive justice, before we are taken into the arms of eternal mercy.

Besides, there may be another reason that renders the dying hour of this man more dreadful too: Perhaps he had walked unwatchfully before God, and had given too much indulgence to some congenial iniquity, some vice that easily beset him! now it becomes the great God to write his own hatred of sin in deep and piercing characters sometimes on his own children, that he may let the world know that he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity any where without resentment. The man had "built much hay and stubble upon the divine foundation Christ Jesus, and it was proper that he should be saved so as by fire." 1 *Cor.* iii. 15.

Will the papist therefore attempt to support the structure of his purgatory upon such a text as this? An useless structure, and vain attempt! That place was erected by the superstitious fancy of men to purge out the sins of a dead man by his own sufferings, and to make him fit for heaven in times hereafter; as though the atoning blood of Christ were not sufficient for complete pardon, or the sanctifying work of the Spirit were imperfect even after death. Whereas the design of God in some such instances of terror, is chiefly to give now and then an example to survivors in this life how highly he is displeased with sin, and to discourage his own people from an indulgence of the works of the flesh. Now this end could not be attained by all the pains of their pretended purgatory, even though it were a real place of torment, because it is so invisible and unknown.

But whatsoever sorrows the dying christians sustains in the wise administrations of providence, it is by no means to make compensation to God for sin; the atoning work of Christ is complete still, and the sanctifying work of the spirit perfect as soon as the soul is dismissed from earth; therefore it has an entrance into full blessedness, such as becomes a God infinite in mercy to bestow on a penitent sinner, presented before the throne in the name and righteousness of his own Son. "We are complete in him;" *Col.* ii. 10. By him made perfectly acceptable to God at our death, we are filled with all grace and introduced into complete glory.

II.—*The death of a young Son.—In a Letter to a Friend.*

MADAM, it has been the delight and practice of the pious in all ages, to talk in the words of scripture and in the language of their God: The images of that book are bright and beautiful; and where they happily correspond with any present providence, there is a certain divine pleasure in the parallel. The Jews have ever used it as a fashionable style, and it has always been

he custom of christians in the most religous times, till inquity nd profaneness called it cant and fanaticism. The evangelists and he apostles have justified the practice; those latter inspired uthors have often indulged it even where the prophet or first vriter of the text had quite another subject in view; and though n allusion to the words of scripture will by no means stand in he place of a proper exposition, yet it carries something divine nd affecting in it, and by this means it may shine in a sermon r a familiar epistle, and make a pleasing similitude. Accept hen a few hints of consolation from a part of scripture, which y an easy turn of thought may be applied to your case.

Rev. xii. 1. "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon nder her feet. ver. 2. Being with child, travailed in birth. ver. 5. And she brought forth a man-child, and it was caught up to God nd his throne. verse 6. And the woman had a place prepared f God in the wilderness. ver. 14. To be nourished for a time nd times. ver. 9. But the great dragon that was cast out of eaven, the old serpent called the devil and satan. ver. 13. Persecuted the woman. ver. 15. And cast out of his mouth vater as a flood. ver. 17. And went to make war with the emnant of her seed."—Thus far the words of scripture.

Now, madam, if you have put on Christ, and are clothed y faith with the Sun of righteousness, if you are drest in the hining graces of heaven, and have the pale and changing glories f this world under your feet, then you may be assured the child you have brought forth is not lost, but is caught up to God, and is throne, by virtue of that extensive covenant that includes sincere christians and their offspring together. Mourn not therefore for your son who is with God, but rather for yourself who are yet in the wilderness of this world, where the old serpent has so much power; where he will persecute you with the flood of his temptations, if possible, to carry you away with them; but I trust God has prepared a place for your safety, even his church, his gospel, his own everlasting arms.

Yet shall the serpent make war with the remnant of your seed; your little daughter that remains in the wilderness must go through this war, and be exposed to these temptations. O turn your tears for your son into pity and prayer for yourself and your daughter, that ye may never be carried away by these floods: but when the times are past which God has appointed for your abode and nourishment in the wilderness, you may rejoice to find yourself with all your offspring, in everlasting safety before the throne of God. *Amen.*

So prays your affectionate, &c.

May 2, 1719. I. W.

III.—*Heathen Poesy Christianized.* 1788.

IT is a piece of ancient and sacred history which Moses informs us of, that when the tribes of Israel departed from the land of Egypt, they borrowed of their neighbours gold and jewels by the appointment of God, for the decoration of their sacrifices and solemn worship when they should arrive at the appointed place in the wilderness, God himself taught his people how the richest of metals which had ever been abused to the worship of idols, might be purified by the fire, and being melted up into a new form might be consecrated to the service of the living God, and add to the magnificence and grandeur of his tabernacle and temple. Such are some of the poetical writings of the ancient heathens; they have a great deal of native beauty and lustre in them, and through some happy turn given them by the pen of a christian poet may be transformed into divine meditations, and may assist the devout and pious soul in several parts of the christian life and worship.

Amongst all the rest of the Pagan writers, I know none so fit for this service as the odes of Horace as vile a sinner as he was. Their manner of composure comes nearer the spirit and force of the psalms of David than any other; and as we take the devotions of the Jewish king, and bring them into our christian churches, by changing the scene and the chronology and superadding some of the glories of the gospel, so may the representation of some of the heathen virtues, by a little more labour, be changed into christian graces, or at least into the image of them so far as human power can reach. One day musing on this subject, I made an experiment on the two last stanzas of Ode 29. Book III.

"Non meum est, si mugiat Africis
"Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
"Decurrere, & votis pacisci,
"Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
"Addant avaro divitias mari.
"Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ,
"Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminisque Pollux."

IV.—*The British Fisherman.*

1 LET Spain's proud traders, when the mast
Bends groaning to the stormy blast,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their saints,

Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ship,
Or the rich dust Peru prepares,
Defraud their long projecting cares,
And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

My little skiff, that skims the shores,
With half a sail and two short oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves;
But if they gape in watry graves,
I trust th' eternal pow'r, whose hand
Has swell'd the storm so high,
To waft my boat and me to land.
Or give some angel swift command
To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

V.—*Redemption.*

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin my muse, the heav'nly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings

Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

What black reproach defil'd his name,
When with our sin he took our shame!
The pow'r whom kneeling angels blest
Is made the impious rabble's jest.

5 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans:
The Prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of glory bows to death.

6 But see the wonders of his pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying hour.
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

"If I could pursue all the wondrous atchievemants of a lying and a rising Saviour in verse as fast and as far as my houghts sometimes attempt to trace them, I should lengthen this ode to many stanzas, and yet at last I should lose both my houghts and my verse amongst the unknown wonders of his glory and the ages of eternity.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
What vain pretender dares?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's harp despairs. *

VI.—*Complaint and Hope under great Pain.* 1736.

1 LORD, I am pain'd; but I resign
To thy superior will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are thy ways of providence,
While those that love thee groan:
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'er-burden'd heart should break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4 Will nothing but such daily pain
Secure my soul from hell?
Canst thou not make my health attain
Thy kind designs as well?

* In this ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr. Stennet's sacramental Hymns; for when I found they exprest my thought and design in proper and beautiful language, I choose rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt, than to labour hard for worse lines that I might have the poor pleasure of calling them my own.

5 How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write, while painful flesh
Hangs heavy on the mind?

6 These groans and sighs and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease,
While every groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.

7 Is not some smilling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

VII.—*On an Elegy written by the Right Honourable the Countess of Hertford, on the death of Mrs. Rowe.* 1737.

STRUCK with the sight of Philomela's urn
Eusebia weeps, and calls her muse to mourn:
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell
The groves confess a rising Philomel.

VIII.—*Dr. Young's admirable Description of the Peacock enlarged.*

VIEW next the Peacock: What bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?
Proudly he boasts them to the heav'nly ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.
Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Drest his rich form in azure, green and gold?
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd
Or spread his sweepy train? His train disdains the ground,
And kindles living lamps thro' all the spacious round.
Mark with with what conscious state the bird displays
His native gems, and 'midst the waving blaze
On the slow step of majesty he moves,
Asserts his honours, and demands his loves.

IX.—*Vanity inscribed on all Things.*

TIME, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is for ever lost and swallowed up there; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things with it which are not immortal. There is a limit appointed by providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life, to all the works of the hands of men, with all the glories and excellencies of animal nature, and all that is made of flesh and blood. Let us not dote upon any thing here below, for heaven hath inscribed vanity upon it. The moment is hastening when the decree heaven shall be uttered, and providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, "Its time shall be no longer."

What is that stately building, that princely palace which now entertains and amuses our sight with ranks of marble columns and wide-spreading arches, that gay edifice which enriches our imagination with a thousand royal ornaments, and a profusion of gay and glittering furniture? Time, and all its circling hours, with a swift wing are brushing it away; decay steals upon it insensibly, and a few years hence it shall lie in moldering ruin

d desolation. Unhappy possessor, if he has no better in-
ritance!

What are those fine and elegant gardens, those delightful
alks, those gentle ascents and soft declining slopes which raise
d sink the eye by turns to a thousand vegetable pleasures?
ow lovely are those sweet borders, and those growing varieties
bloom and fruit which recal lost paradise to mind? Those
ing parterres which regale the sense with vital fragrancy and
ake glad the sight by their refreshing vendure and entertain-
g flowery beauties? The scythe of time is passing over them
; they wither, they die away, they drop and vanish into dust;
eir duration is short; a few months deface all their yearly
ories; and within a few years perhaps all these rising terrace-
alks, these gentle verging declivities, shall lose all order and
egance, and become a rugged heap of ruins: Those well-
stinguished borders and parterres shall be levelled in con-
sion, and thrown into common earth again for the ox and the
s to graze upon them. Unhappy man, who possesses this
reeable spot of ground, if he has no paradise more durable
an this!

And no wonder that these labours of the hands of men
ould perish, when even the works of God are perishable.

What are these visible heavens, these lower skies, and this
obe of earth! They are indeed the glorious workmanship of
e Almighty; but they are waxing old and waiting their period
o, when the angel shall pronounce upon them, "That time
all be no more. The heavens shall be folded up as a vesture,
e elements of the lower world shall melt with fervent heat, and
e earth and all the works thereof, shall be burnt up with fire."
ay the unruinable world be but my portion, and the heaven
heavens my inheritance, which is built for an eternal mansion
r the sons of God: These buildings shall out-live time and
ature, and exist through unknown ages of felicity.

What have we mortals to be proud of in our present state,
hen every human glory is so fugitive and fading? Let the
ightest and the best of us say to ourselves, "That we are but
ist and vanity."

Is my body formed upon a graceful model? Are my limbs
ell turned, and my complexion better coloured than my neigh-
ours! Beauty even in perfection is of shortest date; a few
ears will inform me that its bloom vanishes, its flower withers,
s lustre grows dim, its duration shall be no longer; and if life
prolonged, yet the pride and glory of it is for ever lost in age
d wrinkles; or perhaps our vanity meets a speedier fate.
eath and the grave with a sovereign and irresistible command,
mmon the brightest as well as the coarsest pieces of human
ature to lie down early in their cold embraces; and at last they

must all mix together among worms and corruption. Æsop the deformed, and Helena the fair, are lost and undistinguished in common earth. Nature in its gayest bloom is but a painted vanity.

Are my nerves well strung and vigorous? Is my activity and strength far superior to my neighbours in the days of youth? But youth hath its appointed limit: age steals upon it, unstrings the nerves, and makes the force of nature languish into infirmity and feebleness. Samson and Goliah would have lost their boasted advantages of stature and their brawny limbs in the course of half a century, though the one had escaped the sling of David and the other the vengeance of his own hands in the ruin of Dagon's temple. Man in his best estate is a flying shadow and vanity.

Even those nobler powers of human life which seem to have something angelical in them, I mean the powers of wit and fancy, gay imagination and capacious memory, they are all subject to the same laws of decay and death. What though they can raise and animate beautiful scenes in a moment, and, in imitation of creating power, can spread bright appearances and new worlds before the senses and the souls of their friends? What though they can entertain the better part of mankind, the refined and polite world with high delight and rapture? These scenes of rapturous delight grow flat and old by a frequent review, and the very powers that raised them grow feeble apace. What though they can give immortal applause and fame to their possessors! It is but the immortality of an empty name, a mere succession of the breath of men; and it is a short sort of immortality too, which must die and perish when this world perishes. A poor shadow of duration indeed, while the real period of these powers is hastening every day; they languish and die as fast as animal nature, which has a large share in them, make haste to its decay; and the time of their exercise shall shortly be no more.

In vain the aged poet or the painter would call up the muse and genius of their youth, and summon all the arts of their imagination to spread and dress out some visionary scene: in vain the elegant orator would recal the bold and masterly figures, and all those flowery images which gave ardour, grace and dignity to his younger composures, and charmed every ear: they are gone, they are fled beyond the reach of their owner's call: Their time is past, they are vanished and lost beyond all hope of discovery.

The God of nature has pronounced an unpassable period upon all the powers and pleasures and glories of this mortal state. Let us then be afraid to make any of them our boast or our hap-

ess! but point our affections to those diviner objects whose ure is everlasting; let us seek those religious attainments and se new-created powers of a sanctified mind, concerning which hall never be pronounced, "that their time shall be no longer."

O may every one of us be humbly content at the call of hea- to part with all that is pleasing or magnificent here on earth; us resign even these agreeable talents when the God of nature nands; and when the hour arrives that shall close our eyes to visible things, and lay our fleshly structure in the dust, let us d up our whole selves to the hands of our Creator, who shall erve our spirits with himself; and while we chearfully give up that was mortal to the grave, we may lie down full of the joy- nope of a rising immortality. New and unknown powers and ies, brighter flames of imagination, richer scenes of wit and y and diviner talents are preparing for us when we shall ke from the dust; and the mind itself shall have all its facul- in a sublime state of improvement. These shall make us al, if not superior, to angels, for we are nearer a-kin to the of God than they are, and therefore we shall be made more him.

X.—*The Rake reformed in the House of Mourning.*

FLORINO was young and idle; he gave himself up to the diversions of the town, and roved wild among the plea- s of sense; nor did he confine himself within the limits of ue, or withhold his heart from any forbidden joy. Often hath been heard to ridicule marriage, and affirm that no man can urn heartily for a dead wife, for then he hath leave by the law choose a new companion, to riot in all the gayer scenes of a courtship, and perhaps to advance his fortune too.

When he heard of the death of Serena, "Well, said he, I go visit my friend Lucius, and rally him a little on this occa- ." He went the next day in all the wantonness of his heart ulfil his design, inhuman and barbarous as it was, and to sport solemn sorrow. But when Lucius appeared, the man of y was strangely surprised, he saw such a sincere and inimita- distress sitting on his countenance, and discovering itself in ry air and action, that he dropt his cruel purpose, his soul be- to melt and he assumed the comforter.

Florino's methods of consolation were all drawn from two es: Some from fate and necessity, advising an heroic indo- e about unavoidable events which are past and cannot be re- ed; and some were derived from the various amusements of which call the soul abroad, and divide and scatter the thoughts, suffer not the mind to attend to its inward anguish. "Come, ius, said he, come, smooth your brows a little and brighten up an hour or two: Come along with me to a concert this even-

ing where you shall hear some of the best pieces of music that ever were composed, and performed, by some of the best hands that ever touched an instrument. To-morrow I will wait on you to the play, or, if you please, to the new opera, where the scenes are so surprising and so gay, that they would almost tempt an old hermit from his beloved cell, and call back his years to three and twenty. Come my friend, what have the living to do with the dead? Do but forget your grievances a little and they will die too: Come, shake off the spleen, divert your heart with the entertainments of wit and melody, and call away your fancy from these gloomy and useless contemplations." Thus he ran on in his own way of talking, and opened to his mourning friend the best springs of comfort that he was acquainted with.

Lucius endured this prattle as long as he was able to endure it, but it had no manner of influence to stanch the bleeding wound or to abate his smarting sorrows. His pain waxed more intense by such sort of applications, and the grief soon grew too unruly to contain itself.

Lucius then asked leave to retire a little; Florino followed him softly at a distance to the door of his closet, where indeed he observed not any of the rules of civility or just decency, but placed himself near enough to listen how the passion took its vent: And there he heard the distressed Lucius mourning over Serena's death in such language as this:

What did Florino talk about? Necessity and fate? Alas, this is my misery, that so painful an event cannot be reversed, that the divine will has made it fate, and there is a necessity of my enduring it.

Plays and music and operas! What poor trifles are these to give ease to a wounded heart! To a heart that has lost its choicest half! A heart that lies bleeding in deep anguish under such a keen parting stroke, and the long, long absence of my Serena! She is gone. The desire of my eyes and the delight of my soul is gone.—The first of earthly comforts and the best of mortal blessings.—She is gone, and she has taken with her all that was pleasant, all that could brighten the gloomy hours of life, that could soften the cares and relieve the burdens of it. She is gone, and the best portion and joy of my life is departed. Will she never return, never come back and bless my eyes again? No; never, never.—She will no more come back to visit this wretched world and to dry these weeping eyes. That best portion of my life, that dearest blessing is gone, and will return no more. Sorrows in long succession await me while I live; all my future days are marked out for grief and darkness.

Let the man, who feels no inward pain at the loss of such a partner, dress his dwelling in black shades and dismal formalities: Let him draw the curtains of darkness around him and

teach his chambers a fashionable mourning: But real anguish of heart needs none of these modish and dissembled sorrows. My soul is hung round with dark images in all her apartments, and every scene is sincere lamentation and death.

I thought once I had some pretences to the courage of a man: But this is a season of untried distress: I now shudder at a thought, I start at shadows, my spirits are sunk, and horror has taken hold of me. I feel passions in me that were unknown before; love has its own proper grief and its peculiar anguish. Mourning love has those agonies and those sinkings of spirit which are known only to bereaved and virtuous lovers.

I stalk about like a ghost in musing silence, till the gathering sorrow grows too big for the heart and bursts out into weak and unmanly wailings. Strange and overwhelming stroke indeed! It has melted all the man within me down to softness: My nature is gone back to childhood again: I would maintain the dignity of my age and my sex, but these eyes rebel and betray me; the eyelids are full, they overflow; the drops of love and grief trickle down my cheeks, and plow the furrows of age there before their time.

How often in a day are these sluices opened afresh? The sight of every friend that knew her calls up my weakness and betrays my frailty. I am quite ashamed of myself. What shall I do? Is there nothing of manhood left about my heart? I will resist the passion, I will struggle with nature, I will grow indolent and forbid my tears. Alas, poor feeble wretch that I am! In vain I struggle; in vain I resist: The assumed indolence vanishes; the real passion works within, it swells and bears down all before it: The torrent rises and prevails hourly, and nature will have its way. Even the Son of God when he became Man, was found weeping at the tomb of a darling friend. Lazarus died and Jesus wept.

O my soul, what shall I do to relieve this heart-ach? How shall I cure this painful sensibility? Is there no opiate will reach it? Whither shall I go to leave my sorrows behind me? I wander from one room to another, and wherever I go I still seem to seek her, but I miss her still. My imagination flatters me with her lovely image, and tempts me to doubt, is she dead indeed? My fond imagination would fain forget her death-bed, and impose upon my hope that I shall find her somewhere. I visit her apartment, I steal into her closet: in days past when I have missed her in the parlour, how often have I found the dear creature in that beloved corner of the house, that sweet place of divine retirement and converse with heaven? But even that closet is empty now. I go thither, and I retire in disappointment and confusion.

Methinks I should meet her in some of her walks, in some of her family cares or innocent amusements: I should see her face, methinks, I should hear her voice and exchange a tender word or two———Ah foolish rovings of a distressed and disquieted fancy! Every room is empty and silent; closets, parlours, chambers, all empty, all silent; and that very silence and emptiness proclaim my sorrows: even emptiness and deep silence join to confess the painful loss.

Shall I try then to put her quite out of my thought, since she will come no more within the reach of my senses? Shall I loosen the fair picture and drop it from my heart, since the fairer original is for ever gone? Go, then, fair picture, go from my bosom, and appear to my soul no more. Hard word! But it must be done: Go, depart thou dearest form; thou most lovely of images, go from my heart: thy presence is now too painful in that tender part of me. O unhappy word! Thy presence painful? A dismal change indeed! When thou wert wont to arise and shew thyself there, graces and joys were wont to arise and shew themselves: Graces and joys went always with her, nor did her image ever appear without them, till that dark and bitter day that spread the veil of death over her; But her image drest in that gloomy veil hath lost all the attendant joys and graces. Let her picture vanish from my soul then, since it has lost those endearing attendants: Let it vanish away into forgetfulness, for death has robbed it of every grace and every joy.

Yet stay a little there, tempting image, let me once more survey thee: Stay a little moment, and let me take one last glance. One solemn farewel. Is there not something in the resemblance of her too lovely still to have it quite banished from my heart? Can I set my soul at work to try to forget her? Can I deal so unkindly with one who would never have forgotten me? Can my soul live without her image on it? Is it not stampt there too deep ever to be effaced?

Methinks I feel all my heart-strings wrapt around her, and grow so fast to that dear picture in my fancy, they seem to be rooted there. To be divided from it is to die. Why should I then pursue so vain and fruitless an attempt? What! forget myself? forget my life? No; it cannot be; nor can I bear to think of such a rude and cruel treatment of an image so much deserving and so much beloved. Neither passion nor reason permits me to forget her, nor is it within my power. She is present almost to all my thoughts: She is with me in all my motions; grief has arrows with her name upon them, that stick as fast and as deep as those of love; they cleave to my vitals wheresoever I go, but with a quicker sensation and a keener pain. Alas it is love and grief together that have shot all their arrows into my heart, and filled every vein with acute anguish and long distress.

Whither then shall I fly to find solace and ease? I cannot part from myself: I cannot abandon these tender and smarting sations. Shall I quit the house and all the apartments of it ich renew her dear memory? Shall I rove in these open fields ich lie near my dwelling, and spread wide their pleasing ver-re? Shall I give my soul a loose to all nature that smiles ound me, or shall I confine my daily walk to this shady and ightful garden? Oh, no: neither of these will relieve my an-ish. Serena has too often blessed me with her company both this garden and in these fields. Her very name seems written every tree: I shall think of her and fancy I see her in every p I take. Here she prest the grass with her feet, here she hered violets and roses and refreshing herbs, and gave the ely collection of sweetness into my hand. But alas, the sweet-violet and the fairest rose is fallen, is withered, and is no re. Farewel then, ye fields and gardens, with all your varie-s of green and flowery joys! Ye are all a desert, a barren wil-ness, since Serena has for ever left you and will be seen there more.

But can friends do nothing to comfort a mourner? Come, wise friends, surround me and divert my cares with your eeable conversation. Can books afford no relief? Come, my ks, ye volumes of knowledge, ye labours of the learned dead; e, fill up my hours with some soothing amusement. I call better friends about me, I fly to the heroes and the philoso-rs of ancient ages to employ my soul among them. But alas! ther learning nor books amuse me, nor green and smiling spects of nature delight me, nor conversation with my wisest best friends can entertain me in these dark and melancholy rs. Solitude, solitude in some unseen corner, some lonely tto, overgrown with shades: This is my dearest choice; let dwell in my beloved solitude where none shall come near me; night and solitude are the most pleasing things to a man o is weary of day-light and of all the scenes of this visible busy world. I would eat and drink and dwell alone, though lonesome humour sooths and gratifies the painful passion, gives me up to the tyranny of my sharpest sorrows. Strange ture that I am made of! I mourn and grieve even to death, yet I seem fond of nothing but grief and mourning.

Woe is me! Is there nothing on earth can divert, nothing eve me? Then let my thoughts ascend to paradise and heaven, e I shall find her better part, and grief must not enter there. m this hour take a new turn, O my soul, and never think of ena but as shining and rejoicing among the spirits of the blest, in the presence of her God. Rise often in holy meditation to celestial world, and betake thyself to more intense piety. De-on has wings that will bear thee high above the tumults and

passions of lower life: Devotion will direct and speed thy flight to a country of brighter scenes.

Shake off this earthliness of mind, this dust of mortality that hangs about thee: rise upward often in an hour, and dwell much in those regions whither thy devout partner is gone: Thy better half is safely arrived there, and that world knows nothing but joy and love.

She is gone; the prophets and the apostles and the best of departed souls have marked out her way to heaven: Bear witness ye apostles and holy prophets, the best of departed souls bear witness, that I am seeking to follow her in the appointed moment. Let the wheels of nature and time roll on apace in their destined way. Let suns and moons arise and set apace, and light a lonesome traveller onward to his home. Blessed Jesus, be thou my living leader! Virtue, and the track of Serena's feet be my daily and delightful path. The track leads upward to the regions of love and joy. How can I dare to wander from the path of virtue lest I lose that beloved track? Remember, O my soul, her footsteps are found in no other road.

If my love to virtue should ever fail me, the steps of my Serena would mark out my way, and help to secure me from wandering. O may the kind influences of heaven descend from above and establish and guard my pious resolutions! May the divine powers of religion be my continual strength, and the hope of eternal things my never-failing support, till I am dismissed from this prison of the flesh and called to ascend to the spirits of the just made perfect, till I bid adieu to all that is not immortal, and go dwell with my God and my adored Saviour; there shall I find my lost Serena again, and share with her unutterable joys of paradise.

Here Lucius threw himself on the couch and lay silent in profound meditation.

When Florino had heard all this mournful rhapsody, he retired and stole sway in secret, for he was now ashamed of his first barbarous design: He felt a sort of strange sympathy of sorrow such as he never knew before, and with it some sparks of virtue began to kindle in his bosom. As he mused the fire burnt within, and at last it made its way to his lips and vented itself. "Well, said he, I have learnt two excellent lessons to-day, and I hope I shall never forget them. There must be some vast and unknown pleasure in a virtuous love beyond all the madness of wild and transient amours; otherwise the loss of the object could never have wrought such deep and unfeigned woe in a soul so firm and manly as that of Lucius. I begin now to believe what Milton sung, though I always read the lines before as mere poesy and fable.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
"Of human offspring, sole propriety

"In paradise, of all things common else:
"By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
"Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
"Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure
"Relations dear, and all the charities
"Of father, son and brother, first were known:
"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
"Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
"Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
"Casual amours, mixt dance, or wanton mask
"Or midnight ball, &c.

"Blessed poet, that could so happily unite love and virtue, and draw so beautiful a scene of real felicity, which till this day I always thought was merely romantic and visionary! Lucius has taught me to understand these lines, for he has felt them; and methinks while I repeat them now I feel a strange new sensation. I am convinced the blind poet saw deeper into nature and truth than I have imagined. There is, there is such a thing as a union of virtuous souls, where happiness is only found. I find some glimmerings of sacred light rising upon me, some unknown pantings within after such a partner and such a life.

"Nor is the other lesson which I have learnt at all inferior to this, but in truth it is of higher and more durable importance. I confess since I was nineteen years old I never thought virtue and religion had been good for any thing, but to tie up children from mischief, and frighten fools: But now I find by the conduct of my friend Lucius, that as the sweetest and sincerest joys of life are derived from virtue, so the most distressing sorrows may find a just relief in religion and sincere piety. Hear me, thou almighty Maker of my frame, pity and assist a returning wanderer, and O may thy hand stamp these lessons upon my soul in everlasting characters."

XI.—*Thou hast received Gifts for Men.* Psalm lxviii. 18.

JESUS the Mediator emptied himself for our sakes when he descended to earth in order to die for us, and by his death to subdue our enemies. Now the Father has filled him again at his ascent to heaven with every glory and every blessing, with all authority and power to bestow blessings, graces and glories on the sons of men. "It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell. All power in heaven and earth was given into his hands;" *Col.* i. 19. *Mat.* xxviii. 18. And when he received the power he distributed the blessing. See *Acts* ii. 33. "Being by the right-hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear." He hath shed abroad miracles and graces in abundance among the inhabitants of the lower world.

The triumphs of majesty must have some mercy in them, and ensigns of victory must be interwoven with signal displays of

bounty and grace. When he led captivity captive he received gifts for men. Our conquering Redeemer was not so elevated with the pomp of his triumphs over the angels his captive enemies, as to forget the captives that he released among the children of Adam. He received many donatives from his Father on high to shower down among them upon his coronation-day, that illustrious day when "he that in righteousness had made war and conquered, received on his own head many crowns;" *Rev.* xix. 11, 12.

He that could take so much pleasure on earth in his labours of love, takes more delight in heaven in the distributions of grace. This is the sweetest part of his triumph and the most visible among men, even the gifts of the Spirit that he sent down after his ascension. It was necessary that his grace should have some share of the glory of that day.

What was said of the great day of deliverance, when the Jews obtained victory over their designed murderers, may be applied with honour to the day when our Lord ascended to heaven and celebrated his triumph over the spirits of darkness. "This was a good day for Israel, for all the saints; a day when Jesus rested from his enemies, and a month which was turned unto him from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a day of gladness. This was a day of receiving portions for his brethren and of sending gifts to the poor;" *Esther* ix. 22.

Jesus our King is the Prince of power and the Prince of peace, he solemnized his victory with acts of mercy and begun his reign with gifts of grace. He led Satan the arch-traitor bound at his chariot wheels, and scattered donatives of pardon and life among the sons of Adam that had been seduced into the great rebellion.

It is another pleasant meditation on this text, "That God the Father had not given away all his gifts to men even when he gave them his only begotten Son;" for since that time he hath given his Son more gifts to be distributed among them. Learn hence the unwearied love of God, the inexhausted stores of divine mercy. *John* iv. 10. Christ is called "the gift of God." And 2 *Cor.* ix. 15. "The unspeakable gift." He gave his own Son out of his bosom and gave him up to death for us. His Son that was nearest his heart, his Son the delight of his soul and darling of his eternal enjoyment; and yet he is not weary of giving. O the immeasurable treasures of grace. O the unlimitable bounties of our God. Stand amazed, O heavens, and let the earth lie low in thankfulness and wonder, and every holy soul adore this surprising love!

Our meditations may take another step and see here the divine condescension to human weakness: How a giving God stoops to the capacity of receiving creatures, and bestows the

richest blessings on us in a sweet and alluring manner of conveyance. When he gave his Son to us he first arrayed him in flesh and blood that the glories of the deity might not affright us, nor his terror make us afraid: When he proceeds to confer on us further gifts, he puts them into the hands of his Son dwelling in our nature that we might have easy access to him without fear, and receive gifts from him as a delightful medium, by whom a God of infinite purity hath a mind to confer favours on sinful man.

He has put all grace into those hands whence we ourselves would choose to fetch it. If a God of shining holiness and burning justice should appear like himself and call to us, guilty wretches and hold forth his hand, here are gifts, here are pardons, here are salvations for you, we should be ready to say with *Job* xiii. 21. "Withdraw thine hand far from me, and let not thy dread make me afraid." But here we sinners come to a man, to one that has worn our flesh and blood, that is our brother and of our own composition, we come with courage to him that looks like one of us to receive the gifts of a holy God, and terrors of his holiness sink us not, nor the fire of his justice devour us. O my soul bow down and worship that God that stoops so low to thee, and has found such a mild and gentle method of conferring his heavenly favours on thee.

XII.—*The Gift of the Spirit.*

WHAT is dearer to God the Father than his only Son? And what diviner blessing has he to bestow upon men than his holy Spirit? Yet has he give his Son for us, and by the hands of his Son he confers his blessed Spirit on us. "Jesus having received of the Father the promise of the Spirit shed it forth on men;" *Acts* ii. 33.

How the wondrous doctrine of the blessed Trinity shines, through the whole of our religion, and sheds a glory upon every part of it! Here is God the Father, a King of infinite riches and glory, has constituted his beloved Son the High Treasurer of heaven, and the holy Spirit is the divine and inestimable treasure. What amazing doctrines of sacred love are written in our bibles! What mysteries of mercy, what miracles of glory are these! Our boldest desires and most raised hopes durst never aim at such blessings: There is nothing in all nature that can lead us to a thought of such grace.

The Spirit was given by the Father to the Son for men; for rebellious and sinful men to make favourites and saints of them: This was the noble gift the Son received when he ascended on high. *Psalm.* lxviii. 18. "And he distributed it to grace his triumph."

Was it not a divine honour which Jesus our Lord displayed

on that day when the tongues of fire sat on his twelves apostles; when he sent his ambassadors to every nation to address them in their own language, to notify his accession to the throne of heaven, and to demand subjection to his government? When he conferred power upon his envoys to reverse the laws of nature and imitate creation? To give eyes to the blind, and to raise the dead? All this was done by the Spirit which he sent down upon them in the days of Pentecost.

But is this Spirit given to none but his apostles and the prime ministers in his kingdom? Was that rich treasure exhausted in the first ages of the gospel and none left for us? God forbid! Every one of his subjects have the same favour bestowed upon them, though not in the same degree: Every humble and holy soul in our day, every true christian is possest of this spirit. for "he that has not the Spirit of Christ is none of his;" *Rom.* viii. 9. and wherever this Spirit is it works miracles too; it changes the sinner to a saint, it opens his blind eyes, it new-creates his nature; it raises the dead to a divine life, and teaches Egypt and Assyria, and the British isles, to speak the language of Canaan. It is this gift of the Spirit which the Son sends down to us continually from the Father that is the original and spring of all these strange blessings.

The Father has a heart of large bounty to the poor ruined race of Adam: The Son has a hand fit to be almoner to the King of glory; and the Spirit is the rich alms. This blessed donative has enriched ten thousand souls already, and there remains enough to enrich ten thousand worlds.

The Father, what a glorious giver! The Son, what a glorious medium of communication! and the Spirit, what a glorious gift! We blush and adore while we partake of such immense favors, and gratitude is even over-whelmed with wonder.

O let our spirits rejoice in this blessed article of our religion! and may all the temptations that we meet with from men of reason never, never baffle so sweet a faith!

XIII.—*The Day of Grace.*

If you ask the opinion of some divines concerning the day of grace, they will tell you that it signifies that particular season of a man's life when the Spirit of God by convictions and good motions stirs him up to seek after salvation, and gives him sufficent grace to convert him; and all this while it was possible for him to be saved, and it was within the reach of his own power to make this grace effectual:—But this is determined to a certain, though unknown day, which if a man passes without being converted, then his salvation becomes impossible. Now, though I would not choose to borrow all my sentiments in the chief

ctrines of the gospel from the sermons of a bishop published on e Terms of Salvation, yet against this scheme I may venture to e an argument taken from that book.

Let us suppose, that it was declared in the gospel that there as a certain number of sins, or a certain period of time, beyond hich God would not pardon; and not any particular number, time, was specified to the world: Yet still most men, it is too stly to be feared, would first be led by hope to commit many ns, with a flattering persuasion that they should not come to at number, or arrive at that period; and then, when the habit as become strong, they would be fixed by despair in this opinion, at being probably got past that number of sins, and that period grace, they had even as good continue in their sins, as their clination powerfully directs them; they would go on in great ickedness and say, "There is no hope." And thus we see that en his supposition which seems to take most care of the cause of liness, leaves it not only in a naked, and unguarded, but in a ry desperate condition.

Concerning a day of grace thus much may be said, and this all that I can understand by it, namely, That in the life of a an, there are particular seasons when he enjoys more of the itward means of grace, or advantages for the good of his soul, an at other times; that is, more constant opportunities of aring the word, a more useful and affecting ministry, better mpany, warmer admonitions, and plainer warnings by divine ovidence, more leisure and conveniences for reading, meditaon, and prayer; or if all this continue all his life-time, yet there e seasons when the Spirit of God by his common operations es more powerfully convince of sin, and stir up the conscience duty, and impress his word with more force upon the heart; it being opposed and resisted he is grieved and departs, his orkings grow daily fewer and feebler; or it may be he retires once and leaves the soul in a stupid frame and returns no ore.

Yet we could not say heretofore, That the Spirit of God in s former operations, gave him a full and proximate sufficiency inward converting grace before, since it proved so insufficient the event and ineffectual: Nor can we say now, That his day grace is quite past and gone; because the Spirit of God who sovereign in mercy may return again.

Yet it is a very good motive to urge upon delaying sinners, hat it is a daring and dangerous piece of impiety and rebellion quench the motions of the holy Spirit; lest he depart grieved id never return again, lest he never give them so fair an oppority for conversion, never bring them so near again to the kingom of heaven.

XIV.—*God and Nature unsearchable.*

HOW poor and imperfect a creature is man! How unequal his knowledge of things! How large and almost immensely diffusive his acquaintance with some parts of nature, but how exceeding limited and narrow in others: The man of learning who has the highest temptations to pride, has also the most powerful motives to humility

Man can measure the heavens, tell how many miles the planet Venus is distant from Jupiter, and how far the earth from the sun. He has found out with certainty the periods of their revolutions, and the hour of their eclipses; he can adjust the affairs of the planetary world to a moment, their vast variety of appearances with all their prodigious circuits. But this great artist man is puzzled at a worm or a fly, a grain of sand or a drop of water: There is not the least atom in the whole creation but has questions about it unsearchable to human nature; no, nor the least part of empty space but sets all the wisest philosophers at variance when they attempt to tell what it is, or whether it be any thing or nothing.

This sort of talk, my neighbours will say, is a flourish of wit to teach us to undervalue our reason, a mere rant of rhetoric, an hyperbole of reproach to our understanding: But while I leave it to astronomers to confirm what I have said concerning the vast extent of their acquaintance with the heavens, I shall make it appear, even to demonstration, that our knowledge of the things on earth is as mean as I have exprest in the literal and proper sense.

There is not the least grain of sand on the shore, nor the least atom in the whole creation, but has questions about it unsearchable by human nature.

This atom may be divided into millions of millions of pieces, and after all this the least part of it will be infinitely divisible. The infinite divisibility of matter is so often proved and so universally granted by all modern philosophers, that I need not stand to prove it here: Yet that my unlearned readers may see and believe, I will set down a plain vulgar demonstration or two of this matter.

I. It is certain that if matter be not infinitely divisible, then there is, or may be, so small a part of matter which cannot be divided further: Now take this supposed part, this fancied atom, and put it between the points of a pair of compasses made of stiff and inflexible matter; it is evident that the legs of the compasses in less and less degrees will be divided asunder quite to the centre; and from the points to the centre there is room for still less and less pieces of matter to be put between the legs. Therefore that very supposed atom may be conceived to be

divided still further into less parts, and consequently it was not indivisible.

II. If there be any indivisible part of matter, the shape of it must be spherical, or a perfect globe, wherein every part of the surface is equally distant from the centre; for if you suppose it of any other shape, then some parts of it will be farther from its centre than other parts; and all these longer parts may be shortened or pared off till every part be equally short, or equally distant from the centre; that is, till it be reduced to a globe. Now from the centre of this little globe to the surface, the parts of it are but half so long as from any part of the surface to its opposite part, and therefore this globe may be still divided into two hemispheres or semicircles, which are not the smallest parts of matter that can be, because they are not of a spherical figure as in the beginning of the argument.

And then by a repetition of the same reasoning, those little semi-circles or half globes, by paring of the parts which are farthest from their centre, may be reduced to smaller globes again, and those smaller globes again divided in halves as before: There is no end of these divisions, and therefore matter is infinitely divisible.

To carry on this argument yet further to the surprise of my unlearned readers; let us take notice that all matter has three dimensions in it, namely, length, breadth, and depth: Now every part of matter, every grain of sand, is infinitely divisible as to each of these dimensions; that is, every part which results from an infinite division of the length of it, may be yet again infinitely divided according to its breadth; thus the division of this grain of sand, becomes infinitely infinite. And yet still it may be further infinitely divided according to the depth or thickness of it: Thus the divisibility of matter swells beyond all imagination, and is more than infinitely infinite, and that with resistless evidence and astonishment to the eye of reason.

Go now, vain man, and find fault with any part of the creation of God, and play the foolish critic on his works of providence; go and censure the justice of his conduct toward Adam or any of his children, or blame the wisdom of his institutions in the dispensations of his grace: Monstrous arrogance, and proud impiety! Rather go first and learn what an atom is, or the meanest part of the dust of this vast creation which God has made. It has something of infinity in it, it confounds thee in perplexing darkness, and reaches far beyond all the little stretch of thy boasted powers of reasoning. Be dumb in silence, O vain creature, at the foot of this infinite and eternal being, nor pretend to measure his steps, to censure his motions and direct his conduct, till thou art better able to give an account of the lust which he has put under the feet of the meanest of his slaves.

XV.—*The Diamond painted.*

HOW wide and unhappy a mistake it is when christians endeavour to adorn their pure divine worship by the mixture of it with ceremonies of human invention. The symbolical ordinances of the gospel have a noble simplicity in them: Their materials are water, bread and wine, three of the most necessary and valuable things in human life; and their mystic sense is plain, natural, and easy: By water we are cleansed when we have been defiled; so by the grace of the Holy Spirit we are purified from sin, which pollutes our souls in the sight of God: By bread we are fed when we are hungry, and nourished into strength for service: By wine we are refreshed and revived when thirsty and fainting; so from the body of Christ which was broken as an atoning sacrifice, and his blood which was poured out for us, we derive our spiritual life and strength. The application of these symbols is most simple, and natural also: We are commanded to wash with the water, to eat the bread, and to drink the wine; most proper representations of our participation of these benefits.

Thus much of figures and emblems did the all-wise God think proper to appoint and continue in his church, when he brake the yokes of Jewish bondage, and abolished a multitude of rites and ceremonies of his own ancient appointment. How plain, how natural, how glorious, how divine are these two christian institutions, Baptism and the Lord's-supper, if surveyed and practised in their original simplicity! but they are debased by the addition of any fantastic ornaments.

What think ye of all the gaudy trappings and golden finery that is mingled with the christian worship by the imaginations of men in the church of Rome? Are they not like so many spots and blemishes cast upon a fair jewel by some foolish painter? Let the colours be never so sprightly and glowing, and the lustre of the paint never so rich, yet if you place them on a diamond they are spots and blemishes still. Is not this a just emblem to represent all the gay airs, and rich and glittering accoutrements wherewith the church of Rome hath surrounded her devotions and her public religion?

The reformers of our worship of the church of England were much of this mind, for they boldly pass this censure on many of the Popish ceremonies, "that they entered into the church by undiscreet devotion and zeal without knowledge: They blinded the people, and obscured the glory of God, and are worthy to be cut away and clean rejected: That they did more confound and darken, than declare and set forth Christ's benefits unto us, and reduced us again to a ceremonial law, like that of Moses, and to the bondage of figures and shadows:" This is their sentence and judgment concerning many of the

Romish rites, in the preface to the book of Common Prayer. Happy had it been for Great Britain if they had thought so concerning all of them, since they had all the same or a worse original, and they all tend to the same unhappy end? However, let others take their liberty of colouring all their jewels with what greens and purples and scarlets they please; but for my own part I like a diamond best that has no paint upon it.

XVI.—*Bills of Exchange.* 1705.

WHEN a rich merchant who dwells in a foreign land afar off, commits his treasure to the hands of a banker, it is to be drawn out in smaller sums by his servants or his friends here at home as their necessities shall require; and he furnishes them with bills of exchange drawn upon his banker or treasurer, which are paid honourably to the person who offers the bill, according to the time when the words of the bill appoint the payment.

Is it not possible to draw a beautiful allegory hence to represent the conduct of the blessed God in his promises of grace, without debasing so divine a subject?

God the Father, the spring and fountain of all grace, dwells in regions of light and holiness inaccessible, too far off for us to converse with him or receive supplies from him in an immediate way; but he has sent the Son to dwell in human nature, and constituted him Treasurer of all his blessings, that we might derive perpetual supplies from his hand; he has intrusted him with all the riches of grace and glory; he has laid up infinite stores of love, wisdom, strength, pardon, peace, and consolation in the hands of his Son for this very purpose, to be drawn out thence as fast as the necessities of his saints require. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell. He has received gifts for men." Col. i. 19. Psalm lxviii. 18.

Now all the promises in the bible, are so many bills of exchange drawn by God the Father in heaven upon his Son Jesus Christ, and payable to every pious bearer; that is, to every one that comes to the mercy-seat and offers the promise for acceptance, and pleads it in a way of obedient faith and prayer. Jesus the High-Treasurer of heaven, knows every letter of his Father's hand-writing, and can never be imposed upon by a forged note; he will ever put due honour upon his Father's bills; he accepts them all, for "all the promises in him are yea, and in him amen. In him they are all sure to the glory of the Father; 2 Cor. i. 20. It is for the Father's honour that his bills never fail of acceptance and payment.

If you apply to the blessed Jesus and offer him a bill of the largest sum, a promise of the biggest blessings, he will never say, "I have not so much of my Father's treasure in my hand." For he has received all things. John iii. 35. "The Father

loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand:" And may I not venture to say, This whole treasure is made over to the saints, "All things are yours;" 1 Cor. iii. 22. And they are parcelled out into bills of promise, and notes under the Father's hand. So the whole treasure of a nation sometimes consists in credit and in promissory notes more than in present sums of gold and silver.

Some of these divine bills are payable at sight, and we receive the sum as soon as we offer the bill, namely, those that must supply our present wants; such as, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me:" Psalm l. 15. And there have been many examples of such speedy payment. Psalm cviii. 3. "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul."

Some are only payable in general at a distant time, and that is left to the discretion of Christ the treasurer, namely, "As thy day is so thy strength shall be;" Deut. xxxiii. 25. and we need never fear trusting him long, for this bank in the hands of Christ can never fail; "for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily:" Col. ii. 9. And Eph. iii. 8. we are told of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Sometimes Christ may put us off with a general kind answer, or give us a note under his hand payable at demand in several parcels, instead of a full payment all at once: Thus he dealt with his dear friend and servant Paul, in 2 Cor. xii. 9. Doubtless Paul, in his seeking the Lord thrice for the removal of his thorn in the flesh, had pleaded several large promises of God, had offered those divine bills to Christ for acceptance and payment; but instead of this our Lord gives him a note under his own hand, which ran in this language, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And if we had but the faith which that blessed apostle had, we might live upon this hope. This would be as good as present payment; for if he delay to give the full sum, it is only because he sees we have not need of it at present: He knows our necessities better than we ourselves; he will not trust us with too much at once in our own hands; but he pays us those bills when he sees the fittest time, and we have often found it so, and confest his faithfulness.

At other times he pays us, but not in the same kind of mercy, which is mentioned in the promise, yet in something more useful and valuable. If the promise mention a temporal blessing, he may give us a spiritual one: if it express ease, he may give patience: and thus his Father's bills are always honoured, and we have no reason to complain. So the banker may discharge a bill of a hundred pounds not with money, but with such goods and merchandise as may yield us two hundred, and we gladly confess the bill is well paid.

Some of these promises, these bills of heavenly treasure, 'e not made payable till the hour of our death, as, " Blessed 'e those servants whom when the Lord comes he shall find atching, &c." Luke xii. 37. " He that endureth to the end, ıe same shall be saved." Mat. xxiv. 13. " Be thou faithful to e death and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. ii. 10.

Others are not due till the day of the resurrection; as, Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." 1 Thess. . 14. " I will redeem them from death." Hos. xiii. 14. Col. iii. " When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye so appear with him in glory." Phil. iii. 21. " He shall change ır vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious ıdy." 1 Pet. v. 4. " And when the chief Shepherd shall ıpear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Now when the great day shall come in which our Lord esus Christ shall give up his mediatorial kingdom to the ather, and render an account of all his stewardship, how fair ill his books appear! How just a balance will stand at the foot ' all his accounts! Then shall he show in what manner he has lfilled the promises to the saints, and present to the Father all e bills that he has received and discharged; while all the saints all with one voice attest it to the honour of the High-Treasurer heaven, that he has not failed in payment even to the smallest rthing.

XVII.—*The Saints unknown in this World.*

OUT of the millions of mankind that spread over the earth every age, the great God has been pleased to take some into ı own family, has given them a heavenly and divine nature, d made them his sons and his daughters. But he has set no tward mark of glory upon them; there is nothing in their ;ure or in their countenance to distinguish them from the rabble mankind. And it is fit that they should be in some measure known among their fellow-mortals: Their character and dig- y is too sacred and sublime to be made public here on earth, ıere the circumstances that attend them are generally so mean d despicable. Divine wisdom has appointed the other world · the place of their full discovery; there they shall appear like emselves, in state equipage and array becoming the children of ɔd and the heirs of heaven.

Their blessed Lord himself who is God's first-born Son, was ɔere stranger and unknown amongst men; he laid aside the rays divinity and the form of a God when he came down to dwell th men, and he took upon him the form of a servant. He wore divine majesty on his face, no sparks of godhead beaming m his eyes, no glaring evidence of his high dignity in all his out- rd appearance. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because knew him not. But he shall be known and adored when he

comes in the glory of his Father with legions of angels, and we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him. The life of the saints is hidden with Christ in God. But when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, they also shall appear with him in glory. 1 *John* iii. 1, 2. *Col.* iii. 3, 4. In that day they shall stand forth before the whole creation in fair evidence; they shall shine in distinguished light, and appear vested in their own undoubted honours. But here it seems proper there should be something of a cloud upon them, both upon the account of the men of this world, andupon their own account too, as well as in conformity to Christ Jesus our Lord.

First, Upon their own account, because the present state of a christian is a state of trial. We are not to walk by sight as the saints above and angels do; they know they are possessed of life and blessedness, for they see God himself near them, Christ in the midst of them, and glory all around them. Our work is to live by faith, and therefore God has not made either his love to us or his grace in us so obvious and apparent to ourselves, as that every christian, even the weak and the unwatchful, should be fully assured of this salvation. He has not appointed the principle of life within us to sparkle in so divine a manner as to be always self-evident to the best of christians, much less to the lukewarm and the backslider. It is fit that it should not be too sensibly manifest, because it is so sensibly imperfect, that we might examine ourselves whether we are in the faith, and prove ourselves, whether Christ, as a principle of life, dwell in us, or no. 2 *Cor.* xiii. 5. While so many snares, and sins, and dangers attend us, and mingle with our spiritual life, there will be something of darkness ready to rise and obscure it, that so we may maintain a holy jealousy and solicitude about our own state, that we may search with diligence to find whether we have a divine life or no, and be called and urged often to look inwards.

This degree of remaining darkness, and the doubtful state of a slothful christian, is sometimes of great use to spur him onward in his race of holiness, and quicken him to aspire after the highest measures of the spiritual life; that when its acts are more vigorous it may shine with the brightest evidence, and give the soul of the believer full satisfaction and joy. It serves also to awaken the drowsy christian to keep a holy watch over his heart and practice, lest sin and temptation make a foul inroad upon his divine life, spread still a thicker cloud over his best hopes, and break the peace of his conscience. Though the principle of grace be not always self-evident, yet we are required to give diligence to make and to keep it sure. 2 *Pet.* i. 10. And as it was proper that every little seed of grace should not shine with self-sufficient and constant evidence on the account of the christian himself, so, secondly, it was fit that their state and dignity should not be too obvious to the men of the world, that they might

r adore nor destroy the saints. A principle of superstition tempt some weaker souls to pay extravagant honours to ristian, if he carried heaven in his face, and it were visible countenance that he was the Son of God. On the other the malicious and perverse part of mankind might imitate ge of Satan, and attempt the sooner to destroy the saint.

This was the case of the blessed Paul. When he had ght a miracle at Lystra, and appeared with something divine him, when he had healed the cripple by a mere word of and, the people cried out with exalted voices, "The Gods me down to us in the likeness of men;" immediately they a Mercury of St. Paul, they turned Barnabas into Jupiter, he priest brought oxen and garlands to the gates to have sacrifice to them; this was the humour of the superstitious les. But in several of the Jews their malice and envy ght a very different effect; for they persuaded the people ary, so that they stoned the blessed Apostle, and drew him the city for dead. Acts xiv.

Thus it fared with our Lord Jesus Christ himself in the days flesh: For the most part he lived unknown among men, he ot cry nor make his voice be heard in the streets; but when covered himself to them on any special occasion, the people nto different extremes. Once when the characters of the ah appeared with evidence upon him, they would have him to a throne, and made an earthly king of him. John . At another time, when his holy conduct did not suit their ur, they were "filled with wrath, and led him to the brow hill to cast him down headlong." Luke iv. 29. Therefore essed Lord did not walk through the streets, and tell the he was the Messiah; but by degrees he let the characters mission appear upon him, and discovered himself in wisdom disciples and the world could bear it, and as the Father ppointed.

Let us imitate our blessed Lord, and copy after so divine a n; let our works bear a bright and growing witness to our d and real christianity. This is such a gentle sort of evi, that though it may work conviction in the hearts of specta- yet it does not strike the sense with so glaring a light as to e the weaker sort who behold it, into superstitious folly; nor it give such provocation to the envy of the malicious, as if ints had borne the sign of their high dignity in some more ising manner in their figure or countenance.

might add also, There is something in this sort of evidence eir saintship, that carries more true honour in it, than if heavenly name had been written in their forehead, or their ad shone like the face of Moses when he came down from

the mount. It is a more sublime glory for a Prince to be found amongst the vulgar in undistinguished raiment, and by his superior conduct and shining virtues to force the world to confess that he is the Son of a King, than to walk through the rabble with ensigns of royalty, and demand honour from them by the mere blaze of his ornaments.

XVIII.—*Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Sion.* Psalm lxv. 1.

AND does praise wait for God in the congregation of his saints? Surely it doth not use to be so. Mercy uses to be beforehand with us, and the Lord waiteth to be gracious. Mercy is wont to be ready in the hands of God, before praise is ready on the tongues of men; and we are sure he waited on us to shew his grace long before we had any songs ready for him, or any thought of praising him.

Yet sometimes it is so in this lower world: Holy souls may be waiting at the throne of grace with their praises ready to ascend as soon as mercy appears: Mercy may be silent for a season, and then praise for a season is silent too. This is the original language of the Psalm, and this is the state of things when the Psalmist wrote; "Praise is silent for thee in Sion." When the church of God under trouble has been long seeking any particular blessing or deliverance, and God's appointed hour of salvation is not yet come, then the songs of the church are silent: Yet she stands watching and waiting for the desired moment, that she may meet the salvation with praise.

But why should God suffer praise to be silent at all in Zion? Is not the church the habitation of his praises? Yes, but it is the house of prayer too: Prayer and patience must have their proper exercise. If praise were never silent on earth, where would there be any room for prayer to speak? When would there be any season for the grace of patience to shew itself? God loves prayer as well as praise: His sovereignty is honoured by humble waiting, as well as his goodness by holy gratitude and joy. If praise be silent, then let prayer be more fervent. The absent Saviour loves to hear the voice of his beloved; the lips of the church must never be quite silent, though they are not always employed in hallelujahs.

Praise is the sweetest part of divine worship; it is a short heaven here on earth. God lets our praises be silent sometimes, to teach us that this is not a state of complete blessedness. After the great day of decision, praise shall be continual and unceasing, when there shall be no more sighing for the saints, no more death, no more pain. Then churches shall want ordinances no more, nor saints abstain from the bread of life. Jesus their everlasting Pastor shall feed them in pastures ever green, and from the tree of life, and lead them to the fountains of joy and the

streams where eternal pleasures run. O may our souls wait with joyful hope for that day, and our praises shall not be silent.

Yet it is not with the church as it is with the world when praise is silent in both. It is ever silent among the wicked, because they are forgetful of God their Maker; it is only silent among the saints for a season, when their God seems to frown and hide himself, and as it were to forget his people.

Besides, Let us consider that all praise is not silent there. Daily incense arises before God in his temple, though particular thank-offerings wait till particular mercies are received. Praise for love, for the sanctifying Spirit, is never silent in Sion. Ps. lxxxiv. 4. "Blessed are they that dwell in thine house, they will be still praising thee." But praise for some special favours may be silent for a season, as well as that large revenue of praise that shall grow due at the accomplishment of all the promises and the consummation of blessedness.

Again, The praises of God are silent in the world without any design of breaking forth, but the silence of the church longs to be lost in joyful songs of thanksgiving. It is like an engine charged with praise that wants only the warm touch of mercy to make it thine with the glories of heavenly worship, and sound aloud the name of the God of Zion.

Sometimes God is as well pleased that praise should wait with humble silence, as that it should speak. It shews a well-disposed frame and temper of soul that longs to honour God. The hearts of his saints are instruments of music to the Lord; he has formed their souls for their glory, and tuned their heart-strings to his own praise. Now he loves to see them kept still in tune, though he does not always play his own praises upon them; he neither wants our services nor our songs, for his own perfections are an everlasting harmony to himself, without the slender notes that we can sound.

We may make this sweet remark at last, That Zion on earth shall be joined to Jerusalem above; the family below shall be joined to the upper house, for they have learnt the work of heaven, their hearts are tuned to praise; they want only such harps as angels have, to bring glory down and make a heaven on this earth. In the 1 Chron. xi. 4. we are told that David took Zion from the Jebusites, and built it round about, and added it to Jerusalem. So shall Jesus the true David, the King of saints, take this earthly Zion from the powers of this wicked world, and shall build and adorn it around with glory and strength, with perfect beauty and complete grace, and add it to the Jerusalem which is above. Look upwards, O souls who are full of praises, and are even impatient to speak the glories of your God, look to

Jerusalem above, where praise is constant and never ceasing, and rejoice to think that you shall be made inhabitants of that city, and united to the glorious church. It is your chief pleasure here to be praising your God, and it is the chief pleasure of your fellow-saints on high: Where happiness is perfect, praise is perfect too and never silent.

It is the chief delight of happy souls there to run over the glories of their God, and tell one another joyfully, and humbly tell their God, what a wise, what a holy, what an almighty and all-gracious God he is. Every breath of praise is a new gale of pleasure there; it is sweet breathing in air perfumed with praises, and this climate is most agreeable to your new nature and your constitution, you that are members and parts of Zion; and you shall be translated thither to your kindred souls. In heaven the river of pleasure springs from God's right hand, because Jesus the Saviour sits there. It is a river that makes glad the city of God, and every stream, as it flows along the golden streets, murmurs sweet praises to the fountain.

But heaven and the state of glory are not yet complete: The church waits above for many promises that are not yet fulfilled, and future blessings that are yet unknown. The work of grace is not finished till the great resurrection-day; and heaven itself, in all the blissful regions of it, waits for such praises as the ear of men or angels has never yet heard.

While the whole church of God on earth is in a state of imperfection and trial, a state of sins and sorrows, praise waits in all the sanctuaries below, and in Zion above too. The souls in glory wait for complete salvation and the redemption of their bodies from the grave. On the harps of angels, praise sits waiting, and it waits also on the tongue of Jesus the intercessor. His prayers shall one day change all at once into praises, and lift the praises of angels and of embodied saints to higher notes than ever yet they knew. O the voices, and the songs, the joys, the raptures of that moment, of that day, of that eternity, when such a multitude of praises shall burst out at once, that have been waiting long in that Zion, and shall become an everlasting praise! When Jesus the Son of God, the Mediator, shall lead the worship, and the praises that have been growing these seventeen hundred years on his tongue, shall break forth and spread themselves abroad, and all the creation shall hear, and all echo to his song, glory to God in the highest. This is what we wait and hope for, and long to bear a part in these pleasures and those praises.

XIX.—Job xxiii. 3. *O that I knew where I might find him!*

AMONG all the various kinds and orders of God's intellectual creation, there is not one that uses this language besides a mourning saint in this lower world. As for all other spirits,

whether dwelling in flesh or not, their wishes are exprest in a very different manner, nor do they seek and long to find out an absent God.

If we ascend up to heaven and enquire there what are the wishes of those blessed spirits, we shall find that their enjoyments are so glorious and their satisfactions rise so high in the immediate presence, of God amongst them, that they have nothing of this nature left to wish for: They know that their God is with them, and all their wish is, what they are assured to enjoy, that this God will be with them for ever.

If we descend to the regions of hell where God reigns in vengeance, we shall hear those unhappy spirits groaning out many a fruitless wish, "O that I knew where I might avoid him, that I might get out of his sight, out of his notice and reach for ever. I feel his dreadful presence, and O that it were possible for me to be utterly absent from him and to find a place where God is not!"

If we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the utmost parts of the eastern or the western world, we shall find the language of those ignorant heathens, "O that I knew where I might find food, and plenty, and all sensual delights!" but they lend not a wish after the great God, though he has been so many ages absent from them and their fathers. He is unknown to them, and they have no desires working in them after an unknown God.

If we tarry at home and survey the bulk of mankind around us, the voice of their wishes sounds much the same as that of the heathen world, "O that I knew where I might find trade and merchandise, riches and honours, corn, wine and oil, the necessaries, or the superfluous luxuries of life!" but God is not in all their thoughts. If they frequent the temples and attend the seasons of worship, they are well enough satisfied with outward forms without the sight of God in them. There is no natural man that with a sincere longing of soul cries out, "O that I knew where to find him!"

As for the children of God that live in the light of their Father's countenance, they walk with him daily and hourly, they behold him near them by the eye of faith, and they feel the sweet influences of his gracious presence; their highest ambition and their dearest wishes are, "O that he might abide for ever with me, and keep me for ever near to himself!"

The words of this scripture therefore can only be the language of a saint on earth in distress and darkness, when God who was wont to visit him with divine communications, and to meet him in his addresses to the throne of grace, has withdrawn himself for a season, and left the soul to grapple with many difficulties alone.

This was the case of that holy man whose sorrows and complaints have furnished out almost a whole book of scripture, and supplied the saints in all succeeding ages with the forms and speeches of pious mourning. It is the voice of a sacred impatience that Job here utters, "O that I knew where I might find him!" and by a plain paraphrase we may learn both the meaning and the reason of such language, and be taught by his example to lament after an absent God.

Let us suppose the saint therefore pouring out his soul in such sort of expressions as these, in which I shall not entirely confine myself to the darkness of the patriarchal dispensation under which Job lived, but indulge in the language of the New Testament and personating a mourning christian.

Time was when I had a God near me, and upon every new distress and difficulty I made him my present refuge; I was wont to call upon him in an hour of darkness, and he shone upon my path with divine light. He has often taught me to read my duty in his providences, or in his word, or by some secret hints of his own Spirit, even while I have been kneeling at the throne of grace; but now I find not my usual signs and tokens. My Guide and my Counsellor is withdrawn; "O that I knew where I might find him!"

He was once my kind Assistant in every duty, and my support under every burden: I have found the grace of my Lord sufficient for me in my sharpest conflicts, his strength has appeared in my weakness. When my spiritual enemies have beset me round, he has scattered them before me, or subdued them under me; and being held up by his everlasting arms, I have stood my ground, and borne up head under the weight of heavy sorrows; but now I am attacked on all sides, my soul wrestles hard with sins and temptations, and I find no assistance, no victory: I sink under my present sorrows: for my God, my strength, and my Comforter is absent, and afar off; "O that I knew where I might find him!"

My God was wont to deal with me as a compassionate friend; when Satan accused, he has justified. He has shown me the all-sufficient sacrifice of his Son, and that spotless righteousness of his, which has answered all the demands of his own holy law, and cancelled all the charges of guilt that the devil or my own conscience could bring against me. He has taught me by faith to put my soul under the sprinklings of this sacred blood, and to wrap around me the robe of this divine righteousness; he himself has arrayed me in garments of salvation. But now the army of my sins rises up before me and overwhelms my spirit with many terrors; Satan the accuser urges on the charge, and my Saviour and his righteousness are as it were hidden from me. "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Many a censure have I borne from men, and had my reputation assaulted, and my good name blackened with many a scandal. But when man reproached me, God has undertook my cause, and made my righteousness shine as the light, and my innocence as the noon-day; I could then pour out my soul before him, tell him all my sorrows in flowing language, and feel sweet relief; but now, alas, troubles and reproaches are multiplied upon me, and he does not seem to take my part; my spirit is bound and shut up, and I am cut off from that free converse, that humble holy intimacy which I once enjoyed with my God; I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud but there is no judgment. Will he not help me to pray? Will he not hear my groans and requests? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? yet I would seek his face still, and "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Often have I seen him in his own ordinances in the place of public worship; I have seen his power and his glory in the sanctuary: I have found him in secret corners, and my meditation of him has been exceeding sweet. In dark retirements he has smiled on my soul, and has often given me reviving light. I have found him in his works, and I have had a fairer sight of him in his word; I can name the places, the pleasant lines in my bible, and say, "I have seen the face of my God here;" But now the bible itself is like a sealed book, or like a strange language which I cannot understand; I hear not the voice of my God speaking to me there; I go forward to his promises, and read what he will do for his people, but I perceive him not; backward to his past providences or to my own experiences, and review what he has done, but there is a darkness there too: I turn to my left-hand amongst his works of nature, but I do not see him; I seek him on my right-hand amongst his works of grace, but still he hides himself that I cannot behold him. Ver. 8, 9. "I wander in the night and enquire after him, I watch for him more than they that watch for the morning, I say more than they that watch for the morning; O that I knew where I might find him!"

And it is no wonder that I am so impatient under the painful sense of his present distance from me, and so importunate for his return: for I have known the dreadful case of utter distance from him in a state of nature and sin, and I have tasted something of the pleasure of being brought nigh by grace, and now I dread every thing that looks like that old distance, that estrangement; I would fain renew those divine pleasures of a returning and a reconciled God: "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Beside, I bethink myself and say, "What shall I do without a God!" for I find all creatures utterly insufficient to relieve and

help me; and I have known something of God's all-sufficiency; he has been my helper in six troubles and in seven; he is my only hope: When creatures stand aloof from me, and each of them say, "There is no help in me," whither should I go then but to my God? "O that I knew where I might find him!"

I have been so much used to live upon him, and found his divine aids and influences so necessary to my life and my peace, that I sink and die at his absence. I feel within myself a sort of heavenly instinct that I want his presence, and cannot live without him. I know he stands in no need of me, for he gives to all his creatures life and breath, and being; but I need his counsels and his comforts, his strength and his love: My soul is touched with such a divine influence that it cannot rest while God withdraws, as the needle trembles and hunts after the hidden loadstone. If my God retire and hide himself, he will forgive a creature that loves him so well as to follow hard after him without ceasing, and is impatient and restless till he search him out: "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Though God is pleased to depart from me for a season, yet I cannot let go all my hope; he hides himself from my soul, yet I dare not think him an enemy, but only a concealed friend: If I could get near him, even to his seat, I know I should find it a mercy-seat, though perhaps judgment may sit there too. It is a throne of grace, says a christian, because Jesus is there with the blood of atonement; and having such an high-priest over the house of God, and such a new and living way of access by the blood of Christ, I will seek after him and address myself to him; I will confess mine iniquities before him, and be sorry for my sins, which may have beclouded or eclipsed my heavenly sun, and hid his face from me; I fear I have grieved his blessed Spirit, and provoked him to withdraw his kind influences of light, strength and comfort; nor will I cease grieving for his absence till he return again.

Come, O eternal Spirit, come and visit my poor dark and disconsolate soul; come and awaken all my powers to follow hard after my Father and my God. Come invigorate my faith, and lead me to the Mediator, the blessed Jesus; come, open to me the promises and let me into the covenant of his unchangeable love ratified and sealed with blood. If ever I find my God again, it is there, I know, I must find him; Christ is the only way to the Father. It is by the interest of his Son I shall get near to him, even to his seat; then will I pour out all my woes and my wants in his sight, I will order my cause before him and fill my mouth with arguments. Will he plead against me with his great power? No, but he will put strength in me, and assist and suffer me to prevail with him.

Then, when I have found him whom my soul loveth, I will

hold him fast and not let him go: I will charge all the powers and passions of my nature not to yield to one sinful practice, nor provoke him to depart; for he is my everlasting and my almighty friend.

Then, though I should have a thousand enemies set themselves against me me, I would not be afraid; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I have found my God, and my God is with me.

XX.—*The Figure of a Cherub.*

A CHERUB is a name used in scripture to denote some angelic power or powers under the figure of some strange animal; The plural number in the Hebrew is Cherubim, which signifies Cherubs, and I know not how our translators of the bible came so often to speak of Cherubims, adding an s to the Hebrew plural number instead of the English plural, namely, Cherubs. Perhaps some learned writers using the word Cherubini in Latin instead of Cherubi, might lead them into this grammatical irregularity.

The Jews themselves greatly differ about the form or figure of a Cherub. Josephus in his Antiquities, Book III. chap. 6. tells us, That cherubs are flying animals, like to none that were ever seen by man, and whose form no man knoweth. Abenezra, a learned Jew, supposes it to be a general name extending itself to all forms or figures, though in the writings of Moses he supposes it to come nearer the figure of a young man or boy.

Some have imagined that the mere face of a boy with wings is sufficient to describe a cherub, and accordingly such figures are wrought into the ornaments of buildings and curtains, &c. but I know no just ground for this imagination, except it be that those on the ark were beaten out of the same mass of gold which made the mercy-seat: and it must be confest this sort of figure is more easy to be thus formed than any tall shape with a body and feet; Exod xxv. 10. and xxxvii. 7.

It is generally represented in scripture like some strange living creature with one or more faces, having both wings and feet: When it has four faces, they are borrowed from a man, an ox, a lion and an eagle: the wings are described as very large, and the feet, when they are particularly described, are like those of an ox or calf: but whether the whole figure be more like that of an ox or of a man, the learned are not agreed. This is certain, that the several scriptures wherein cherubs are mentioned, can hardly be reconciled without supposing them represented in different forms, sometimes nearer to one of those forms, and sometimes to the other. If therefore after all our searches we cannot come to a full determination, we must be content to acknowledge our ignorance, though perhaps by diligent enquiry we may come pretty near to the truth.

If we consult the derivation of the word it seems to come from כרב Charab, which in the Chaldee, Syriac and Arabic languages signifies 'to plow,' which is the known work of oxen. This favours the sentiment of those who describe it as a flying ox.

Others tell us that כרוב cherub, in Arabic is 'a ship that caries merchandise,' and that a cherub is a chariot of God, appointed to carry the Shecinah, or bright glory, which is the symbol of God's presence; and therefore God is said to ride upon a cherub. Psalm xviii. 11. ירכב על כרוב *jirchab al cherub*, he rode on a cherub: and Psalm civ. 3. it is said he maketh the clouds his chariot, רכנב *rechub*, so that by the transposition of a letter, which is frequent with the Hebrews it seems to signify a chariot: and in 1 Chron. xxviii. 18. cherubs upon the ark are called 'the chariots of the cherubims,' and the whole figure in Ezekiel's vision had wheels all about it as a chariot, and yet it is sometimes called the cherub in the singular and sometimes cherubim or cherubs.

All this is true; but in a chariot there are generally some animals represented as moving, drawing or carrying it. And though in Ezekiel's vision it is a living or animated chariot with living wheels which had the spirit of the animals in them, Ezek. i. 20. yet there are winged animals to move it, or to move with it. The whole is composed of four living creatures which had faces and wings, and feet and hands, joined together in a living machine with wheels, and the God of glory rode upon it. But let us proceed and consider several scriptures more particularly and in order.

The first place where we find the name mentioned is Gen. iii. ult. "God placed cherubs and a flaming sword to guard the way to the tree of life." This does not seem to mean a chariot or chariots, but living creatures; if they were in the shape of men, then a flaming sword is waving in their hands. If in the form of flying oxen, then with flames about them, flashing out like a sword from their eyes, nostrils or mouth. Perhaps the brazen-footed bulls breathing out flames which guarded the golden fleece in Colchos, may be derived hence by the fabulous Greeks.

"——————— Adamanteis Vulcanum naribus efflant
"Æripides Tauri."

Ovid.

Or, as the Greeks were went to compound and divide stories at pleasure, these bulls might keep the gardens of the Hesperides where golden apples grew, that is, by the fabling inter pretation, the fruit of the tree of life; though generally I confess a dragon is made the guardian of them, which wild fable might arise from the serpent being there; Gen. iii. 1. for stories taken from the bible are variously mangled and confounded by the heathens.

Some have supposed indeed these cherubs and flaming rord are only *flaming division* visible, made of burning pitch ıd such materials, and that this was kindled in the borders of at ground to guard it from men, and that it is attributed to ıgels after the Jewish manner: Others think it the divine hecinah itself guarding the passage to the tree of life, and ıerubs are added by Moses to represent God's being attended ith invisible angels. But neither of these two last suppositions rry probability with them, because the word cherub is never ıed in narratives for mere invisible powers, nor for visible in-ıimate beings; but it always signifies some visible figure of one ıimated being or more joined together, though it is designed to ·note these invisible angelic powers.

The next scripture where it is mentioned is Ex. xxv. 18. mong the orders given to Moses for making the ark and the ercy-seat, with the two cherubs to cover it with their wings, ıe at one end and the other at the other end. Ver. 19, 20. * nd whatsoever figure belonged to these cherubs which is so ıuch unknown to us, it was certainly a common idea and well nown figure to the Jews in that day; for Moses doth not con-rn himself to give any particular description of them as he does most of every thing else, and yet the Jewish artificers made em right.

Some think that these two cherubs on the ark were in the ıape of flying oxen, something near to that figure, and that for ıese reasons:

1. Because both their faces looked toward one another, and :t both faces downward toward the mercy-seat; Ex. xxv. 20. ıd xxxvii. 9. which posture and description is well suited to an :, but not so happily adapted to the figure and aspect of the ce of a man.

2. Because the same face which is called the face of an ox; zek. i. 10. is called the face of a cherub; Ezek. x. 14. and ıus a cherub's face is actually and expressly distinguished from at of a man, and determined to be the face of an ox.

3. Because God is said to ride upon a cherub; Ps. xviii.). Though this be a metaphorical expression to describe the ·andeur and majesty of God, yet the metaphor must be derived om some correspondent sensible figure: Now the figure of a

* The Cherubs in Solomon's temple stand in another situation; 1 *Kings* vi. 23. r they are placed side by side, so that their four wings reached the whole length the most holy place. But these seem to be made as some further attendants on : Shecinah or divine glory, besides the two cherubs which were on the mercy-ıt; for it was the very same ark which Moses made that was introduced into lomon's temple; 1 *Kings* viii. 6. and the cherubs on it were beaten out of the ne mass of gold which made the mercy-seat or covering of the ark; *Exod.* xvii. 7. 8. so that it is most likely those ancient cherubs continued there ll, and Solomon's were additional attendants in the most holy place, of nuch larger size and overshadowing those on the mercy-seat.

winged ox, or at least of a chariot carried or drawn by winged oxen, is a much fitter vehicle to ride upon in glory and grandeur, in majesty and terror, than the figure of a man.

4. Aaron's calf is reasonably supposed to be a cherub, for neither he nor his abettors can well be imagined so foolish as to make the figure of a mere calf, as some would have it, or of the Egyptian god Apis, who was worshipped under the form of an ox, when it was made as an idol for the Israelites to adore, since the Egyptian gods as well as men partook of the vengeance of the God of Israel for the oppression of his people; Numb. xxxiii. 4.

It is therefore much more credible that Aaron's calf was designed as a visible symbol of the presence of the God of Israel, even that very God who released them from their Egyptian masters. The proclamation as made before the image was this, "These are thy gods, O Israel, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt;" Exod. xxxii. 4. It would be contrary to all reason to represent the Egyptian gods as bringing Israel from Egypt, for then they would have been kinder to the Israelites who were strangers, than they were to their own worshippers the Egyptians. Besides, it was a feast to Jehovah, the God of Israel, which they celebrated; Exod. xxxii. 5. and therefore it is more likely that Aaron's calf was some symbol of the presence of the God of Israel; and that it might be the figure of a cherub, on or over which they would suppose the divine Shecinah or glory of God to sit, for so it appeared on the ark when it was made, and so it appeared in Ezekiel's visions; Ezek. i. 26—28. and x. 18, 19. So David describes it, Ps. xviii. 10. when the God of Israel rode on a cherub.

Shall it be said, that Aaron had not yet received the order for making the cherubs on the ark, and therefore could not know the figures? But I answer, that Cherubs were well known to the Jews of that age, as I hinted before, since Moses gives no description of them to instruct the artificers: They were known of old, probably to the patriarchs and to mankind, as emblems of divine majesty and terror guarding the way to the tree of life; Gen. iii. 24. and some have supposed that Aaron with his sons and seventy elders saw God in the mount; Exod. xxiv. 20. riding on a cherub as in Ezek. i. since the other part of that description of God in Exodus is much like that in Ezek. i. 26. and x. 1. But I proceed to another argument to prove cherubs to be flying oxen.

5. Another reason why a cherub is supposed to be a winged ox is this, Jeroboam the king of Israel is most reasonably supposed to imitate the worship of Jerusalem, when he set up golden calves at Dan and Bethel, and thus to represent God dwelling between the cherubs on the mercy-seat, that the other tribes of

srael might have the same worship as the Jews at Jerusalem, nd that the ten tribes might not be inclined to go up to Jerusaem to worship, and be in danger of returning to their king Rehoboam again; for it is hardly to be supposed that Jeroboam should so soon persuade all the ten tribes into such gross idolary as to worship mere calves, though the scripture calls them so, as usually it does all idols by some word of contempt.

This idolatry or worshipping a mere calf would have been oo plain and too gross to be imposed upon the people at first, and that so soon after their separation from Judah and Jerusalem, this being so expressly contrary to the second command, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven, or earth, or the water, &c." Now if we suppose a cherub to be the figure of a winged ox, or any other winged figure with the face and feet of an ox superadded, it will not be the likeness or image of any thing in heaven, earth or water, and consequently Jeroboam might persuade the people that this was not plainly forbidden; nay, more, that it was ordered by Moses in the tabernacle, and such figures were in the temple.

Let it be further added, that when the worship of Baal was introduced into Israel by Ahab, it seems to be a different idol from the calves at Dan and Bethel, and yet it was something a-kin to it. The image of Baal was the image of a heifer as we are told in the first chapter of Tobit, ver. 5. and it is evident that Baal is sometimes in the feminine. See 1 Kings xvi. 31. in the Septuagint; 1 Kings xix. 18. and the citation of that text in Rom. xi. 4. But if Baal was a common heifer, it is probable these calves of Jeroboam were something different; for it is plain from many scriptures that Baal was an idol of the Canaanites which Ahab worshipped, when both king and people had grown bold in their idolatry: But the calves were designed by Jeroboam for symbols of the presence of Jehovah the God of Israel, and therefore probably they were not common calves, but cherubs, or winged oxen, or a figure near a-kin to those in the temple of Jerusalem.

6. It is further added as another reason, that though the tribe of Judah imitated Israel in all their other shapes of idolatry, yet they never imitated Jeroboam's calves: Now what reason can be given for this, unless it be because the Jews are supposed to have had the very originals at Jerusalem, that is, the cherubs upon the mercy seat, in the form of flying calves or oxen.

These arguments seem to carry great weight with them, yet others have supposed the cherub to be a winged man, because it is described often with one face at least as a man, and also with hands in scripture. Some of the Jews say it is a young man in beauty and vigour, because it has been generally taken for

granted that the cherubs represent angels, which are God's attendants, whose vigour and beauty are ever fresh and immortal, and angels, they say, always appear under the figure of men: and they suppose that in this form, multitudes of them were wrought in the curtains and veil, and all the parts of the tabernacle and temple, as intimating the presence of angels where God dwells.

It is granted that cherubs represent angelic powers, attending on the great God, but whether the form of a winged man were wrought on the curtains or veil is yet in doubt: and whether this argument be sufficient to outweigh all that is said in favour of the shape of winged oxen, let the reader judge.

This I think is remarkable, that though angels are always introduced speaking as men with a voice, and seraphs also speak, as Is. vi. 3, 6, 7. yet I do not find that cherubs ever spoke: and when Ezekiel tells us in so distinguishing a manner, they had the hands of a man under their wings; Ezek. i. 8. it looks as if all the rest of their parts were not exactly those of a man, but of a creature which is not so much designed to perform rational or humane offices, since it appears there and in other places as some kind of living vehicle or divine equipage, rather than as a rational attendant on the majesty of God, exercising its intellectual powers.

Perhaps we have not any place of scripture from which we can derive the complete figure of a cherub better than the first, and tenth, and forty-first chapters of Ezekiel; for all the four animals in Ezekiel's vision, which are mentioned Ezek. i. 5. and x. 14. are several times called cherubs.

If we enquire what their body or general figure was, the prophet says, it was the figure or likeness of a man; Ezek. i. 5. But each of them had four faces, and each had four wings, ver. 6. Their legs were straight, probably like the fore legs of a calf or ox, or like that of a man; and their feet were cloven as an ox's foot, ver. 7. Under their wings they had the hands of a man on their four sides, ver. 8.

Each of them had the face of a man before, and this stood in the middle between the face of a lion on the right side and the face of an ox or a calf on the left-side; and the face of an eagle perhaps was placed in the middle above them or behind, though it is not expressly said it was behind, or above; but it is probable the four faces looked four different ways.

But here it must be observed, that what is called the face of an ox: Ezek. i. 10. is called the face of a cherub, supposing them the same; Ezek. x. 14. A cherub has also the feet of a calf or ox as before mentioned. So that a cherub appears upon the whole to be nearer to the figures of a winged ox and a man *with* wings, than to any other creature, for it has the hands,

body, and face of a man, and it has also the face and feet of an ox: It has nothing of a lion but the face, and that is not always mentioned: It has indeed the wings of an eagle always, but an eagle's face is mentioned as one part of a cherub no where else but in this vision.

Note, This vision does not describe whether each of those animals had four feet or two; but it is probable they had but two feet, because it is said, they had the likeness of a man, that is, the figure of his body.

It is plain they had four wings, ver. 6. two of their wings were stretched upward as for flight, and two covered their bodies, that is, the lower part of their body, for which decency requires a covering. It is very ridiculous to describe them, as some painters do, like naked boys with little wings on their shoulders only.

In these four various faces, the various properties of angels seem to be represented, namely, The understanding and beauty of a man, the obedience and labour or diligence of an ox, the courage and strength of a lion, together with the sharp sight and swiftness of an eagle in fulfilling the commands of God, and in administering his providence.

It may not be improper also to take notice here, that these four creatures, namely, a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle, are unanimously reported by the Jews, though not with sufficient proof, to have been wrought upon the standards of the four leading tribes of the camp of Israel as they are ranged, Numb. ii. namely, a lion the standard of Judah, a man the standard of Reuben, an ox the standard of Ephraim, and an eagle the standard of Dan. And these also were the figures of the four living creatures, in Greek ζωα, which ought not to be translated beasts; Rev. iv. 6. which are before the throne of God; who had each of them six wings; and were full of eyes, and are ever engaged in divine worship. These figures in these several places may denote that wherever God is, the creatures that attend him, whether they be men or angels, should be furnished with these qualifications, namely, understanding, obedience, courage and swiftness.

But let us proceed to search out what is said yet further concerning a cherub in scripture.

In Ezek. xli. 19, 25. The inner part of Ezekiel's temple was adorned with intermingled cherubs and palm-trees carved on the walls and the doors. Here every cherub had two faces, namely, that of a man and that of a lion; but as they are called cherubs, we may still conclude their feet were the feet of a calf or ox. And why may not Solomon's temple be adorned with the same sort of cherubs and palm-trees; 1 Kings vi. 29. that is, with the faces of a man and a lion, and the feet of an ox, though their faces are not expressly mentioned in that place.

Solomon's ten lavers for the temple had their several bases adorned in the border between the ledges with lions, oxen and cherubs, 1 Kings vii. 29. so that here a cherub seems to be mentioned instead of the face of a man, and to be distinguished from an ox, though in Ezekiel's vision chap. i. and x. the face of a cherub is plainly the same with the face of an ox. Yet on the plates of the ledges were cherubims, lions, and palm-trees; 1 Kings vii. 36. where neither the face of an ox or man is mentioned.

Perhaps these differences may be in some measure reconciled if we observe that these cherubs which adorned the walls of Ezekiel's visionary temple, and of Solomon's real temple, and the borders of the brazen lavers, are only graven or carved upon the flat or plane, or at least with some little protuberance above the flat, which the Italians call Basso Relievo: And then that figure which would have had all four faces visible if it had stood forth by itself as a real animal, or a statue, namely, that of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle, can have but two faces visible, or three at the most, when figured upon a plain or flat surface; the other one or two being hid behind: And thus the cherubs may be in all these places the same four-faced animals, and yet only two or three of their faces appear according to their designed situation and the art of perspective. And perhaps Solomon might diversify these figures for the sake of variety in different parts of these sacred works*.

Upon the whole, what if we should conclude a cherub to be most usually figured with a body like a man with four wings, two whereof are stretched for flight, and two covering the lower parts; with the feet of an ox or calf; with the head of a man or an ox, whatever other faces were joined to it whether lions' or eagles, or whether it had any other face or no. It is more likely there was but one sort of face belonged to each of the two cherubs on the mercy-seat, because it is said, their faces looked toward one another, but whether this was the face of an ox or a man is not yet absolutely determined.

I think we may allow Jeroboam to be supposed to imitate these cherubs which were on the mercy-seat in his idolatrous worship; and though they had the perfect shape of a calf, yet they might be called calves in scripture language, by way of reproach and contempt, because they had the feet of a calf, if not the head also.

* It is the opinion of some learned men that Ezekiel's temple was but a kind of a repetition of the pattern of the same people which God gave to David, and by which Solomon built his temple. And that this pattern was given to Ezekiel that he might shew it to the Jews, if they were pious and obedient, to animate them to hope for another temple in their own land, and instruct them in the building of it when they should be released from Babylon; Ez. k. xl. 4. and xlii. 10. 11. since it was supposed none remained who could remember so much of their old temple as to give particular directions for the building of it.

It is evident that Aaron's idol, which was called the golden calf, had more of the resemblance of an ox or calf than of a man, because the Israelites are said to change their glory, that is, their God, into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass; Ps. cvi. 19, 20. which would hardly have been thus exprest if the idol had nothing of a calf but its feet.

If any will imagine that in Ps. xviii. where God is said to ride upon a cherub, the grandeur and terror of the appearance may require the whole figure of a flying ox rather than of a flying man, or rather of a flying animal with all these four faces, I will not oppose it, since it is plain from this whole account that a cherub is described sometimes more like a winged ox and sometimes more like a winged man with feet like oxen or calves. But where it is represented complete in all its various forms united as in the first and tenth chapters of Ezekiel, it seems to be the body of a winged man with calves' feet, and with four faces, namely, that of a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle; and thus it is always designed to represent the various properties of angels, which are attendants upon the blessed God, more perfectly than any one of these creatures could do alone.

Perhaps when the Jewish nation shall be converted and become believers in Christ, there may be such a new effusion of the Spirit on men, or such a happy discovery some way made of the darker parts of the Mosaic economy and the writings of the prophets, as may shew us much more of the resemblance which God designed between the types of the law in the temple and priesthood, and their antitypes in the gospel, than has ever yet appeared; and among other things the form of a cherub, as an attendance of angelic beings on the majesty of God in the holy of holies, may appear more conspicuously in its original truth and glory.

XXI.—*The Author's solemn Address to the great and ever-blessed God on a Review of what he had written in the Trinitarian Controversy, prefixed by him to some Pieces on that Subject, which it was not judged necessary to publish.*

RIGHTEOUS art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee; yet I may talk with thee concerning thy judgments. Permit me, O my God and Father, to plead with thee concerning the revelations of thy nature and thy grace, which are made in thy gospel: And let me do it with all that humble reverence, and that holy awe of thy Majesty, which becomes a creature in the presence of his God.

Hast thou not, O Lord God Almighty, hast thou not transacted thy divine and important affairs among men by thy Son Jesus Christ, and by thy holy Spirit? and hast thou not ordained that men should transact their highest and most momentous concerns with

thee, by thy Son and by thy Spirit? Hast thou not, by the mouth of thy Son Jesus, required all that profess his religion to be washed with water in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost? Is not my duty then, to enquire, who or what are these sacred names and what they signify? Must I not know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ thy Son, whom thou hast sent, that I may fulfil all my respective duties towards thyself and thy Son, in hope of eternal life? Hath not thy Son himself appealed to thee in his last prayer, that eternal life depends upon this knowledge? And since thou hast made so much use of thy holy Spirit in our religion, must I not have some knowledge of this thy Spirit also, that I may pay thee all those honours thou requirest from this divine revelation?

Hast thou not ascribed divine names, and titles, and characters to thy Son and thy holy Spirit in thy word, as well as assumed them to thyself? And hast thou not appointed to them such glorious offices as cannot be executed without something of divinity or true godhead in them? And yet art not thou, and thou alone, the true God? How shall a poor weak creature be able to adjust and reconcile these clashing ideas, and to understand this mystery? Or must I believe and act blindfold, without understanding?

Holy Father, thou knowest, how firmly I believe, with all my soul, whatsoever thou hast plainly written and revealed in thy word. I believe thee to be the only true God, the supreme of beings, self-sufficient for thine own existence, and for all thy infinite affairs and transactions among creatures. I believe thy Son Jesus Christ to be all-sufficient for the glorious work of mediation between God and man, to which thou hast appointed him. I believe he is a man, in whom dwells all the fulness of the godhead bodily. I believe he is one with God; he is God manifested in the flesh; and that the Man Jesus is so closely and inseparably united with the true and eternal godhead, as to become one person, even as the human soul and body make one man. I believe that this illustrious person is hereby possessed of divine dignity, sufficient to make full atonement for the sins of men by his sufferings and death, even though sin be accounted an infinite evil; and that he hath all-sufficient power to raise himself from the dead, to ascend to heaven, and fulfil the blessed works for which thou hast exalted him, and to govern and judge the world in thine appointed time.

I believe also thy blessed Spirit hath almighty power and influence to do all thy will, to instruct men effectually in divine truths, to change the hearts of fallen mankind from sin to holiness, to carry on thy work of illumination, sanctification, and consolation on the souls of all thy children, and to bring them safe to the heavenly world. I yield myself up joyfully and thankfully to this method of thy salvation, as it is revealed in thy gospel.

But I acknowledge my darkness still. I want to have this wonderful doctrine of the all-sufficience of thy Son and Spirit, for these divine works, made a little plainer. May not thy humble creature be permitted to know what share they can have in thy deity? Is it a vain and sinful curiosity to desire to have this article set in such a light, as may not diminish the eternal glory of the unity of the true God, nor of the supremacy of Thee the Father of all.

Hadst thou informed me, gracious Father, in any place of thy word, that this divine doctrine is not to be understood by men, and yet they were required to believe it, I would have subdued all my curiosity to faith, and submitted my wandering and doubtful imaginations, as far as it was possible, to the holy and wise determinations of thy word. But I cannot find thou hast any where forbid me to understand it, or to make these enquiries. My conscience is the best natural light thou hast put within me, and since thou hast given me the scriptures, my own conscience bids me search the scriptures, to find out truth and eternal life. It bids me try all things, and hold fast that which is good. And thy own word, by the same expressions, encourages this holy practice. I have, therefore, been long searching into this divine doctrine, that I may pay thee due honour with understanding. Sure I ought to know the God whom I worship, whether he be one pure and simple being, or whether thou art a threefold deity, consisting of the Father, the Son, and the holy Spirit.

Dear and blessed God, hadst thou been pleased, in any one plain scripture, to have informed me which of the different opinions about the holy Trinity, among the contending parties of christians, had been true, thou knowest with how much zeal, satisfaction, and joy my unbiassed heart would have opened itself to receive and embrace the divine discovery. Hadst thou told me plainly, in any single text, that the Father, Son, and holy Spirit, are three real distinct Persons in thy divine nature, I had never suffered myself to be bewildered in so many doubts, nor embarrassed with so many strong fears of assenting to the mere inventions of men, instead of divine doctrine; but I should have humbly and immediately accepted thy words, so far as it was possible for me to understand them as the only rule of my faith? Or, hadst thou been pleased so to express and include this proposition in the several scattered parts of thy book, from whence my reason and conscience might with ease find out, and with certainty infer this doctrine, I should have joyfully employed all my reasoning powers, with their utmost skill and activity, to have found out this inference, and ingrafted it into my soul.

Thou hast taught me, holy Father, by thy prophets, that the way of holiness in the times of the gospel, or under the kingdom of

the Messiah, will be an high-way, a plain and easy path; so that the warfaring man, or the stranger, though a fool, shall not err therein. And thou hast called the poor and the ignorant, the mean and foolish things of this world, to the knowledge of thyself and thy Son, and taught them to receive and partake of the salvation which thou hast provided. But how can such weak creatures ever take in so strange, so difficult, and so abstruse a doctrine as this; in the explication and defence whereof, multitudes of men, even men of learning and piety, have lost themselves in infinite subtilties of dispute, and endless mazes of darkness? And can this strange and perplexing notion of three real Persons going to make up one true God, be so necessary and so important a part of that christian doctrine, which, in the Old Testament and the New, is represented as so plain and so easy, even to the meanest understandings?

O thou Searcher of hearts who knowest all things, I appeal to thee, concerning the sincerity of my enquires into these discoveries of thy word. Thou knowest me, thou hast seen me, and hast tried my heart towards thee: if there be any lurking hypocrisy in my heart, any secret bias towards any thing but truth, uncover it, O Father of lights, and banish it from my soul for ever. If thine eye discovers the least spark of criminal prejudice in any corner of my soul, extinguish it utterly, that I may not be led astray from the truth, in matters of such importance, by the least glance of error or mistake.

Thou art witness, O my God, with what diligence, with what constancy and care, I have read and searched thy holy word, how early and late, by night and by day, I have been making these enquiries. How fervently have I been seeking thee on my bended knees, and directing my humble addresses to thee, to enlighten my darkness, and to shew me the meaning of thy word, that I may learn what I must believe, and what I must practise with regard to this doctrine, in order to please thee, and obtain eternal life!

Great God, who seest all things, thou hast beheld what busy temptations have been often fluttering about my heart, to call it off from these laborious and difficult enquiries, and to give up thy word and thy gospel as an unintelligible book, and betake thyself to the light of nature and reason: but thou hast been pleased by thy divine power to scatter these temptations, and fix my heart and my hope again upon that Saviour and that eternal life, which thou hast revealed in thy word, and proposed therein, to our knowledge and our acceptance. Blessed be the name of my God, that has not suffered me to abandon the gospel of his Son Jesus! and blessed be that holy Spirit that has kept me attentive to the truth delivered in thy gospel, and inclined me to wait longer in my search of these divine truths under the hope of thy gracious illumination.

I humbly call thee to witness, O my God, what a holy jealousy I ever wear about my heart, lest I should do the slightest dishonour to thy supreme Majesty, in any of my enquires or determinations. Thou seest what a religous fear, and what a tender solicitude I maintain on my soul, lest I should think or speak any thing to diminish the grandeurs and honours of thy Son Jesus, my dear Mediator, to whom I owe my everlasting hopes. Thou knowest how much afraid I am of speaking one word, which may be construed into a neglect of thy blessed Spirit, from whom I hope I am daily receiving happy influences of light and strength. Guard all the motions of my mind, O almighty God, against every thing that borders upon these dangers. Forbid my thoughts to indulge, and forbid my pen to write one word, that should sink those grand ideas which belong to thyself, or thy Son, or thy holy Spirit. Forbid it, O my God, that ever I should be so unhappy as to unglorify my Father, my Saviour, or my Sanctifier, in any of my sentiments or expressions concerning them.

Blessed and faithful God, hast thou not promised that the meek thou wilt guide in judgment, the meek thou wilt teach thy way? Hast thou not told us by Isaiah thy prophet, that thou wilt bring the blind by a way which they knew not, and wilt lead them in paths which they have not known? Hast thou not informed us by thy prophet Hosea, that if we follow on to know the Lord, then we shall know him? Hath not thy Son, our Saviour, assured us, that our heavenly Father will give his holy Spirit to them who ask him? And is he not appointed to guide us into all truth? Have I not sought the gracious guidance of thy good Spirit continually? Am I not truly sensible of my own darkness and weakness, my dangerous prejudices on every side, and my utter insufficiency for my own conduct? Wilt thou leave such a poor creature bewildered among a thousand perplexities, which are raised by the various opinions and contrivances of men to explain thy divine truth.

Help me, heavenly Father, for I am quite tired and weary of these human explainings, so various and uncertain. When wilt thou explain it to me thyself, O my God, by the secret and certain dictates of thy Spirit, according to the intimations of thy word? nor let any pride of reason, nor any affectation of novelty, nor any criminal bias whatsoever, turn my heart aside from hearkening to these divine dictates of thy word and thy Spirit. Suffer not any of my native corruptions, nor the vanity of my imagination to cast a mist over my eyes, while I am searching after the knowledge of thy mind and will, for my eternal salvation.

I entreat, O most merciful Father, that thou wilt not suffer the remnant of my short life to be wasted in such endless wander-

ings, in quest of thee and thy Son Jesus, as a great part of my past days have been; but let my sincere endeavours to know thee, in all the ways whereby thou hast discovered thyself in thy word, be crowned with such success, that my soul being established in every needful truth by the holy Spirit, I may spend my remaining life according to the rules of thy gospel, and may with all the holy and happy creation ascribe glory and honour, wisdom and power to thee, who sittest upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

A TABLE

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AN INDEX

To find a PSALM suited to particular Subjects or Occasions.

Note, In this Index I have not directed to the several parts or metres of the psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any psalm, may easily be found by turning a leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct parts or metres.

If you find not what word you seek in this Index, seek another of the same significations: or, seek it under some of the more general words, such as *God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalms, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.*

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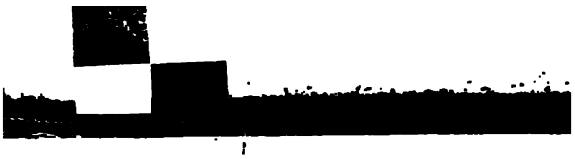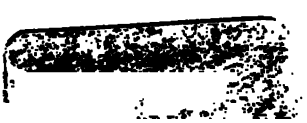
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